Aug. 4, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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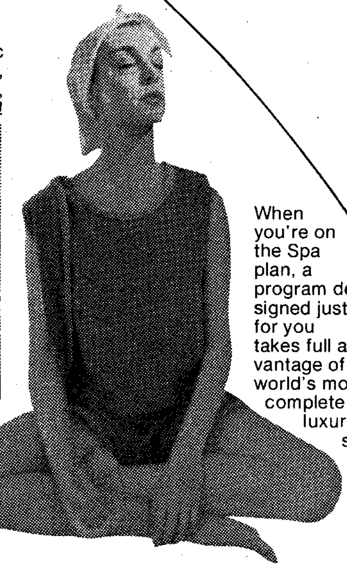

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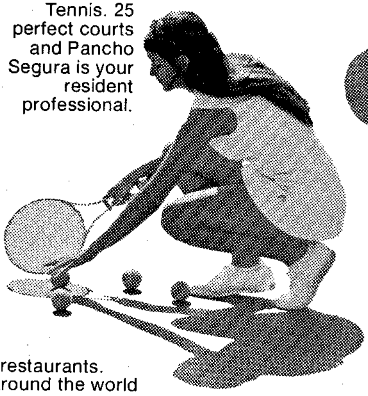

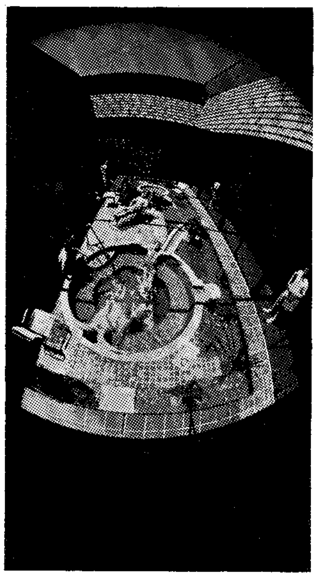

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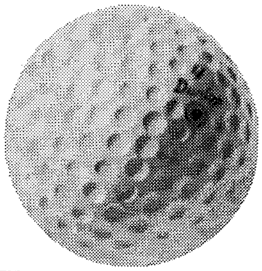

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Chicago—An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—Twenty-four young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. This brilliant, innovative musical—conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett—is a loving salute to the theatre and to every struggling actor who aspires to be part of it. The performances by the entire company are as near perfect as makes no matter, and so is the entire production. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cotillion—A comedy by John Oliver Killens. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 3. Free.)

Dance with Me—The grim days and happy daydreams of a young New York nebbish. A comedy with music, well played by the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Death of a Salesman—A revival of the Arthur Miller play, well worth seeing for George C. Scott's enactment of the dying Willy Loman. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Diamond Studs—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday and Thursday at 8, and Friday and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 3.)

The Ritz—High jinks in a low homosexual bathhouse. Terrence McNally's farce is much easier to laugh at than to describe. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rodgers & Hart—Scores of standards, most of which sound as great as ever, but the production manages to be a boring one. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rubbers and Yanks 3 Detroit 0 Top of the Seventh—The management is extending the run and is now inviting nonsubscribers to this brace of funny one-acters by Jonathan Reynolds. In the second and better of the two, Tony Lo Bianco is splendid as a pitcher losing his control professionally and personally. Alan Arkin was the evening's expert director. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Same Time, Next Year—A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single, twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Shenandoah—Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sherlock Holmes—Frank Dunlop's hilarious guying of the Doyle-Gillette classic, with John Neville as Holmes and Clive Revill as the infamous Professor Moriarty. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Wiz—An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**absurd person singular:** Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Geraldine Page, Paul Shyre, Carol Lynley, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **candide:** A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original, with Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **equus:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Thomas Hulce, and Marian Seldes. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **the fantasticks:** 6,353 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imi-

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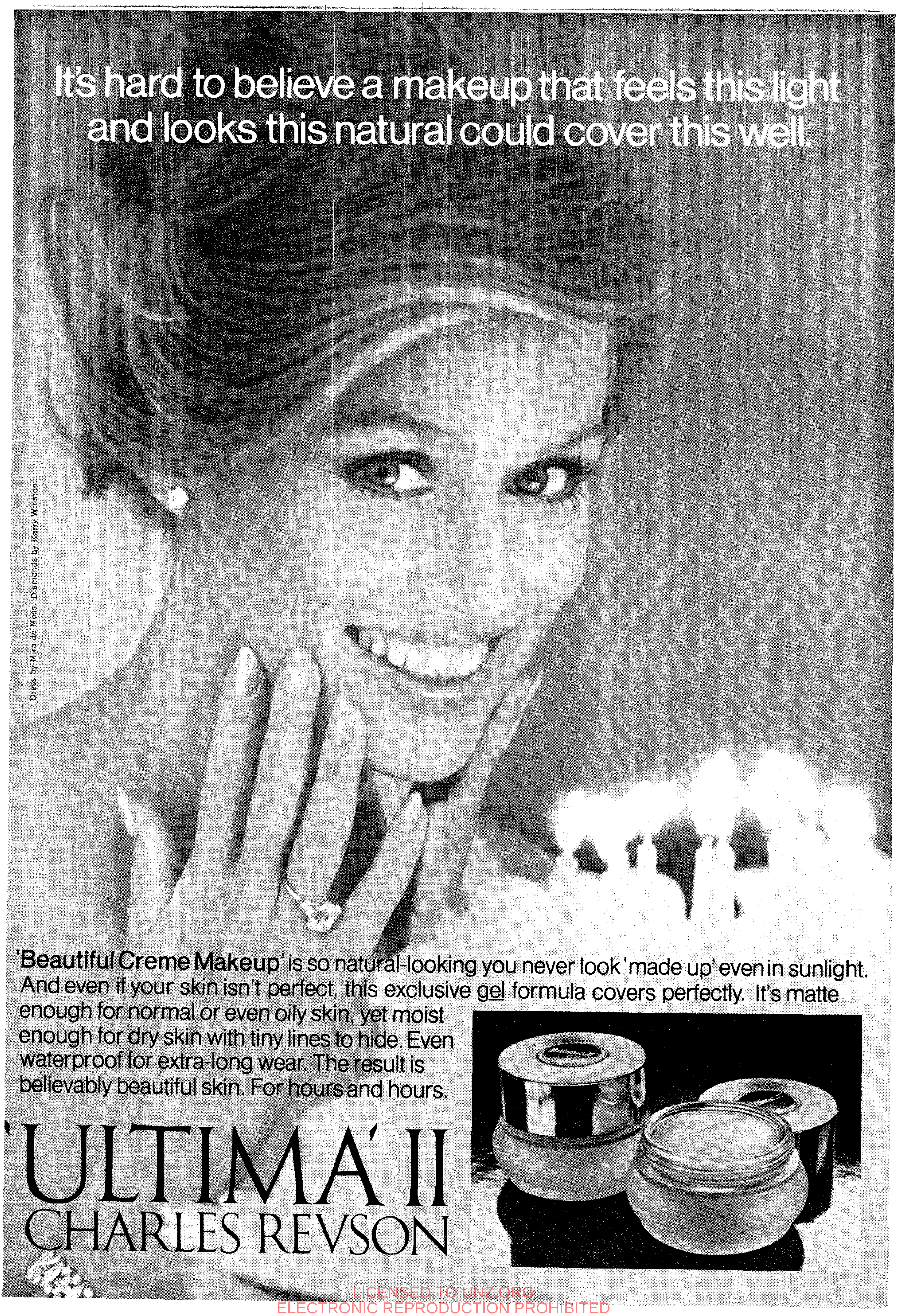
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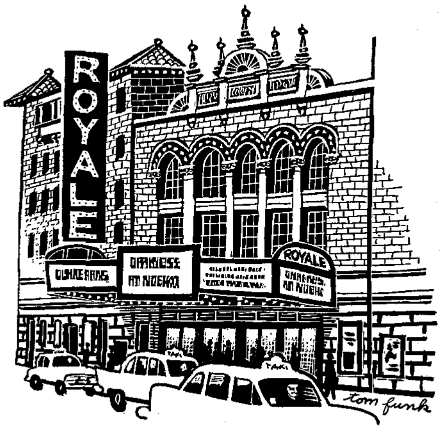
ULTIMA II
CHARLES REVSON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **RAISIN:** Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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DANCE

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, July 30-31; Saturday evening, Aug. 2; and Wednesday evening, Aug. 6: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 1: "Theme and Variations," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Gemini," and "Shadowplay." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Aug. 2; Monday evening, Aug. 4; and Saturday matinée, Aug. 9: "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Aug. 5: "Theme and Variations," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Gemini," and "Shadowplay." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Aug. 7: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Pillar of Fire," and "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 8: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 9: "La Bayadère," "Gemini," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Shadowplay." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NATIONAL BALLET OF CANADA—With Rudolf Nureyev (dancing at all performances except Friday, Aug. 1.), in the final performances of a three-week engagement. Wednesday through Friday evenings, July 30-Aug. 1: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Aug. 2: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Aug. 3: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Aug. 5-6: "La Sylphide" and "Don Juan." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Aug. 7-8: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Aug. 9: "La Sylphide" and "Don Juan." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Aug. 10: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—At the rear of this long and narrow, shabbily genteel barroom, Mabel Godwin sits at a piano from nine to three Tuesdays through Saturdays, obligingly singing and playing patrons' requests or whatever pops into her head. On Mondays: five or six part-time but nonetheless exuberant Dixieland musicians known as the Grove Street Stompers. Closed Sundays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Relaxed, comfortable, and on the less beaten, western edge of Bleecker, this restaurant specializes in mainstream and out-there jazz and sixties-fashionable soul food. Tenor saxophonist George Coleman and trumpeter Danny Moore co-pilot a fast-moving quintet through Saturday, Aug. 2. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—**RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK,** a high-voltage reed section all by himself, heads his sextet opposite rural bluesmen **SONNY TERRY** and **BROWNIE MC GHEE,** who have played and sung together for more than thirty years. The last time Terry and McGhee appeared here, they had their young, eager, thoroughly delighted, and predominantly white audience in their pocket; some of the songs they did were "Custard Pie Blues," "I Feel So Good," and, for an encore, "You're Just a White Boy Lost in the Blues." Through Sunday, Aug. 3. Ed Bluestone, a young comic who delivers his lines as though he's already tired of them, alternates with folksinger Eric Andersen Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 4-6. When Andersen played the old Café au Go Go some ten years ago, he sang and played guitar in a buoyant, gleeful, and childlike manner—he would bounce up and down gently as he performed—and his songs were highly regarded. But lately he has taken on a somewhat brooding presence, and his compositions have all the characteristics of schmaltzy love songs. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—**JIMMY ROWLES** is at the piano here, at least through Saturday, Aug. 2, serving up the same lilting, unexpected single-note figures, the revolving chords, and the constant, loping swinging. Bassist Bill Takas helps out. They play from about ten until two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine-thirty to one, **JAKI BYARD,** a mansion with many rooms, is present with Major Holley. Dinner.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—Two hotshot organists—Richard (Groove) Holmes and Jimmy McGriff—hold forth here, along with vocalist Juanita Fleming and her backup trio, through Saturday, Aug. 2. Beginning Monday, Aug. 4, silken tenorman **STAN GETZ** and his sprightly quartet will share the bill with the long-established but youthful-looking singing duo **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL.** Shows at nine-thirty and midnight. Dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after the second show. Supper. Closed Sundays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**GRETCHEN CRYER'S** and **NANCY FORD'S** songs are wry, comic, original, and often affecting. The singers are being spelled by **JOHN BUNCH** (piano) and **JAY LEONHART** (bass). Bunch is a marvellous late-swing pianist, and Leonhart makes the monstrous Fender bass soft and lyrical. Cryer and Ford start at eight and give three shows a night. Wednesday, July 30, is their last until September. . . . ¶ On Thursday, July 31, **HELEN HUMES** will start singing again. Her accompanists will be pianist Jerry Wiggins and Johnny Williams, a fine bassist. . . . ¶ On Sundays, Stella Marrs, an easygoing soul singer and a WRVR-FM radio personality, claims the center of the room for herself and her two backup musicians—bassist Lisle Atkinson and pianist Harold Mabern. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist, occasional vocalist, and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. Saxophonist Charlie Ventura sits in with the regulars on Tuesday, Aug. 5. Pianist Red Richards plays all night from seven; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

FIVE SPOT, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—Pianist Barry Miles and his jazz-rock quartet, Silverlight, perform here through Sunday, Aug. 3. On Tuesday, Aug. 5, drummer Charlie Persip brings in a five-piece group that features tenor saxophonist and ex-Basie arranger and soloist Frank Foster. Monday nights have been taken over by a lively, talented seventeen-or-so-piece band, the Collective Black Artists Ensemble, whose ranks are filled, from time to time, by such players as Jimmy Heath, Frank Foster, and Reggie Workman, and vocalist Joe Lee Wilson. Music from nine-thirty to two. Chinese and American snacks.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes in this tiny bar is **SONNY GREER,** who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. **RUSSELL PROCOPE** carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-three-year-old **BROOKS KERR,** a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ,** bassist John Beal, and pianist Dick Katz take over Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. Pianist **AL HAIG,** guitarist Sam Brown, and bassist Jamil Nasser collaborate on Sundays from four-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays through Saturdays Haig plays solo piano from six to nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Norman Simmons on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Nick Sassone or Clarence Hutchenrider on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky takes charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Nat Jones is seated at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**TEDDY WILSON,** who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and many others over the past forty years, does quite well with tenorman Flip Phillips, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Mousey Alexander. Music from nine-fifteen to one. Closed Sundays; on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Bassist Gordon Edwards takes a capable quintet through some refined, unadulterated, and intricately laid-back rhythm-and-blues in this restaurant, which is situated smack-dab in the middle of upper West Side high-rise urban renewal. Sundays through Thursdays from ten until three.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Singer Steve Satten opens the proceedings for comedian and rock-musician-parodist Martin Mull through Sunday, Aug. 3. Mull's cornball, midwestern put-ons are sometimes overdone and can be tiresome; his best routine involves his audience's tapping coins on their tables to keep time to the swing music that he and his band play—the total effect sounding like a Busby Berkeley tap-dancing extravaganza. On Wednesday, Aug. 6, a double bill of comedy begins: standup Bill Crystal alternates with Divided

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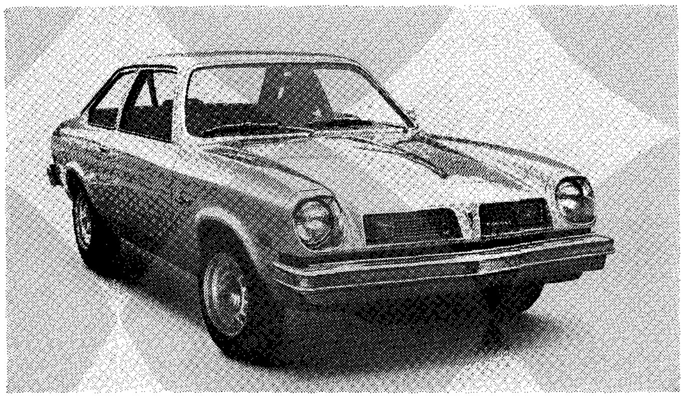

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PONTIAC GM

Pontiac Motor Division

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

We Stand, a comedy trio. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Harmonica virtuoso **LARRY ADLER** goes on at nine-fifteen and eleven-thirty. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER'S** band plays for dancing and listening on this sterling rooftop, from seven, every night but Sunday. Dinner.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Lynn Kellogg, a guitar-picking pop singer, trades sets with a Richie Havens-inspired folk and blues singer, Jae Mason; through Saturday, Aug. 2. On Tuesday, Aug. 5, Ellen Greene, whose torch songs occasionally flicker out, arrives to perform opposite singer and guitarist John Shine. Shine (who doesn't always live up to his name) and his two musical accomplices—a bassist and a piano/fiddle/mandolin player—work from a repertoire of novelty numbers and folk tunes done in a style that hovers between Roger Miller and Tom Paxton. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

St. James, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—A worthy but faltering little jazz hideaway that has cut its business hours down to just Friday and Saturday nights, from about ten. Pianist Hod O'Brian and trombonist Marshall Brown are present on those nights with a small combo.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper West Side outpost where one can hear live jazz (and recorded soul, rhythm-and-blues, and similar Motown fare on its jukebox). On Wednesday nights, **LEE KONITZ'S** nonet dominates the room. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, vibraharpist David Friedman fronts a quartet, and on the following Friday and Saturday (Aug. 8-9), saxophonist Bob Citron drops by with his quartet. Sunday night is **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA** guitar-duet night. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty; Sundays from nine. Snacks. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Guitarist Jimmy Gourley is soloing and occasionally singing in the pine-walled music corner through Saturday, Aug. 2. On Sunday, Aug. 3, and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 6-7, pianist Rosalinda DeLeon works with bassist Herb Bushler. Mike Longo, a fine pianist who has worked with Dizzy Gillespie for several years, will perform with a bassist beginning Friday, Aug. 8. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Tangerine, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—Pianist Dom Salvador and a Brazilian-flavored quartet inhabit this pleasant, hassle-free Bowery restaurant on Sundays and Thursdays. **CECIL MCBEE,** a wonderfully colorful bassist, leads a sextet on Fridays and Saturdays. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

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No music Mondays through Wednesdays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—A medieval-looking on-again, off-again music fortress that is currently headquarters for drummer **NORMAN CONNORS** and his lively sextet, which features Carlos Garnett on soprano saxophone. Music nightly except Mondays, from ten to two.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The **HORACE SILVER** quintet finishes up on Sunday, Aug. 3, to be followed by another stalwart pianist, **BILL EVANS,** and his trio, beginning Tuesday, Aug. 5. On Mondays, as usual, **THAD JONES, MEL LEWIS,** and fifteen or so of New York's finer studio men assemble themselves on the acutely angled and cramped bandstand to play two or three hot and humid sets. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two. Dinner.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—It's no wonder that this wood- and brick-walled beer-and-hamburger haunt serves as an extracurricular, off-campus student union—Columbia University is, after all, just across the street. What is noteworthy about the student population here is its undeniable but by no means square appreciation of thirties and forties jazz. Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject every night of the week: Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham, a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he took up the instrument in the twenties), pianist Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. Wednesdays and Thursdays, **TINY GRIMES,** a bluesy, bebopping four-string guitarist who played with Art Tatum and recorded with Charlie Parker in the forties, frolics with a trio. A bop quintet takes the stand on Fridays and on Saturday, Aug. 9. On Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 2-3, trombonist Benny Morton heads up a quartet that includes tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Alexander Calder—A new series of Aubusson tapestries woven from his rollicking designs. Through Aug. 29. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Lloyd Hamrol, Anne Healy, and Athena Tacha—Site sculptures constructed for a campus arcade. Hamrol's is made of a plywood blackboard with colored chalk dangling on strings, and quickly provoked a lot of graffiti by passersby ("Mean Jimmy Green Is a String Bean," for instance); Healy's consists of colored sheets of fabric; and Tacha's is built up of tiers of Styrofoam slabs. Through Aug. 13. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Beverly Pepper—Five large sculptures. Through Sept. 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

David Smyth—Eleven drawings, done with a few ruled pastel strokes on a dark background. Through Aug. 29. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Sculptures by Willard Boepple, David Smith, and Anthony Caro, together with paintings by Olitski, Matta, Morris Louis, and others. Through Aug. 29. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Prints by Rembrandt, Dürer, Callot, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 8. . . . **GIMPEL,** 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by Karel Appel, Paul Jenkins, and others, plus sculptures by Barbara Hepworth. Through Aug. 29. . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by American artists, among them Eakins, Burchfield, and de Creeft. Through Aug. 15. . . . **RAYDON,** 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: An exhibition in honor of the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the National Academy of Design, with works covering the full span of years by artists associated with the academy. They include A. H. Wyant, Hiram Powers, and William Glackens. Through Saturday, Aug. 2. . . . **WEINTRAUB,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A selection of graphics, paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Mexican artists, including Rufino Tamayo, José Luis Cuevas, and Francisco Zuniga. Through Friday, Aug. 8. . . . ¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others, during the hiatus, pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of those open: **ARRAS,** 29 W. 57th St.; Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 to 5:30. . . . **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway. . . . **LARCADA,** 23 E. 67th St.; Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.

PHOTOGRAPHY

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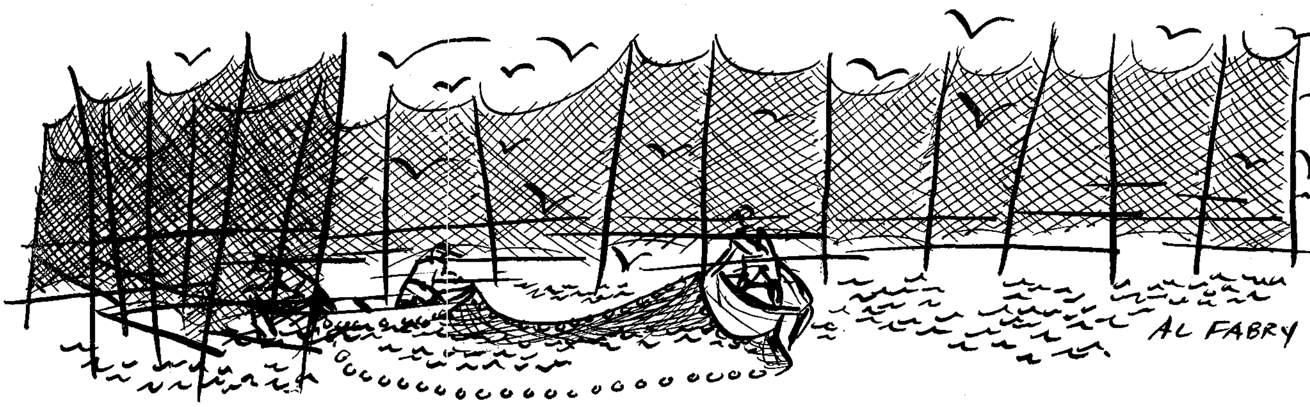
International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—The show here called "Holography '75" exhibits the work of thirty-five holographers who use a laser process, based on a 1947 invention by Dr. Dennis Gabor, to make three-dimensional-looking images reminiscent of those vulgar 42nd Street novelty-store items like the plastic-coated postcards of Christ with a crown of thorns and eyes that eerily open as you move the card one way and close as you move it another way. Dr. Gabor won a Nobel Prize for his invention, but nothing in the show explains why. Looking at the holograms is painful physically as well as mentally: "DANGER LASER BEAM. OPERATION OF LASERS REQUIRES COMMON SENSE. AS WITH ANY OTHER BRIGHT LIGHT, DO NOT STARE DIRECTLY INTO THE BEAM." Unfortunately, many visitors do not notice this small, unobtrusive sign until it is too late to heed it. Through Sept. 21. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays and Sundays.)

Neikrug Gallery, 224 E. 68th St.—"The World Is Mine: I Own a Kodak" is the caption on a



picture of a well-fed lady in a long travelling costume who is confidently boarding a train as a black porter takes her suitcase; it appears in a show of Kodak advertisements that ran in the Chicago *Tribune*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Youth's Companion*, and other publications between 1900 and 1924. A display of old cameras, magic-lantern projectors, and stereo viewers accompanies this slight, agreeable exhibition. Through Aug. 27. (Tuesdays, 1 to 5; Wednesdays, 1 to 7.)

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Irving Penn—Fourteen large platinum-print portraits, all done between 1972 and 1974, of cigar and cigarette butts. Through Sunday, Aug. 3. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Geoff Winningham / Dennis Brokaw—Black-and-white photographs of people and places in Texas. / Dye transfers of West Coast wilderness scenes. Through Saturday, Aug. 2. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St.)

Group Shows—At the **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Another exhibit of holography. Through Aug. 29. . . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: The works of nine contemporary British photographers, plus photographs by many United States artists. Through Sunday, Aug. 3. (Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—In the catalogue of the Lehman Collection, Thomas Hoving characterizes the wing that houses it as "a sort of oasis where the visiting public might quench their thirst for beauty in a tranquil atmosphere"—in contrast, apparently, to the disorderly, cabbage-smelling slum that is the rest of the museum. In another context, however—that of the desert of contemporary architecture—the Lehman Wing is an oasis indeed; the lucid and elegant building, by Roche, Dinkeloo & Associates, forms an inspiriting exception to the brutish and sleazy travesties of the International Style that have become the norm in building today. On entering the wing, visitors almost audibly gasp with pleasure. The impression of clarity and nobility derives from the building's classical purity of line and proportion, from the daylight that comes through the clear-glass pyramid-shaped skylight, from the clean comeliness of the Indiana limestone, from such attentivenesses as fig trees, caned chairs, and graceful bronze bannisters. Lehman gave his famous collection of more than three thousand paintings, drawings, and objects to the Metropolitan on condition that a special shrine be erected for it, and there are those who feel that it was wrong of the museum to let itself be dictated to like that. It has been argued that the collection, though magnificent, amplifies what the museum already has, rather than fills gaps in the collections. But the architectural pearl brought into being by Lehman's irritating arrogance goes a long way toward blunting one's outrage, as does the sheer delight of looking at the pictures, among them such masterpieces as di Paolo's "Expulsion from Paradise," Ingres's "Portrait of the Princesse de Broglio," Gauguin's "Tahitian Women Bathing," van Gogh's "Madame Roulin and Her Baby," Goya's "The Countess of Altamira and Her Daughter," and Cranach's "Venus and Cupid, the Honey Thief." The seven period rooms that duplicate rooms in Lehman's house on 54th Street (another of Lehman's stipulations) are the flaw of the wing. They are small, crowded, badly lit, vulgarly rich, and no way to see art. One trusts that in time they will be quietly disposed of on the "So I lied" principle that has guided the museum through previous bequest crises.

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¶ Also at the Metropolitan: "French Painting 1774-1830: The Age of Revolution," an exhibit jointly organized by the museum, the National Museums of France, and the Detroit Institute of Arts to bring together works by famous artists of this period (Ingres, Delacroix, and David, for instance) and those by comparatively obscure painters. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A new installation made up of furniture, ceramics, silver, bibelots, and paintings and drawings (most of it from eighteenth-century Germany and France) from the Lesley and Emma Sheafer

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Collection. . . . ¶ "George Washington: Icon for America" is a display of about a hundred everyday objects bearing his likeness—wallpaper, cigar bands, a three-cent stamp—dating from the seventeen-seventies to the present. Through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ Prints and drawings that depict this country as seen by Europeans between 1492 and 1776. Through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31. (The museum is radically changing its exhibition hours: Closed tight as a clam Mondays and Tuesdays. Opens at 10 Wednesdays through Saturdays—at 1 on Sundays—and closes at 4:45. Moreover, not all permanent collections will be open during the entire span of exhibition hours. The best way to cope with this money-saving scramble is to phone 879-5500.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A showing of prints celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the French Cubist Jacques Villon (1875-1963). Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ An exhibition of photographs by Irving Penn. Through Sunday, Aug. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, recitals, and such.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan survey of the works on paper (gouaches, mostly) of Marc Chagall, supplemented by fourteen of his oils (half of them borrowed from other institutions). Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ An exhibit from the museum's collection of works completed in the sixties and seventies by Americans, among them Dan Flavin, Agnes Martin, and Jack Tworkov. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A survey of American painting from 1900 to 1932. The exhibition focusses on the development of the museum since its inception in Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's Studio Club, on Eighth Street. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A couple of hundred items from the museum's collection of abstract art acquired over the past forty-five years and including recent purchases of the work of Stella, Noguchi, and Willem de Kooning. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ The influence of the sea and the shore on artists is the subject of a show of works (seventeenth century to twentieth) ranging from folk art to oil paintings, with examples by Winslow Homer, Robert Salmon, and others. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by North Carolina artist Minnie Evans, covering four decades. Through Sunday, Aug. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water Street, two blocks south of Wall St.—Photographs, primarily abstract images, selected for their emphasis on texture, by such ranking artists as Paul Strand, Edward Weston, and Imogen Cunningham. Through Aug. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A loan show of about fifty-five Japanese screen and scroll paintings from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by, among others, Thomas Cole, Arthur B. Davies, and Albert Pinkham Ryder. Through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ More than a hundred prints, all of them acquisitions of retiring curator Jo Miller, with works by Bonnard, Hockney, Henry Moore, and others. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Fourteenth- to sixteenth-century Southeast Asian ceramics. Through Aug. 31. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5. The Wednesday-evening revels have been cancelled, to save money.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A loan show of works (paintings, sculptures, pottery, textiles, for example) by contemporary artists from nine African countries. Through Aug. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—An exhibition, arranged in conjunction with the International Center of Photography, of photographs of the landscape and people of the Himalayan countries. The prints, most of them in color and most of them taken over the last ten years, are by such photographers as Ernst Haas, Marc Riboud, and Lila and Barry Bishop. Through Aug. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"How Grim Was My City" is an exhibition of photographs, documents, and objects intended to show that late-nineteenth-century New York was not the charming place that art and nostalgia have created but was a city of "grinding poverty, decimating disease, intolerable housing, filth, congestion, and crime.". . . ¶ An exhibit, including paintings, drawings, and costumes, celebrating great women of the New York stage. Both exhibitions through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Menus from across the United States, some simple, some fancy, that demonstrate the prices (three cents bought a hard-boiled egg aboard a Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore dining car in 1864) as well as the fare for eating out during the past two hundred years. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ A small loan exhibit of Shaker products, including the familiar oval boxes, along with photographs of Shaker interiors. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5. Through Nov. 1.) . . . ¶ A small showing of prints and drawings, including maps and cartoons, detailing the public and private life of George Washington. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9. Through Nov. 1.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of paintings, sculptures, and prints (the earliest work is dated 1765 and the latest 1975) by black American artists, among them Joshua Johnson, Jacob Lawrence, Henry O. Tanner, Charles White, and Romare Bearden. Through Aug. 17. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A five-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs (devoted also to the music of Beethoven and Haydn)—Wednesday, July 30: Peter Maag conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Byron Janis, piano, and Lynn Harrell, cello. An hour before the concert, Mr. Harrell and Samuel Sanders, piano, will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 31: The Vermeer Quartet, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano, and Leonard Arner, oboe. An hour before the concert, the Quartet and Mr. Ohlsson will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2: Milton Katims conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Ohlsson and Jessye Norman, soprano. An hour before each concert, Mr. Ohlsson; Mr. Katims, viola; and Fred Slatkin, cello, will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3: Antonia Brico conducting the orchestra in the first of two concerts; no soloists. Preceding the concert, there will be a showing of the film "Antonia," a documentary on the conductor. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 4, and Wednesday, Aug. 6: Eduardo Mata conducting the orchestra, with Eugene Istomin, piano, and Adolph Herseth, trumpet. An hour before the concert, Mr. Istomin will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 5: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, with Claude Frank, piano. An hour before the concert, Mr. Frank will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 7: The Mozart Festival Winds, with Mr. Istomin. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9: Robert Shaw directing the orchestra in a performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with Lorna Haywood, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Seth McCoy, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass; and the Westminster Choir. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 23.)

IN THE COUNTRY

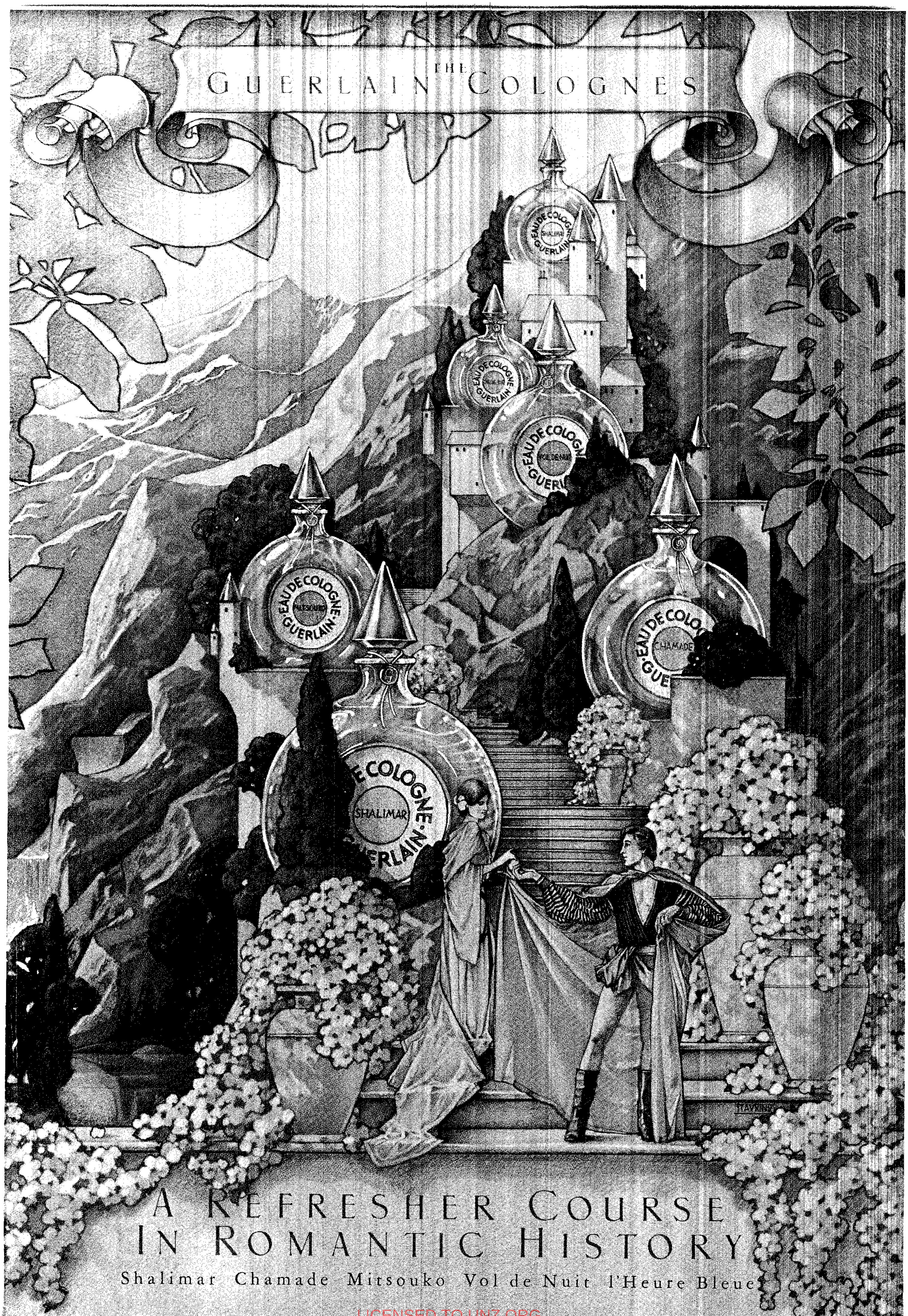
Berkshire Festival—Friday, Aug. 1, at 7: A recital by Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, and Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 9: Edo de Waart conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: Mstislav Rostropovich directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Miss Vishnevskaya; Lili Chookasian, contralto; Seth McCoy, tenor; Ezio Flagello, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 2:30: Edo de Waart conducting another varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops in a concert for the benefit of the Boston Symphony's Pension Fund. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 7: A recital by Phyllis Curtin, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 9: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Symphony, with Emanuel Borok, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Mstislav Rostropovich conducting the Boston Symphony, with Miss Vishnevskaya. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 10, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Mr. Rostropovich as cello soloist. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Tentative schedule of final performances by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET:** Wednesday, July 30, at 8:15: "Western Symphony," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier" (première), "Who Cares?," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 31, at 8:15: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Sonatine," and "Cortège Hongrois.". . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 2:30: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:15: "Who Cares?," "Symphony in C," and "The Steadfast Tin Soldier.". . . **NOTE:** A special concert will be given by Glen Campbell and Jud Strunk on Monday, Aug. 4, at 8:15. . . . **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA:** Opening performances of a three-week season that will run through Saturday, Aug. 23. Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Beverly Sills, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 7, at 8:15: Andrew Davis conducting, with Tedd Joselson, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 8:15: Franz Allers directing a performance of Franz Lehár's "The Merry Widow" in concert form, with Evelyn Lear, soprano; Kay Creed, mezzo-soprano; David Kuebler, tenor; Thomas Stewart, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:15: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 1. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: The Dorian Woodwind Quintet presenting the Goldberg Variations and the première of Robert Starer's musical-morality play "The Last Lover," with Linda Phillips, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; and Richard Fredricks, baritone. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 5:30: An all-Bach harpsichord recital by Igor Kipnis. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 10, at 5:30: A varied piano recital by Ruth Laredo. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 914 232-4206.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 2: Maria Alba's Spanish Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 5-9: The Boston Ballet Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

American Dance Festival—Performances by the Pilobolus Dance Theatre and Kathryn Posin's Dance Company will close out the season. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College,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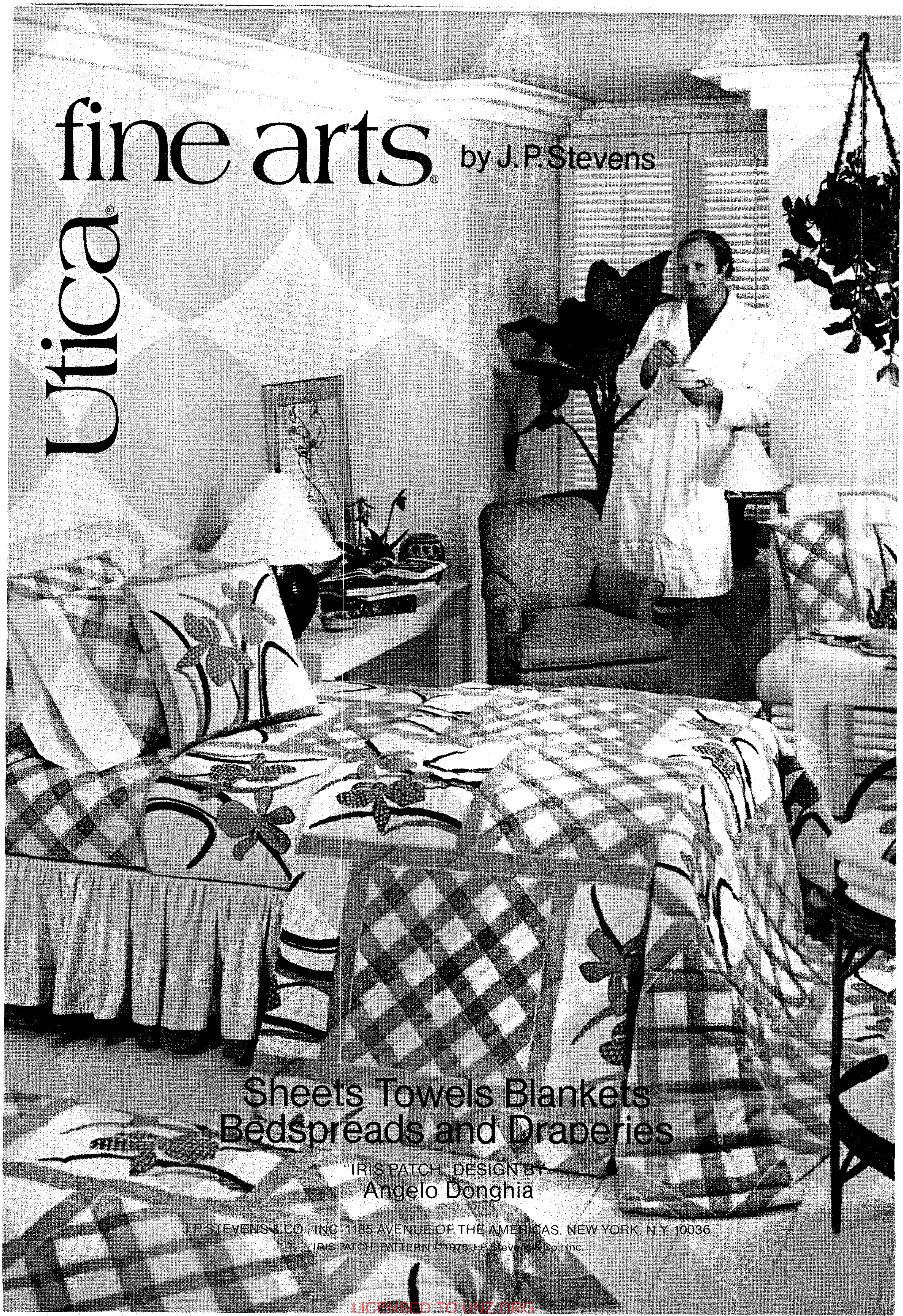
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

New London, Conn. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. Montreal, Monday, Aug. 4, at 8:05; Tuesday, Aug. 5, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader); Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 8:15; and Thursday, Aug. 7, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Friday, Aug. 8, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 9, at 2:15. . . . **yankees:** Vs. Detroit, Wednesday, July 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Cleveland, Friday, Aug. 1, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 2, at about 2 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving players from the 1950 Yankee team—Joe DiMaggio, Mickey Mantle, Whitey Ford, Elston Howard, and others—and some of their opponents that season, will start at 1:15); and Sunday, Aug. 3, at 1 (doubleheader).

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, July 31-Aug. 3.)

Racing—At **saratoga:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 23. The Test, Wednesday, July 30; the Whitney Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 2; the Saratoga Special, Sunday, Aug. 3; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 9. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 4. The Monmouth Invitational, Saturday, Aug. 2, and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 9.

Soccer—At Downing Stadium, Randall's Island—Wednesday, July 30, at 7:30: New York Cosmos vs. Rochester. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 7:30: New York Cosmos vs. Boston. (For information about tickets, call 541-7290.)

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—New York Sets vs. Indiana, Wednesday, July 30. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Aug. 1. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Hawaii, Wednesday, Aug. 6. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Aug. 8. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Matches begin at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, and Tuesday afternoons at 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **the comedy of errors,** directed by John Pasquin. The second of two plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks, sponsored by the Schlitz beer people. Andre Kostelanetz is conducting the first in a series of three peripatetic programs: **cunningham park,** Queens, Wednesday, July 30, at 8:30. . . . **clove lakes park,** Staten Island, Thursday, July 31, at 8:30. . . . **van cortlandt park,** Bronx, Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Lorin Maazel will conduct the second program: **central park's sheep meadow,** Tuesday, Aug. 5, at 8:30. . . . **crocheron park,** Bayside, Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 8:30. . . . **marine park,** Brooklyn, Thursday, Aug. 7, at 8:30. . . . **botanical garden's daffodil hill,** Bronx, Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:30.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 10.). . . ¶ No Gap Generation Jazz Band. (Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8.)

Central Park Mall—Thursday, July 31, at 8 (rain date, Aug. 7): Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of "Rigoletto.". . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 7:30: Jacques Singer conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Leslie Parnas, cello.

Riverside Park—Frédérique Petrides conducting the last in a series of West Side Orchestral Concerts. (103rd St. Monday, Aug. 4, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

Carl Schurz Park—The last in a series of concerts, this one by the Lee Shaw trio and friends. (Thursday, July 31, at 8. In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Washington Square Park—Igor Buketoff conducting the Festival Orchestra in a program of music by living composers of New York State. The third in a series of six concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 5, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

Wollman Rink—More beer music, this time the Schaefer brewery's annual summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 30, at 7: Poco and Kinderhook Creek. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 7: Benny Goodman's sextet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 7: Two Generations of Brubeck—Dave, Darius, Chris, and Danny, plus Sky King. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 4, at 6:30: Sergio Mendes and his Brasil '77. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 7: Donald Byrd and the Blackbyrds, and Jon Lucien. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9, at 7: Judy Collins. (Through Saturday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Gaelic Park—Wednesday, July 30, at 7:30: Frankie Valli & the Four Seasons and Tommy James & the Shondelles. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 7:30: Dave Mason. (Broadway and 240th St. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **oklahoma!,** with Thomas McKinney and Judith McCauley. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

Movies in the Park—A program of conventional and experimental films is being shown in various city parks at 9 P.M., Wednesday through Friday, July 30-Aug. 1. For program news, and to identify the parks, call 472-1003.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. Los Angeles, Aug. 10 (day). San Diego, Aug. 11-13 (night). San Francisco, Aug. 15 (twi-night doubleheader) and Aug. 16-17 (d). Pittsburgh, Sept. 1 (at 4:05) and Sept. 2-3 (n). St. Louis, Sept. 5 (n) and Sept. 6-7 (d). . . . **yankees:** Vs. Chicago, Aug. 19-21 (night). California, Aug. 22 (n), Aug. 23 (day), and Aug. 24 (day doubleheader). Oakland, Aug. 26-28 (n). Kansas City, Aug. 29-30 (n) and Aug. 31 (d). Detroit, Sept. 8-9 (n). Milwaukee, Sept. 10-11 (n).

Professional Football—Giants vs. Jets, in a benefit exhibition game. (Yale Bowl, New Haven. Aug. 24.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Aug. 25-Oct. 18. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Sept. 8-Oct. 18.

Tennis—Medi-Quik Women's Tennis Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Aug. 18-24.). . . ¶ Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford. Aug. 18-24.). . . ¶ Tennis Week Open Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Aug. 18-24.). . . ¶ United States Open Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Aug. 27-Sept. 7.)

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Aug. 20-24.)

Music—The fall season of the New York City Opera, at the New York State Theatre (TR 7-4727) will open on Aug. 27, with Strauss's "Salome," and will run through Nov. 9.

Dance—Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre, at the New York State Theatre, Aug. 12-24.

Other Dates—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Aug. 29-Sept. 14. . . . ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, Sept. 15.

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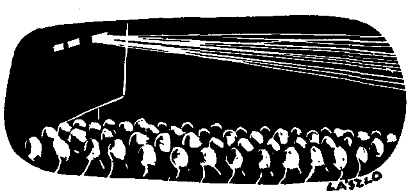
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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3	4	5	6	7		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
July 30: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."
July 31: "Brewster McCloud."
Aug. 1: "The Long Goodbye."
Aug. 2: "M*A*S*H."
Aug. 3: "California Split."
Aug. 4: "Thieves Like Us."
Aug. 5: "Images."
From Aug. 6: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
July 30: "Pride and Prejudice" and "Jane Eyre."
July 31: "Rain" and "The Gorgeous Hussy."
Aug. 1-3: "Show Boat" and "Roberta."
Aug. 4-5: "The Devil Doll," "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," and "White Zombie."
From Aug. 6: "The Women" and "Dinner at Eight."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Aug. 5: "Shampoo" and "The Stepford Wives."
From Aug. 6 (tentative): "The Eiger Sanction" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 5: "Le Chat."
From Aug. 6: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 5: "Shampoo."
From Aug. 6: "Animal Crackers" and "The Cocoanuts."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Singin' in the Rain."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jaws."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Love and Death."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Beyond the Door."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Aug. 5: "Herbie Rides Again" and "Robin Hood."
From Aug. 6: "One of Our Dinosaurs Is Missing" and "Pinocchio."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Aug. 5: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."
From Aug. 6: "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nashville."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Fortune."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Once Is Not Enough."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Cooley High."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Hound of the Baskervilles" and "Sherlock Junior."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Day of the Locust."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nashville."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through July 31: "The Man in the Glass Booth."
From Aug. 1: "Bite the Bullet."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Aug. 5: "Funny Lady."
From Aug. 6: "Tommy."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Love and Death."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Kamouraska."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Aug. 5: "W. W. and the Dixie Dancekings."
From Aug. 6: "The Devil's Rain."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 5: "Shampoo."
From Aug. 6: "The Towering Inferno."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Aug. 5: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."
From Aug. 6: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Aug. 5: "Shampoo."
From Aug. 6: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 5: "The Groove Tube" and "Flesh Gordon."
From Aug. 6: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"French Connection II."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Jaws."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Once Is Not Enough."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, *Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)*
"Cooley High."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Aug. 5: "Herbie Rides Again" and "Robin Hood."
From Aug. 6: "One of Our Dinosaurs Is Missing" *and* "Pinocchio."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 30: "My Uncle Antoine" and "Léda."
July 31: "Miracle in Milan" and "My Uncle Antoine."
Aug. 1: "Black Orpheus" and "Miracle in Milan."
Aug. 2: "The Red Shoes" and "Black Orpheus."
Aug. 3: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" and "The Red Shoes."
Aug. 4: "The Soft Skin" and "Kind Hearts and Coronets."
Aug. 5: "Fists in the Pocket" and "The Soft Skin."
Aug. 6: "Casque d'Or" and "Fists in the Pocket."
Aug. 7: "La Strada" and "Casque d'Or."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Aug. 5: "Funny Lady."
From Aug. 6: "Tommy."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Once Is Not Enough."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Aug. 5: "The Return of the Pink Panther."
From Aug. 6: "The Wind and the Lion."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Aug. 5 at one or another of the theatres: "Night Moves" and "Day for Night" / "The Passenger" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday" / "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" / Two X-rated movies.
From Aug. 6: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
July 30: "The Blue Angel" and "Salvation Hunters."
July 31: "King of Hearts" and "The Milky Way."
Aug. 1-2: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."
Aug. 3: One performance, at noon, of "Asylum."
Aug. 3: "Viridiana" and "The Exterminating Angel."
Aug. 4: "Los Olvidados" and "El."
Aug 5: "El Topo" and "The Possession of Joel Delaney."
Aug. 6: "The Pleasure Garden" and "Jamaica Inn."
Aug. 7: "King of Hearts" and "Start the Revolution Without Me."

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (869-1537)
Through Aug. 5: "The World's Young Ballet" and "Prince Igor."
From Aug. 6: "King Lear."

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Earthquake."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Benji."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
July 30: "Bite the Bullet."
From July 31: "Hennessy."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Rollerball."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through the afternoon of Aug. 5: "Herbie Rides Again" and "Robin Hood."
From Aug. 6: "One of Our Dinosaurs Is Missing" and "Pinocchio."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 5: "Night Moves" and "Scarecrow."
From Aug. 6: "Gone with the Wind."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tommy."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 30: "Monsieur Verdoux" and "The Chaser."
July 31: "Les Bonnes Femmes" and "Les Biches."
Aug. 1: "Day for Night" and "8½."
Aug. 2: "The Misfits" and "Some Like It Hot."
Aug. 3: "Intolerance" and "Judith of Bethulia."
Aug. 4: "Le Gai Savoir" and "One Plus One."
Aug. 5: "Destiny" and "Kriemhild's Revenge."
Aug. 6: "Targets" and "Badlands."
Aug. 7: "Charulata" and "Two Daughters."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Charlotte."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Love and Death."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 5: "The Return of the Pink Panther."
From Aug. 6: "The Wind and the Lion."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
July 30: "Forbidden Planet" and "The Time Machine."
July 31-Aug. 2: "North by Northwest" and "The Thin Man."
Aug. 3-5: "Treasure Island" and "The Three Musketeers."
From Aug. 6: "Summer Stock" and "On the Town."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Aug. 5: "Shampoo" and "The Last Detail."
From Aug. 6: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 5: "Funny Lady."
From Aug. 6: "The Drowning Pool."
Theatre 2: "Once Is Not Enough."
Theatre 3: "The Man in the Glass Booth."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Aug. 5: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "Blume in Love."
From Aug. 6: "Tommy."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 31: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue" and "Scarecrow."
From Aug. 1: "Bite the Bullet" and "The Odessa File."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Aug. 5: "The Return of the Pink Panther."
From Aug. 6: "The Wind and the Lion."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 5: "Stavisky" and "The Seduction of Mimi."
From Aug. 6: "Night Moves" and "O Lucky Man!"

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 30 at 2: "The Culpepper Cattle Co." (1972), directed by Dick Richards, with Gary Grimes. . . . ¶ July 30 at 5:30: "The White Hell of Pitz Palu" (1929), directed by Arnold Fanck and G. W. Pabst, with Leni Riefenstahl. . . . ¶ July 31 at 5:30: "The Culpepper Cattle Co.". . . ¶ July 31 at 8: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974), directed by Tobe Hopper, with Marilyn Burns; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 2: "The Friends of Eddie Coyle" (1973), directed by Peter Yates, with Robert Mitchum and Peter Boyle. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 5:30 and Aug. 2 at noon: "A Day in the Country" (1936) and "Rules of the Game" (1939), both in French, both directed by Jean Renoir, and both with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 3: "The Friends of Eddie Coyle." . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 5:30: "Black Girl" (1972), directed by Ossie Davis, with Leslie Uggams and Claudia McNeil. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 12:30 and 3: "Mule Train" (1950), directed by John English, with Gene Autry and Pat Buttram. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 5:30: "The Visitors" (1972), directed by Elia Kazan, with Patrick McVey and Patricia Joyce. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 2: "The McKenzie Break" (1970), directed by Lamont Johnson, with Brian Keith. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 5:30: "J. W. Coop" (1971), directed by, and with, Cliff Robertson. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 2: "What Price Glory?" (1926), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Victor McLaglen and Dolores Del Rio. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 5:30: "The Blue Light" (1932), in German and Italian, directed by, and with, Leni Riefenstahl; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 2: "Black Girl." . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 5:30: "What Price Glory?". . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 5:30: "The McKenzie Break.". . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 8: "The Last American Hero" (1973), directed by Lamont Johnson, with Jeff Bridges. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Films by Valentin, Vigo, Vertov, Eisenstein, Smith, Snow, and Sharits. Showings July 30 at 5, 7, and 9 and July 31 at 5, 8, and 9:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—A thirty-five-year-old widow sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality. With Ellen Burstyn, Harvey Keitel, and Kris Kristofferson. Martin Scorsese directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (New Yorker; through Aug. 5.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria, and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Gramercy; starting Aug. 6.)

Asylum (1972)—Directed by Peter Robinson. (Elgin; Aug. 3, one performance, at noon.)

Badlands (1973)—Set at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who start a murderous spree in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 6.)

Benji—Loyalty tale, supposedly for children, about a mongrel. Not so much a dog of a film as a puppy. (Guild.)

Les Biches (1968)—Saint-Tropez in December, and a sexually ambiguous threesome: a mope (Jacqueline Sassard), a dope (Jean-Louis Trintignant), and a chic, slinky lesbian (Stéphane Audran). Claude Chabrol directed this languorous exercise in classy eroticism; very little of anything goes on. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 31.)

Bite the Bullet—A Western, with Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, and James Coburn. Directed by Richard Brooks. (Music Hall; July 30. . . . ¶ Columbia I, and Symphony; starting Aug. 1.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. In Portuguese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 1-2.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Elgin; July 30.)

Blume in Love (1973)—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer (George Segal), in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. (New Yorker; through Aug. 5.)

Les Bonnes Femmes (1960)—This early, episodic Claude Chabrol film, dealing with the yearnings and vulnerabilities of a group of shopgirls, is uneven and, in parts, somewhat tedious and tawdry, yet it has more tenderness and is more emotionally compelling than much of Chabrol's more refined work. The girls are Bernadette Lafont, Clotilde Joano, Stéphane Audran, and Lucile Saint-Simon; the cast includes Claude Berri and Pierre Bertin. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 31.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly, but it's clearly a trial run for some of the effects that Altman brings off in "Nashville." (Art; July 31.)

Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?—A documentary of the Depression in the United States, using movies, popular songs, and newsreels of the day. Directed by Philippe Mora. (Plaza; starting Aug. 6.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world as a madman sees it. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 4-5.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. A comic, loose-limbed film, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (Art; Aug. 3.)

Casque d'Or (1952)—The young Simone Signoret had her finest role as a gigolette with a glorious helmet of golden hair in Jacques Becker's sultry, poetic account of the Paris underworld of 1900. Her performance is a triumph of sensuality and physical assurance; she makes this fundamentally trashy and touristy view of low life worth seeing. With Serge Reggiani, Claude Dauphin, and Gaston Modot. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 6-7.)

Charlotte—With Sirpa Lane, directed by Roger Vadim. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

Charulata (1964)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. His most nearly flawless film apart from his great Apu trilogy. A flowing, opulent tale of love and restrained longing, set in the eighteen-seventies. A triumph of period comprehension, with an understanding of the Indian character that seems to light it from the inside. In Bengali. (7/8/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 7.)

The Chaser (1928)—Harry Langdon directed himself in this mild domestic comedy about mother-in-law trouble. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 30.)

Le Chat—The futility and sorrowfully malevolent invention possessed by a hermetic couple—played by Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret—are chronic and consuming. Pierre Granier-Deferre's film (written by him and Pascal Jardin from Georges Simenon's novel) shows us two malign temperaments regretting the aging of their own particular flesh; it amounts to a skillful but limited and unkind exercise compared to Simenon's achievement in describing two locked souls fearing their common mortality. In French. (6/30/75) (Cinema Village; through Aug. 5.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Gramercy; starting Aug. 6.)

Cooley High—With Glynn Turman and Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs, directed by Michael Schultz. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 1.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Cinema I.)

Destiny (1921; called "Between Two Worlds" when it opened in the U.S. in 1924 in a chopped-up version)—This magical fantasy-spectacle by Fritz Lang has a love story (Lil Dagover is the girl) and episodes set in ninth-century Baghdad, seventeenth-century Venice, and a whimsical China—where a magician creates a miniature army and a flying horse to entertain the emperor. The film has a German folkloric quality; the figure of Death suggests the work of Grünewald. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 5.)

The Devil Doll (1936)—Creepy. Some bits are fairly certain to return in nightmares. Lionel Barrymore, a fugitive convict masquerading as an old lady, sells dolls to his enemies. The dolls are miniaturized people (Grace Ford and Arthur Hohl) who steal and kill. Tod Browning directed this adaptation of A. A. Merritt's "Burn Witch Burn!" With Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Lawton, and Rafaela Ottiano. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 4-5.)

The Devil's Rain—With Ernest Borgnine and Eddie Albert, directed by Robert Fuest. (Loews Tower East; starting Aug. 6.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this clever version of the Ferber-Kaufman play, with a big-gun cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 6.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre

Cassel. In French. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Elgin; Aug. 1-2.)

The Drowning Pool—Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman have the unstressed humor and the readiness for risk to play opposite each other in Restoration comedy, or in Shaw; they shouldn't be misspent in a private-eye story like this, full of dull-eyed mock sophistication and steamy ideas of the *South*. The picture, directed by Stuart Rosenberg, is a trite celebration of the old maleloner myth. (6/30/75) (Loews 83rd St.; starting Aug. 6.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it's entertaining—a marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (New Embassy.)

The Eiger Sanction—A suspense film, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Aug. 6, tentative.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 1.)

El ("This Strange Passion;" 1955)—A careless, cheaply made variation on the theme of jealousy, but written and directed by Luis Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity. Arturo de Cordova is the mad Othello who takes needle and thread to his wife. In Spanish. (Elgin; Aug. 4.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Elgin; Aug. 3.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté—Buñuel's theme is freedom, in the sense of chance: the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Elgin; Aug. 1-2.)

Fists in the Pocket (1967)—This first film by Marco Bellocchio must surely be one of the most astonishing directorial débuts in the history of movies, yet it is hard to know how to react to it. The direction is exhilaratingly cool and assured, and the whole movie is charged with temperament, but the material is wild. It's about a bourgeois family of diseased monsters; epileptic fits multiply between bouts of matricide, fratricide, and incest. The material is so savage that the movie often seems intended to be funny, but *why* it was so intended isn't clear. It features the best strange brother-and-sister act since "Les Enfants Terribles": Lou Castel, with his pug-dog manner, and Paola Pitagora, looking like a debauched gazelle. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 5-6.)

Flesh Gordon (1974)—With Jason Williams, directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste. X-rated. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Aug. 5.)

Forbidden Planet (1956)—The best of the science-fiction interstellar productions of the fifties lifts its plot and atmosphere from Shakespeare: the magical island of "The Tempest" becomes the planet Altair-4, where the sky is green and the sand is pink and there are two moons. The magician Prospero becomes the mad scientist Morbius (Walter Pidgeon); Prospero's daughter Miranda, who knows no man except her father, is Altaira (Anne Francis); and (though this is less clear) the sprite Ariel becomes Robby, the friendly robot. Caliban has become a marvellously flamboyant monster out of Freud—pure id. It's a pity the film, directed by Fred Wilcox, didn't lift some of Shakespeare's dialogue; the language is flat. (Regency; July 30.)

The Fortune—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing) for her money. Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. (Coronet.)

French Connection II—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first film was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of New York, who is now in Marseilles. Photographed by Claude Renoir (nephew of Jean Renoir) with too many slam-bang closeups. Visually as well as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (U. A. East.)

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Funny Lady—As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. The picture is overproduced and choppily edited; a great deal of talent has been badly used. With James Caan. (3/17/75) (Columbia II, Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.; through Aug. 5.)

Le Gai Savoir (1968)—"Weekend" was the culmination of Godard's great, innovative, rampaging career, and afterward he seemed to be at Square One, trying to found a new Maoist political cinema. This was the first of his monotonous, didactic experiments, and it's just about impossible to sit through. Juliet Berto (as the daughter of Lumumba) and Jean-Pierre Léaud (as Rousseau's great-great-grandson) begin on a course of study; there's not much to look at, and since the sound track is full of bleeps to cover the obscenities, there's nothing to do but read the subtitles as the two of them talk. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 4.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Playboy; starting Aug. 6.)

The Gorgeous Hussy (1936)—The title is deceptive. The film is about Andrew Jackson (Lionel Barrymore) and his Presidential problems. Specifically, it deals with his dissolving his Cabinet because the wives of the members had cut a certain Mrs. Eaton (Joan Crawford). Something like this actually happened, though the picture will never convince anyone of it. Beulah Bondi smokes a corncob with the assurance befitting the First Lady, Melvyn Douglas plays dreary, gentlemanly John Randolph, and Robert Taylor and Franchot Tone are the handsome young men. Clarence Brown directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 31.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Aug. 5.)

Hennessy—With Rod Steiger and Lee Remick, directed by Don Sharp. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Hall; starting July 31.)

Herbie Rides Again (1974)—From the Disney studios; a sequel to "The Love Bug." With Helen Hayes and Ken Berry, directed by Robert Stevenson. (Festival; through the afternoon of Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Fine Arts, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Aug. 5.)

The Hound of the Baskervilles (1939)—"Murder, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone played Holmes suavely (though with diminishing wit) for the next eight years, always with Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Watson. Here, among the moors and mists, Holmes investigates the mystery involving "the footprints of a gigantic hound," and at the end he actually says, "Quick, Watson, the needle." The cast includes fatuously dimpled Richard Greene, and Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barrie, John Carradine, E. E. Clive, and Ralph Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed. (D. W. Griffith.)

Images (1972)—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Art; Aug. 5.)

Intolerance (1916)—D. W. Griffith's mad, brilliant, silly extravaganza—perhaps the greatest movie ever made. In it one can see the source of most of the major traditions of the screen—the methods of Eisenstein and von Stroheim, the Germans and the Scandinavians, and, when it's bad, De Mille. It combines extraordinary lyric passages, realism, and psychological details with nonsense, vulgarity, and painful sentimentality. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 3.)

Jamaica Inn (1939)—A forgettable, generally forgotten Hitchcock gothic, from a Daphne du Maurier novel, full of Cornwall shipwrecks and smuggling and murder in the time of good King George IV. The picture is dominated by Charles Laughton as an evil, bound-to-go-mad Regency rake; his flamboyant ghoulishness appears to have paralyzed Hitchcock, whose staging of the wild flights from assassins, the midnight escapes, the prowlings up and down corridors, over roofs, through barnyards, and over moors is unredeemed claptrap. Emlyn Williams shines as a trim little scamp; Maureen O'Hara is a dim heroine. With Leslie Banks and Marie Ney. (Elgin; Aug. 6.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Perfectly respectable version, directed by Robert Stevenson, with Aldous Huxley adding his own pungency to Charlotte Brontë's novel. Orson Welles looms in a cast that includes Joan Fontaine and a very young Elizabeth Taylor. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 30.)

Jaws—Don't bite. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

Judith of Bethulia (1913)—Seen now, this D. W. Griffith four-reeler (which was one of the first four-reel films made in America) appears to be a warmup for the splendors of his "Intolerance." "Judith of Bethulia" is not an altogether likable picture, but it has its heavy pseudo-Oriental charms. Blanche Sweet is the plump and pious Jewish widow who decks herself out as a courtesan and gains entrance to the camp of the Assyrian general Holofernes (Henry B. Walthall). Mae Marsh and Robert Harron are young lovers, and Lillian Gish, in a grand coup of unlikely casting, plays a young Jewish mother. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 3.)

Kamouraska—Opacity isn't metaphysics. Anne Hébert wrote the pulp best-selling "literary" melodrama, set in French Canada, on which this film is based. Claude Jutra, who admirably made the quite unpretentious "My Uncle Antoine," directed it. This film, in spite of the helpfully caustic and very modern presence of Geneviève Bujold, is steeped in a belief about the redemptive powers of the sense of sin, which are appropriated to Catholicism when they belong just as much to Anglicanism, American Protestantism, and Judaism. The story also indulges the obscurantist by linking perfectly earthly spite to witchcraft. Though the acting and the sense of the nineteenth-century period are accurate, the film's fundamental antithesis—religiosity vs. fun—is falsely put, and the resulting schematism halts a good director. In French. (7/21/75) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Kind Hearts and Coronets (1950)—Ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, the amoral young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight—all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. Brittle, witty, and good fun, though a little on the poky side. Robert Hamer directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 3-4.)

King Lear—With Yuri Jarvet, directed by Grigori Kozintsev. In Russian. (Bijou; starting Aug. 6.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; July 31 and Aug. 7.)

Kriemhild's Revenge (1924)—Utterly extraordinary: gigantic heroes, trailing processions, and a romantic mystique. Fritz Lang's bizarre, monumental "Nibelungen Saga," conceived as a tribute to the nation, was in two full-length films—"Siegfried" and "Kriemhild's Revenge," and the second, filmed a year after the first, is the madder of the two. The first tended to be static and ornamental; the second is packed with contrapuntal visual rhythms. It makes a picture like "Caligari" seem as routine as a TV sitcom. At the ending of "Siegfried," Brünnhilde has had Siegfried killed, and his widow, Kriemhild, swears revenge. In the second picture, Kriemhild marries Attila the Hun and begins the devastation—massacres, flames, chaos. The influence of the painter Arnold Böcklin is evident; this film, in turn, was a strong influence on Eisenstein and Leni Riefenstahl. There's a fine analysis of it in Lotte Eisner's book "The Haunted Screen." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 5.)

The Last Detail (1974)—About three seamen. Otis Young and dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted by Robert Towne from Darryl Ponicsan's book. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 5.)

Léda (1959)—This ingenious thriller by Claude Chabrol, made directly after "The Cousins," is known as "A Double Tour" in France; it has sometimes been called "Web of Passion" in this country. Shot by Henri Decae and featuring peacocks and fields of scarlet poppies, as well as a murderer who conducts Berlioz, it is perhaps the most richly detailed and overripe of Chabrol's films. With Belmondo, Madeleine Robinson, Bernadette Lafont, Jeanne Valerie, and—as Léda—Antonella Lualdi. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 30.)

The Long Goodbye (1973)—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; he gives an original, striking performance as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (Art; Aug. 1.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Sutton, Beekman, and Paramount.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—From the Robert Shaw play, adapted by Edward Anhalt and directed by Arthur Hiller. With Maximilian Schell, Lois Nettleton, Lawrence Pressman, and Luther Adler. One of the American Film Theatre series, now on a regular theatrical run. (Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ Columbia I; through July 31.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Art; Aug. 2.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. (Art; July 30.)

The Milky Way (1970)—A genial guided tour of Catholic heresies. Luis Buñuel, in an impudent, rather than blasphemous, spirit, and a bit fusty. In French. (Elgin; July 31.)

Miracle in Milan (1951)—Part social satire, part fantasy, this Vittorio De Sica film suggests a childlike view of Dostoevski's "The Idiot." A fun-loving old lady finds a newborn baby in a cabbage patch. The baby becomes Toto the Good, the happy man who loves everyone; when he is frustrated in his desire to help people, the old lady, now an angel, comes down and gives him the power to work miracles. Toto the hero, naïve and full of love, organizes a hobo shantytown into an ideal community, but the social contradictions are ludicrously hopeless—not even magic powers can resolve them. The failure of innocence here is touchingly absurd; the film is stylized poetry, and it is like nothing else that De Sica ever did. With Francesco Golisano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and the great Emma Gramatica as the old lady. Cesare Zavattini did the adaptation of his own novel. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 31-Aug. 1.)

The Misfits (1961)—An erratic, sometimes personal in the wrong way, and generally unlucky picture that is often affecting. With Marilyn Monroe as a lonely young divorcée, Clark Gable as an aging cowhand, and Montgomery Clift as an accident-prone cowhand. Written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 2.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Chaplin as a deft, fastidious Bluebeard in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies: this private entrepreneur of murder feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented at carrying out his pantomime bits than in the talky passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as turgid. The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. It's not exactly a work of movie art, but it's so special a film that maybe it deserves to be called a classic. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 30.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and now keep growing numbers of Americans in on Sunday night to watch Channel 13 at half past ten. (5/5/75) (Plaza; through Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Art, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 6.)

My Uncle Antoine (1971)—A good French-Canadian picture about rural Quebec, made by Claude Jutra. The sense of small-town society is accurately serious and funny—whispers, giggles, children spying, flurries of love affairs. Jutra himself plays a village-store clerk; it is a wonderful study in sheepishness tinged with truculence. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 30-31.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Baronet, and Cinema II.)

Night Moves—Arthur Penn's picture, written by Alan Sharp, is a study of temperament, dressed in the paraphernalia of a thriller. The temperament is the lonely one of a private detective, played by Gene Hackman, who seems to be hunting for clues to his own character almost as if he were hunting down a wanted man. The picture is splendidly cast, especially in the selection of Jennifer Warren to play a beautiful, sardonic, tenaciously poised wit who looks after dolphins in Florida. The question "Why did Arthur Penn make this film?" hovers over things, but two answers are in its technical mastery and in its thoughtful harping on the theme of unknowability. (6/23/75) (Quad Cinema, and Playboy; through Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Aug. 6.)

North by Northwest (1959)—Hitchcock's amusing, improbable thriller, with confused identities, mad geography, and a classic sequence—the crop-dusting airplane trying to dust Cary Grant. With Eva Marie Saint and James Mason. (Regency; July 31-Aug. 2.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Symphony; starting Aug. 1.)

O Lucky Man! (1973)—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camerawork is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If . . . ," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (Olympia; starting Aug. 6.)

Los Olvidados ("The Young and the Damned;" 1952)—A masterwork. The poor prey on

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each other in Luis Buñuel's ruthless examination of poverty and delinquency in Mexico. With some classic surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Elgin; Aug. 4.)

Once Is Not Enough—From the Jacqueline Susann novel, with Kirk Douglas. Directed by Guy Green. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, Loews Ciné, 8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd St.)

One of Our Dinosaurs Is Missing—From the Disney studios, with Peter Ustinov and Helen Hayes, directed by Robert Stevenson. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting Aug. 6.)

One Plus One (1968)—Godard's first film made in England. The Rolling Stones are rehearsing a song; the fragments of work in progress are interrupted by Godard's particular vision of modern life, full of stammered interviews and push-button incantations about politics and the Pop Art of billboard signs. The film is very subtle and meticulous, with the director's typical way of pitting finely calibrated thoughts against crass images. Also called "Sympathy for the Devil." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 4.)

On the Town (1949)—Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera-Ellen, Florence Bates, and Alice Pearce in the Comden and Green musical, with the Bernstein score. Not as good as all that may make it sound. Kelly and Stanley *Donen directed. (Regency; starting Aug. 6.)*

The Passenger—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter for whom everything has staled—work and personal life both. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight. With Maria Schneider. (4/14/75) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 5.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids, though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting Aug. 6.)

The Pleasure Garden (1925)—The first film that Hitchcock (previously a movie designer and writer) directed. It's about two chorus girls from the Pleasure Garden Theatre; the parts are played by two American actresses—Virginia Valli is the virtuous one, Carmelita Geraghty the villainous one. The picture has ingenious sequences, and it's good to look at, though the story is vintage melodramatic hokum; actually, some of that hokum is hilariously campy now, such as the sequence about a depraved white man in the tropics. With another American, Nita Naldi, and Miles Mander. (Elgin; Aug. 6.)

The Possession of Joel Delaney (1972)—A ridiculous picture about a smart young Manhattan matron (Shirley MacLaine) and the possession of her spoiled brother's spirit by a murderous Puerto Rican. Directed by Waris Hussein. (Elgin; Aug. 5.)

Pride and Prejudice (1940)—This literate movie is a faithful transcription of Jane Austen's sparkling comedy of manners, adapted by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin. But when Jane Austen's characters are brought to life, everything is changed. Animated and bouncing, the movie is more Dickens than Austen; once one adjusts to this, it's a happy and carefree viewing experience. The movie belongs to Laurence Olivier, who plays Darcy, and to that great old dragon Edna May Oliver, as Lady Catherine. Greer Garson is Elizabeth Bennet, and she is not as phony as she became later. She's effective and has nice diction, though she's arch and incapable of subtlety, and a viewer can get weary watching that eyebrow that goes up like the gold curtain at the old Met. The cast includes Mary Boland, Edmund Gwenn, Melville Cooper, and a batch of girls in overstarched dresses (Marsha Hunt, Maureen O'Sullivan, Karen Morley, Ann Rutherford, Heather Angel), and villainous Frieda Inescort, of the slurpy voice. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 30.)

Prince Igor (1972)—Performed by the Kirov Opera and Ballet of Leningrad. In Russian. (Bijou; through Aug. 5.)

***The Prisoner of Second Avenue**—Jack Lemmon,* as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom. (3/10/75) (Symphony; through July 31. . . . ¶ Juliet 1; through Aug. 5.)

Rain (1932)—You don't have to be a great actress to play Sadie Thompson; you don't even have to be an actress—practically any transvestite could do it. But Joan Crawford took the role *seriously;* she really works at it—eyes flashing, scar-mouth twisting. Every nuance feels like an earthquake. Lewis Milestone is the director; Walter Huston is the Reverend. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 31.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—*The most imaginative* and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a young girl who puts on an enchanted pair of slippers that will not let her stop dancing; the film's story is, of course, the same story. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people as romantically as Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet" does, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high kitsch. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 2-3.)

The Return of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. There is a superlative performance by Herbert Lom as Clouseau's boss. Directed by Blake Edwards. (6/2/75) (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Cinema Studio, and Thalia; through Aug. 5.)

Roberta (1935)—Astaire and Rogers; Irene Dunne singing in white foxes and satin; and Randolph Scott, Helen Westley, and Claire Dodd. The apparatus is a bit heavy, but the Jerome Kern music includes "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Lovely to Look At." Best of all is the dance to "I'll Be Hard to Handle." William Seiter directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 1-3.)

Robin Hood (1973)—An animated version from the Disney studios. (Festival; through the afternoon of Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Fine Arts, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Aug. 5.)

Rollerball—Norman Jewison's clamorously unintelligent sci-fi film about a future in which the world is purged of hostility, opinion, hunger, overpopulation, and every other trouble on our minds by a game called Rollerball, which looks like a slaughterhouse version of tag. Not to have clued us in properly to the rules of the mythically curative game is quite an omission, considering this can count only as a sports film and not remotely as prophetic. (7/7/75) (Ziegfeld.)

Salvation Hunters (1925)—Josef von Sternberg made his directing début with this highly symbolic lower-depths film, shot in and around the mud flats of San Pedro, California, on a budget of forty-eight thousand dollars. The characters are derelicts who sit around and think dark thoughts. George K. Arthur is the boy who defends the girl (Georgia Hale) against the advances of a brute who shows his lust by scratching his thigh when he's hot for her. The film was much admired by Chaplin, Max Reinhardt, and many other artists, and one can certainly see why. It was fiercely hated by quite a few others, and the reasons for that are evident, too. (Elgin; July 30.)

Scarecrow (1973)—A story of two loners lurching across the United States, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. With Gene Hackman and Al Pacino, two identifiably good actors who deserve better scripts than this. (Symphony; through July 31. . . . ¶ Playboy; through Aug. 5.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny *farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual* round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Olympia; through Aug. 5.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. The way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who was also the producer). (2/17/75) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Juliet 2, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 5.)

Sherlock Junior (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a wonderfully imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks that are so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, *and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father.* (D. W. Griffith.)

Show Boat (1936)—Despite (or is it perhaps because of?) the Edna Ferber plot, with its heartbreaks and coincidences, this classic musical melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs is hard to resist in any of its many versions. This one from Universal (which is far superior to the 1951 M-G-M version) features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as *Joe and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan.* James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, and Donald Cook. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 1-3.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Murray Hill.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's odd, irritating but compelling study of adultery and its consequences. With Françoise Dorléac and Jean Desailly. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 4-5.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A fifties comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 2.)

Start the Revolution Without Me (1970)—A parody of swashbucklers that begins bouncingly with the birth of Donald Sutherland and Gene Wilder as two sets of identical twins, mismatched by a harried obstetrician—one mismatched pair to be raised as peasants, the other pair as aristocrats. Some funny ideas, but it gets too silly. Hugh Griffith is a poignantly befuddled Louis XVI. Bud Yorkin directed. (Elgin; Aug. 7.)

Stavisky—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art. This is an icy, high-minded, white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Olympia; through Aug. 5.)

The Stepford Wives—The first women's-lib goth*ic—hardly the landmark the world has been* waiting for. Besides, it's so tastefully tame that there's no suspense. Taken from an Ira Levin novel that might have been written by a computer, it's about the encroaching horror of suburban blandness; in this account, the responsibility for suburban women's becoming overgroomed deadheads, obsessed with waxed, antiseptic households, is placed totally on the men. Katharine Ross plays the young New Yorker who moves to Stepford and discovers that the wives have been robotized by their husbands. Written by William Goldman and directed by Bryan Forbes, the picture is literal in a way that seems a wasting disease. With Paula Prentiss, Nanette Newman, Peter Masterson, and Patrick O'Neal. (2/24/75) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 5.)

La Strada (1954)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 7.)

Summer Stock (1950)—The emotional rapport of Judy Garland and Gene Kelly transforms the story materials, which are far from fresh; it's the old gimmick about staging a show in a barn, and the whole thing is corny and simple-minded, but Garland and Kelly make their scenes new. The cast includes Phil Silvers, Gloria De Haven, Eddie Bracken, and Marjorie Main; the songs include "You Wonderful You." Charles Walters directed. (Regency; starting Aug. 6.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 5.)

Targets (1968)—Peter Bogdanovich wrote, directed, and appears in this lame melodrama about a clean-cut all-American boy (Tim O'Kelly) who turns sniper. The picture is rather naïvely made, and one begins to wait for the sniper to hit his targets, because there's nothing else of interest going on. Boris Karloff, in one of his last screen appearances, plays a veteran horror-film actor. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 6.)

Thieves Like Us (1974)—This story of young lovers in the thirties is the most quietly poetic of Robert Altman's films. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (Art; Aug. 4.)

The Thin Man (1934)—Directed by the whirlwind W. S. Van Dyke, the Dashiell Hammett novel took only sixteen days to film, and it turned out to be one of the most popular comedies ever made. However, new audiences aren't likely to enjoy it as much as the public in 1934 did, because new audiences aren't fed up, as that public was, with what the picture broke away from. It started a new cycle (as well as a "Thin Man" series) by demonstrating that a murder mystery could also be a sophisticated comedy, and that a married couple—Nick and Nora Charles (she was based on Lillian Hellman)—could drink together, exchange insolent remarks, and have a good time. William Powell and Myrna Loy were the pair, and they delighted the country. A married couple, Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, wrote the script; James Wong Howe did the shooting. The cast includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Cesar Romero, Minna Gombell, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy, Nat Pendleton, Edward Ellis (in the title role), and a famous wirehaired terrier, called Asta here. (Regency; July 31–Aug. 2.)

The Three Musketeers (1948)—In grinning, leaping homage to Douglas Fairbanks, Gene Kelly plunges his sword into dozens of extras, vaults onto more horses than there are in a rodeo, swings from assorted drapes and chandeliers, and hops about seventeenth-century rooftops. His D'Artagnan veers between romance and burlesque, but is always enjoyable. However, the lavish M-G-M production is a heavy, roughhousing mess. As Lady de Winter, Lana Turner sounds like a drive-in waitress exchanging quips with hotrodders, and, as Richelieu, Vincent Price (who doesn't offend anyone by wearing clerical trappings, and is never addressed by his ecclesiastical title) might be an especially crooked used-car dealer. Angela Lansbury wears the crown of France as if she'd won it in a milking contest at a county fair, and, as Lady Constance, June Allyson looks like a little girl done up in Mama's clothes. Kelly's amorous grapplings don't seem as strenuous as they actually were: he threw Lana Turner on her bed so hard that she fell off it and broke her elbow. He should have thrown the director, George Sidney, and the costume designer, Walter Plunkett, who swaddled the performers. Among them are Van Heflin, Gig Young, Frank Morgan, and Keenan Wynn. (Regency; Aug. 3-5.)

The Time Machine (1960)—Entertaining George Pal sci-fi, loosely derived from the H. G. Wells novel and set at about the time the book was written—1895. The plush Victorian furnishings in the home of the time-travelling scientist (Rod Taylor) are contrasted with the catacombs of the cannibalistic future, where Yvette Mimieux is a dainty morsel on the menu. The machine itself is a beauty, with a red velvet seat and gadgets made of ivory and rock crystal, and the time-travel effects help to make this film one of the best of its kind. However, it deteriorates into comic-strip grotesqueries when the fat, ogreish future race of Morlocks torments the effete, platinum-blond, vacant-eyed race of Eloi. With Alan Young, Sebastian Cabot, and Whit Bissell. (Regency; July 30.)

Tommy—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. With Ann-Margret and Roger Daltrey. (4/7/75) (Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Columbia II, Waverly, and New Yorker; starting Aug. 6.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; Aug. 5.)

The Towering Inferno—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (72nd St. East; starting Aug. 6.)

Treasure Island (1934)—Wallace Beery as Long John Silver, and Jackie Cooper as Jim Hawkins, in a lively, robust version of the Stevenson story, directed by Victor Fleming in the damn-the-budget style of M-G-M. The cast includes Lionel Barrymore (fortunately in a sinister role), Lewis Stone (more energetic than usual), and Otto Kruger and Nigel Bruce. (Regency; Aug. 3-5.)

Two Daughters (1961)—Satyajit Ray at his most splendid, in two short-story films based on works by Rabindranath Tagore. The first, "The Postmaster," is a small masterpiece; the second, "The Conclusion," has some defects of rhythm, so it is merely wonderful. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 7.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Elgin; Aug. 3.)

White Zombie (1932)—Madge Bellamy arrives in Haiti to get married but is abducted by a satanic zombie master (Bela Lugosi) who has taken a fancy to her. She becomes, as they used to say, "a slave to his will." For those absolutely dedicated to gothic silliness. Victor Halperin directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 4-5.)

The Wind and the Lion—Theodore Roosevelt (played by Brian Keith) sends the Marines into Morocco to rescue an American (played by Candice Bergen) kidnapped by the last of the Barbary pirates (led here by Sean Connery). Directed and written by John Milius. (Greenwich, Cinema Studio, and Thalia; starting Aug. 6.)

The Women (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version, with Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 6.)

The World's Young Ballet—A film of the 1969 international ballet competition held in Moscow, with Baryshnikov glimpsed in his prize-winning solo "Vestris." Helgi Tomasson, Peter Schaufuss, the Japanese star Hideo Fukagawa, and Ludmila Semenyaka (in a Soviet-style "jazz" ballet) are among the other competitors, and some additional color footage shows the young prodigy Nadezhda Pavlova making her début, in "Giselle," in 1974. (Bijou; through Aug. 5.)

W. W. and the Dixie Dancekings—With Burt Reynolds, directed by John Avildsen. (Loews Tower East; through Aug. 5.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE'VE received a letter from a friend who says he has been looking at and brooding about a photograph in the *Times* that had a caption reading, "President Ford eating a box lunch as he watched a hand-to-hand combat demonstration at Fort Benning, Ga." Our friend writes:

A number of questions come to mind; indeed, they come so swiftly and their number is so large that it is difficult to deal with them in any rational sequence. One wonders where to begin. Rather than attempt to establish any significant order, then, one simply plunges in. First of all, what kind of sandwich is the President eating? Tuna salad, ham and cheese, peanut butter and jelly? Is it on white, rye, pumpernickel? The peanut butter seems at the outset unlikely, being non-Presidential fare, yet the presence of one cup and one can at his side in the front row of the grandstand tends to support this hypothesis, since nothing makes a man thirstier than a P.B.&J. On the other hand, the cup looks rather squat; it could very well be a side order of coleslaw. What is in the can? Royal Crown Cola? Pepsi? Root beer? Maybe Dr Pepper? Possibly plain old Coke? The sandwich again—it appears to require two hands. This suggests something bulky. Roast beef? Perhaps with mustard? The Army personnel sitting behind him and on either side are not eating. Will they eat later? Probably they ate earlier. An officer (particularly a Commander-in-Chief) does not eat until his men are fed. The man in civilian dress sitting at the right, holding the open box lunch—why isn't he eating? It is possible that he does not like the look of the lunch. He hates the lunch. Or he is trying to decide how he feels about the lunch. Maybe he has eaten the lunch and is now wondering how he feels about it. Or it may not be a lunch at all: it may be a two-way radio in a cardboard box. It could be a salami sandwich, and he is simply airing it out a bit. He has a cup in his right hand, but he has no visible coleslaw. There appear to be three cups, or side orders, on the ground to the right of the President's feet. Whose are these? Was there a round of Dr Pepper for all the soldiers? Everybody seems to be in a good mood. Perhaps the officers had something delicious for their lunch. The President is not concentrating on his lunch. Is it too bland? It could be cream cheese with pimento. To judge by his detached expression, he isn't thinking about the hand-to-hand combat. What *is* he thinking about? Maybe he is thinking about supper. That will surely be a hot meal—not a sandwich. Plates and glasses and silver. Several courses, and something new to watch while eating. Perhaps there will be a simulated bombing run? In any case, dinner will not be just a box lunch.

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Monday, July 21, 1975

WASHDAY. White sales in the stores. Seventy-per-cent chance of rain forecast. But no rain at all, all day. A hot, sunny, a-muggy day—one of the few completely dry days since the storms began, two weeks back. No trains to Washington, D.C., for the first time since 1972, when a hurricane stopped them. This time, Assunpink Creek, in Trenton, overflowed, burying the main-line tracks under eight feet of water. It was the first day of a citywide Health Department bat alert, the first day of a Police and Health Department program to reduce dog bites, the first full day of a new Sanitation Department schedule cutting the number of garbage pickups in congested areas in half, the day a new schedule of shorter hours in the city's branch libraries went into effect. No more storytelling in Central Park, under this schedule. People strolled for the first time in weeks, and looked happy on the streets. You could take a walk. We walked all over the place. Richard Bass, of Rudolf Bass, a large industrial distributor that has been in SoHo for more than fifty years and sells wood, metal, and plastic equipment to places like the United Nations and Consolidated Laundries, reported a quiet business day. Sales of portable tools are good on Mondays, he said—to replace tools stolen over the weekend. Richard Bass spent part of the day looking for a buyer for a loft building on Mercer Street which the firm is vacating. The building comes with two bowling alleys and an ice-skating rink on the top floor. Bass found no buyers. The Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop on West Forty-fifth Street, which had been doing a land-office business during the storms, reported a slow day. "Every business has its dry days," a saleswoman there told us. But John Steele, a sixty-nine-year-old man who sells umbrella hats and shoeshines on the street in midtown, reported that both shines and hats were moving well. At 8:46 A.M., a man in an elevator moving between the lobby and the mezzanine of the Statler Hilton asked us if it was hot enough for us.

At 9 A.M., Councilman Robert F. Wagner, Jr., Councilman Henry J. Stern, and State Senator Carol Bellamy held a press conference at Forty-ninth and Second—attended by the press and a lot of people waiting to switch from the Fiftieth Street crosstown bus to the Second Avenue bus—to announce a program to improve Second Avenue bus service. Bus service on Second has been slowed by the subway construction, and a study conducted by city and state legislators had revealed that Second Avenue buses bunch up more than most other buses. The legislators' plan

is express-bus service with no stops between Seventy-second and Fifty-eighth. At one point during the press conference, a caravan of six closely bunched Second Avenue buses rolled by.

At 10:30 A.M., there was a lot of activity. Ten kids from the Catholic Youth Organization of New York fired Nerf gliders—which are four pieces of foam rubber—at the chandeliers of the Versailles Room of the St. Regis in order to demonstrate that the Nerf is the world's first safe indoor aircraft. The chandeliers survived. The occasion was a press conference.

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In Room 500, 27 Union Square West, representatives of the Frankfurter Venders Union, a division of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America, held a press conference to protest alleged efforts of the city to squeeze them out of business. A woman frankfurter seller who does not speak English but does have a street vender's license and pays the sales tax, protested, in Greek, that the city was trying to squeeze her out of business. There are thirteen thousand street venders in New York, and only twenty-five hundred frankfurter venders are licensed and pay taxes. A difficult question on consumption statistics was thrown at the union's former secretary-treasurer Morris Horn. "I can't answer for bagels or pretzels or anything," Mr. Horn responded. "I can only answer for frankfurters. The answer for frankfurters is I don't know." Meanwhile, at Ma Bell's, the restaurant on Shubert Alley, Paul Screvane, chairman and president of the Off-Track Betting Corporation, drew the post positions for a three-hundred-thousand-dollar harness race at Monticello Raceway, in the Catskills, the following Sunday. Three Brinks guards uncrated eighteen gold bars, worth a little less than three hundred thousand dollars. The owners of the winner could have either the gold bars or cash.

"TWO TREASURE ISLAND LOCATIONS REVEALED! Gifts flow profusely at 124 West 42nd St. and 625 Madison Ave" was the screamer on a flyer handed to us on Forty-second. No. 124 proved to be a new bank, where a girl dressed not very much like a pirate gave us two multicolored lollipops and an entry blank for a chance at a twelve-inch black-and-white TV set or a trip for two on a Circle Line boat. Promptly at 11 A.M., in the Gulf & Western Building, the Physicians' Radio Network, which broadcasts medical news and advertisements twenty-four hours a day to thirty-five hundred doctors in Detroit, Indianapolis ("the city that's getting harder and harder to ignore"), Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Rochester, Cleveland, St. Louis, and Philadelphia, received a telephoned report from Dr. David Winter, NASA Director for Life Sciences, on the state of the Apollo astronauts' health. Electrocardiograms monitored in Houston showed the astronauts to be very normal, Dr. Winter said. Astronaut Deke Slayton's atrial fibrillation ("chaotic, irresponsible beating of the heart") is no longer a problem, because it cleared up five years ago, after he gave up coffee, tobacco, and alcohol.

At 11:30 A.M., on the fifty-fourth floor of the Chrysler Building, Señor Ramon Boixareu, the charming commercial counsellor of the Spanish Embassy, received the first copy of the second cookbook produced by the Spanish Olive Oil Institute. Olive oil is Spain's seventh-largest export to the United States. Shoes are first and whole green olives are second, and the olives are promoted by a completely separate outfit, the Spanish Green Olive Commission. Señor Boixareu, a Catalan, is a scholar, and spends his evenings in New York editing and condensing the diaries of an eighteenth-century Catalan tailor who wrote fifty-two books of five hundred pages each. He told us that other eighteenth-century Catalans went out and colonized California—a place they still like, because it reminds them of Valencia. A few blocks away from Señor Boixareu's office, Dr. Donald Othmer, president of the Chemists' Club and Distinguished Professor at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, received in the mail an announcement that he had been granted a patent for a revolutionary system to drive a turbine with steam from warm surface seawater, then cool the steam with cold, nutrient-rich deep seawater, thus creating fresh drinking water, and pass the deep seawater, now heated by steam, over trays of hungry oysters and clams. "It's got a two-per-cent efficiency," Dr. Othmer said, "but you have to remember we're talking about millions of cubic miles of seawater."

In the test kitchen of the Rice Council of America, in the Tishman Building, the Council, with the assistance of the Maryland Cup Corporation, attempted to turn two servings of meat into dinner for six and then keep them hot. Frank Perlman, a Maryland Cup executive, said, "We've got a battery-operated serving cart for hospitals and nursing homes that keeps hot food at between a hundred and forty degrees and a hundred and sixty degrees, and cold food at room temperature. When you get below a hundred and forty, your bacteria growth is stimulated. With this serving cart, we can guarantee that the tray reaches the patient at the right temperature. The only thing we can't guarantee is that the patient will eat it right away." The meal for six was two pieces of ham augmented by peaches, rice, celery, soy sauce, ginger, mustard, onion, and salt. It tasted like hospital food.

The free outdoor jazz concert by Johnny Amarosa and his Dixieland Band in Bryant Park at 12:15 P.M. drew a big crowd and offered "The Way We Were," "Tie a Yellow Ribbon," "Sweet Gypsy Rose," and "Mack the Knife," but no Dixieland or any other kind of jazz. Chess-, dice-, and ballplayers were scattered on Bryant Park's grass. In Central Park, at 12:30 P.M., Serena gave free belly-dance lessons to a group of thirty-five, among them nine thirteen-year-old girls with corn-row hairdos and topknots, a young man in a blue suit, and several old ladies in housedresses and slippers with yellow pompoms. An onlooker, Mary Ellen Parnall, who is herself a downtown belly-dance instructor, identified the tune as "Hava Nagila," played to a Turkish rhythm, and identified the movements as "a half-shimmy belly roll with an arch and contraction."

A Philadelphian, name of Fred, accompanied us to Philly Mignon, an East Eighty-sixth Street eatery featuring authentic Philadelphia hoagies, which are sort of submarines made of Genoa salami, cooked salami, provolone, capicola, lettuce, tomato, olive oil, and assorted spices. Even Fred doesn't know what capicola is made of. Fred, who topped off his hoagie with a strawberry-ice-cream cone (the ice cream was authentically Philadelphian, but the cone wasn't), told the counterwoman, a New Yorker, that his sandwich probably would pass muster in West Philadelphia—or Germantown, perhaps. "You left out the hot peppers. You could get run out of South Philadelphia for something like that." Down the street from Philly Mignon, Mrs. Dorothy Denny Scardino, who plays the Mason & Hamlin grand piano in The Manhattan Savings Bank every day from twelve to three, was playing the piano. Her only instructions from the bank were to play some Viennese waltzes at least once a day, and she was thinking of asking her employers to supplement her grand with a bass, guitars, and drums for the Friday-night session, from five to seven. Ah, Yorkville!

It was a busier-than-usual day at the John Jay Municipal Swimming Pool, neatly perched above the F.D.R. Drive at Seventy-seventh Street and Cherokee Place. Michele Ondey, a little girl who was taking swimming lessons, said, "First the teacher shows you how to breathe. After that, they show you how to kick." The teacher, Mary Lucich, whose job is threatened by the city's money troubles, said, "Rhythmical breathing seems to be a big New York problem. Kids here don't like to put their heads in the water."

We caught the end of "A Tower of Power," a slide show at the Kinney Shoe Stores District Managers' Sales Meeting, in the New York Sheraton. "We are elated by the fact that we are in complete control of our inventory," said the commentator. A cocktail party followed. Dozens of men in double-knit suits and Kinney shoes stood around drinking Cokes and grumbling about Thom McAn. "Normally, I don't like seafood, but my eyes were bigger than my stomach," said a wing-tip to a white patent leather. "I was so stuffed I thought they'd have to roll me away from the table." Outside the hotel, urchins waited for glimpses of the Houston Astros, who were staying there. They discussed whether or not Lamont had ever caught for the Tigers, and failed to notice an extremely foxy girl in a tube top. Cliff Johnson, catcher for the Astros, emerged from the hotel. "Ain't no way I'm going to sign all you guys' autographs," he said, and didn't.

Across the street and a mile downtown, E. M. Frimbo, world's greatest railroad buff, inspected new air-conditioned Amtrak Amcoach cars, which were on display at Penn Station. The cars are as comfortable as first-class seats on an airplane and will soon be put into service on the Boston-to-Washington run. Frimbo sank into one of the colorfully unholstered seats. "This air-conditioning is so blissful I may go to sleep," he said, closing his eyes.

Upstairs, in Madison Square Garden, there was no Iranian-crafts exhibit, because business had been so slow that the Iranians had folded their tents the week before. Across the street, in the Statler Hilton, the officers of the National Organization of the Mothers of Twins Clubs, minus the national president, went over plans for their national convention, opening two days later. They don't call their children twins, Marie Simmons, the convention's co-chairman, explained. "We try to stress individuality." We asked the officers what the ideal set of twins is.

"Identical girls," said Mrs. Simmons.

"Boy-girl," said Arlene Calcano, in charge of speaker arrangements.

"Identical boys," said Barbara Malchesky, publicity chairman.

"Fraternal boys," said Lois Elliott, convention chairman.

At the offices of *Publishers Weekly*, on Sixth Avenue at Forty-sixth Street, four editors—Senior Editor Barbara Bannon, Albert H. Johnston, Genevieve Stuttaford, and Jean Mercier—looked tired but happy as they neared the end of the business of reviewing and forecasting next fall's best-sellers—one of their biggest annual chores. *PW*, the *Variety* of publishing, reviews several thousand books a year, and the four forecasting editors derive their greatest satisfaction from spotting sleepers. A

Lake Witchataba

sleeper they've just found for this fall is the personal memoir of a bright little girl titled "Mister God, This Is Anna." Other titles and trends that look big: "Curtain," by Agatha Christie, the book that kills off Hercule Poirot. Dame Agatha wrote the book in the forties and intended that it should not be published until after her death, but she was persuaded otherwise by the success of the film "Murder on the Orient Express." The theme in children's books will be death, how to cope with.

At the Rainbow Grill, Larry Adler, the harmonica player, rehearsed his first major night-club gig in the States in twenty-five years. He sat at a grand and played "Summertime" on a Larry Adler Professional 12 Chromatic Harmonica, by M. Hohner, which he held in his right hand, while he played a bass line on the piano with his left hand. In the act, Adler will play an arrangement of "Rhapsody in Blue," Ravel's "Bolero," and an unpublished Gershwin tune, "Lullabye Time," that Ira Gershwin gave him in 1962, and—on opening night, at any rate—a comedy number, with Henny Youngman, that Adler used to perform with Jack Benny. Youngman will have to play four notes.

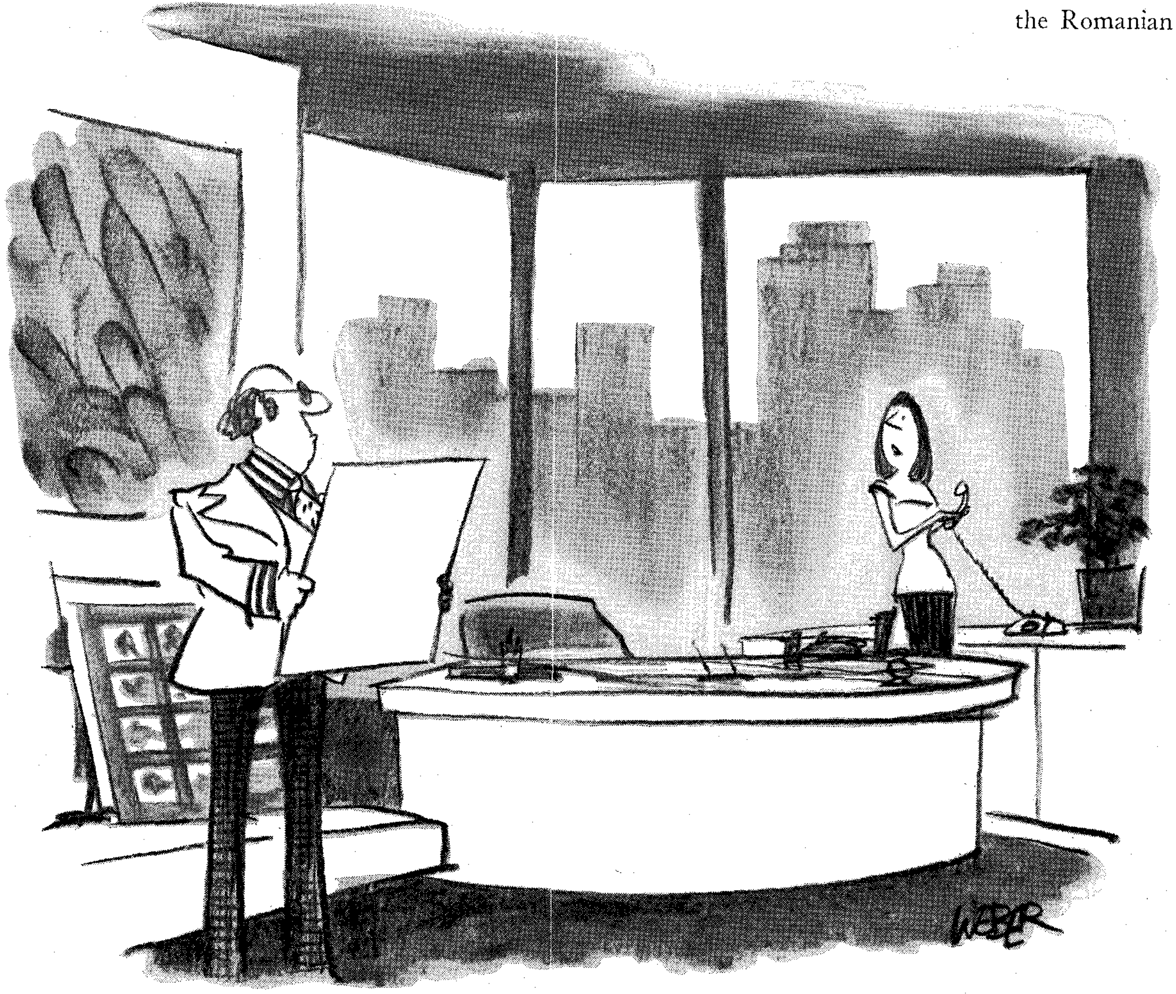
At Studio 2 of WOR Radio, high above Broadway and Fortieth Street, Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding were on the air from 3:15 P.M. to 7 P.M. In the control room, Bob Theile, the producer, and Jim Quodomine, the relief engineer, worked on a "Mary Backstage, Noble Wife" tape. "Fade out the audio," said Theile. "Stop using those fancy terms," said Quodomine. "I just got back from vacation." The best skit of the day was "Hobby Hut," with Ray playing the part of Neil Clummer, editor of *Wasting Time*. They used two sound effects from tape cartridges: "Anvil going through floor" and "Pencils falling on floor."

At 4:43, George Meade, one of the WOR helicopter traffic reporters, said that it was hot enough to fry an egg on the bubble of his chopper. He also said that a truck had lost a load of red wine on the southbound lanes of the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway in the vicinity of the Kosciusko Bridge. "Looks to be sangría," he said.

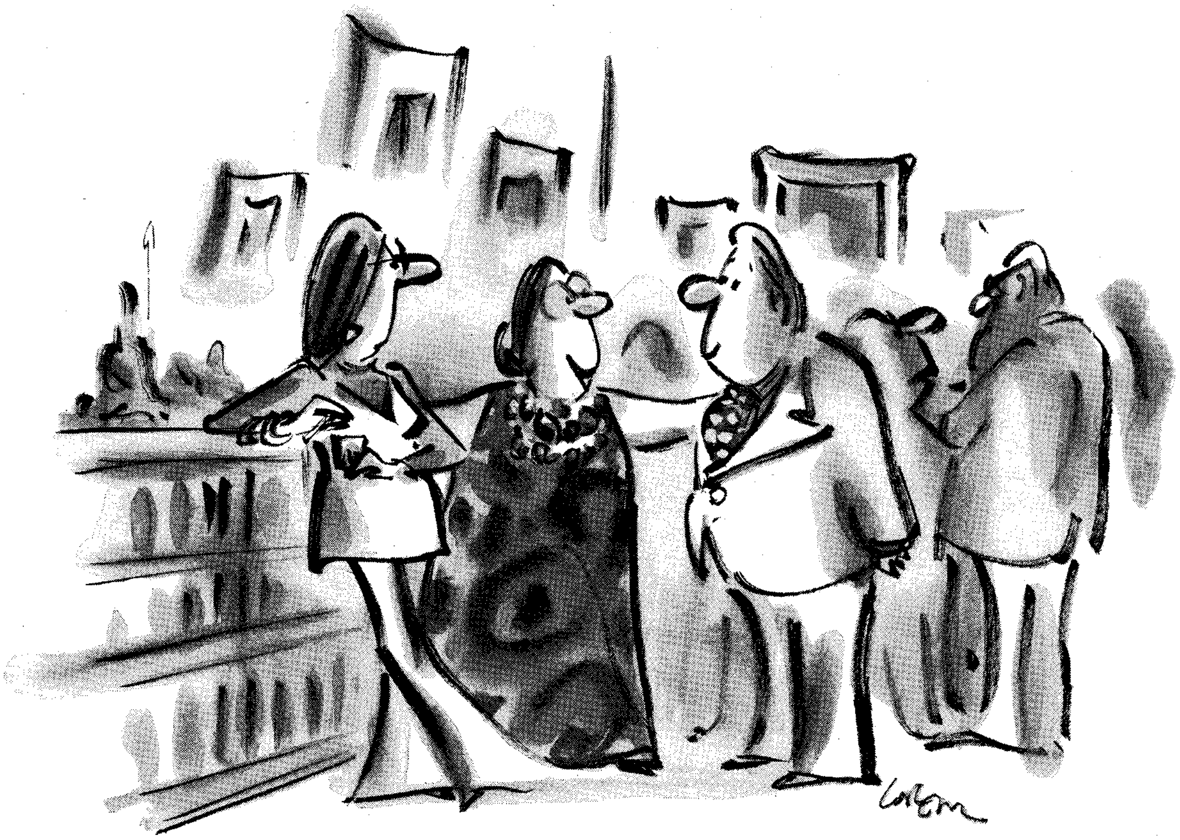
At Random House, at the end of the afternoon, Mike Frith, the Beginner Books editor, had just wrapped up one of the final fall books for starting readers—"Big Bird's Busy Book," a ninety-six-page volume full of activities like making flying bats out of egg cartons. "Things are popping in the book business," Frith said, opening a bottle of Korbel Brut and pouring us a glass. "My life is just one long celebration, now that the pressure is off. Also, I'm celebrating my thirteenth wedding anniversary."

Then it was downtown for a fresh-squeezed and very chocolate-chippy quick Ferrara cannoli with Deputy Borough President Jolie Hammer, co-ordinator of the immensely popular new open-air café in St. Andrew's Plaza, near Foley Square and the courthouses—the first outdoor café for city employees, lawyers, court clerks, and judges. The food now being offered is Italian, but the Deputy B.P. plans to bring in Chinese food venders next month and Jewish delicacies in September, and may then paint out the word "Alitalia" on the umbrellas over the tables.

A free-admission Romanian movie, "The Lost Letter," was unspooled in the Romanian Library, at 866 Second Avenue, in the early evening. The walls were decorated with pictures of famous Romanians—Dinu Lipatti, Tudor Vianu, Georges Enesco—and the library also had pictures of Romanian industrial plants, such as the Touring Cars Plant, at Piteşti. The woman who introduced the movie said that it was a satire and that "the ones who know Romanian will laugh to death." There were maybe thirteen, fourteen people in the audience. The movie had no subtitles. Within the first five minutes, six people had skipped. Over at Rockefeller Center, there was a free concert by the 26th United States Army Stage Band in the Promenade Café, which is known as the skating rink in cooler weather. Spectators included two Midtown North



"It's Ron Lassiter. He says the Mocha Munchies people don't like our presentation, and he's going through a lot of pain."



"Mea Culpa, I'd like you to meet J'Accuse."

policemen wearing Big Apple emblems and a group of chauffeurs waiting for their employers. The band, led by Staff Sergeant Richard Chiemingo, launched into "Awright, Awright," in a Maynard Ferguson orchestration. A chauffeur shook his head and went back to his car. "What ever happened to 'The Stars and Stripes Forever'?" he said. Well, down in Washington Square Park a steel drummer was playing a spirited rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner" under the Arch. We were now on our way to a Gilbert & Sullivan sing at New York University's Loeb Student Center. A hundred and thirty people paid the West Village Chorale two dollars to sit in sections marked "Soprano," "Alto," "Tenor," and "Bass" and sing excerpts from "Patience," "Utopia, Ltd.," "The Yeomen of the Guard," and "The Mikado." According to Mrs. Nancy Kelly, vice-president in charge of fund raising, there are perhaps only twenty people in any of the Chorale's sessions who have ever sung any of the music before.

Peter Pan and his friends appeared as Pan and the Never Boys in a rock-opera version of "Peter Pan" at the Marionette Theatre, in Central Park, which played to twenty-seven kids at 7 P.M. At 8 P.M., a bluegrass group called Breakfast Special performed in a little concrete park at Ninety-fourth and Amsterdam, playing hillbilly music for a predominantly Puerto Rican audience. "Got any Hank Williams fans here?" asked one of the Breakfasters. There were not any Hank Williams fans there. At the Marshall Chess Club, on West Tenth Street, which has over four hundred members, there were only six games Monday night, and no one was playing on the table once used by José Raul Capablanca or on the Capablanca Memorial Tournament table, where Bobby Fischer played chess by teletype with various grand masters in Havana in 1965. The night manager, Joseph Pandolfini, who was wearing a Sicilian Defense print necktie, said that the action is heavy on Tuesdays, when the club holds speed tournaments, limiting each player in a game to seven minutes. Downstairs, at the New York Go Club, Bill Singer, the club's president, and Howard Gorlin, a convert from chess, were embroiled in *chuban*, the middle stage of a Go game. No other action there; Tuesday is its big night, too. The Black Tarantula, a young white woman with short brown hair, read excerpts from her new novel to fifty people at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie Episcopal Church. There's a murder in the book, which takes place in Montmartre in 1886. The characters include Vincent van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Hercule Poirot, left for dead hours earlier at *Publishers Weekly*.

At 9 P.M., in the Manhattan Skyline Room of the Sheraton, Mrs. Frances Rhymes, a choreographer, was putting the twenty-nine talented teens in Hal Jackson's Miss U.S. Talented Teen Contest through a "Wiz"-like dance number. They were the cutest, liveliest people we met all day. Carmen Lake, from Antigua, said she had reached the contest by performing an interpretive dance and a poem that she herself had written about love. She hopes to become a veterinarian. We asked Mrs. Hal Jackson, the director of the contest, if any of the previous winners had gone into show business. "Well," she said, "one of them married a doctor."

Out at the Big Shea, the Mets passed the million mark in paid attendance for 1975 and dropped a 6–2 decision to the Astros. Up in the stadium press box, the scribes played catch with a crumpled-up brown paper bag. The Astros catcher Cliff Johnson went 2 for 4, and the Mets third baseman Joe Torre set a National League record by hitting into four double plays. Torre also booted a grounder in the ninth inning, after the fourth DP. Two American Leaguers have hit into four double plays, the last one being Mike Kreevich, of the White Sox, in 1939. "I've hit into three double plays several times before," Torre said.

It was time to go to Wo Hop, the all-night noodle house on lower Mott Street, for a soothing bowl of congee, which is thick Chinese rice soup—warming, nourishing, and about as aggressive as baby food. A dozen people ate noodle dishes quietly. We took off our shoes and rubbed our feet. Turning out our pockets, we discovered the day's accretions: a small souvenir lead replica of OTB's gold bars, two lollipops, a tiny can of Spanish olive oil, and a minute Hohner harmonica, the gift of Larry Adler. It can play eight notes.

UNDERGROUND

AN August Saturday, midafternoon. Halfway across the Thames, a slow train up from the coast almost halts. Alfred Thomas, a commercial artist fat before his time, has slept through the South Downs, the Weald, the nondescript suburbs. Now he stirs, gazes upriver through dirt-pearled glass at the raft of traffic shimmering on Chelsea Bridge. London, a hateful city in summer weather, is heat-struck. The tide is dead low, water the color of dregs of milky tea. Alfred observes a yellow balloon dipping and jinking above a small flotilla of gulls. The image might be useful to Alfred one day, but he is too weary to make a note of it. He stands, straightens his tie, reaches for his bag and for the umbrella that looks preposterous on such a day as this. The train creeps past a signal box, asphalt yards. Beside the track are three men leaning on shovels. They stare sadly down into a fire the sunlight makes flameless. And now shade, the long platform of Victoria Station sliding by. Sparrows fighting for a gray crust.

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In the station hall, Alfred buys a *New Statesman;* also a plastic cup of British Rail coffee, which, once sipped, he abandons. He wonders how to kill ninety minutes before the rendezvous at Liverpool Street Station. It will take, say, half an hour at the outside to cross town. This leaves an hour or so—scarcely enough time to visit a gallery. All the pubs are shut. There's nothing within walking distance of Victoria worth walking to see except Westminster Cathedral. Alfred shudders, remembering the actual corpse of a martyr in there, the skin silvered over. His lapsed Catholicism is like a library ticket long since expired which he cannot bring himself to throw away.

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Taxis swarm like black flies on the station forecourt. Beyond, in their separate compound, stranded buses look distressed in their bright-red paint. Alfred takes the staircase down to the Underground, grateful for its neutral climate under artificial light. Liverpool Street is one of the stations on the endless loop of the Circle Line. Alfred could travel in either direction to reach it—eleven stops one way, sixteen the other. He will ride round and round under central London until the minutes have elapsed. He will decide, by the spin of a coin, which platform to depart from: heads clockwise, tails counterclockwise. Heads it is. The curds of a week's anticipation sour in his belly. The smell of the Tube brings on a spasm of coughing. Alfred imagines the scent of lemons. It helps. His mother, when Alfred was a little boy, would give him a lemon to smell on the way to the hated school, past fish shops and filling stations whose smells made him retch.

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He slumps in a seat, the doors slam shut, the manic scream of the tunnel begins. Alfred shares his carriage with a party of Japanese tourists, festooned and dismayed. In Tokyo, Alfred remembers, there are men employed to cram people into underground trains; how long before that happens here? He makes an inventory of the cities in which he has ridden underground: Glasgow, Paris, New York, Moscow, Barcelona. You can be anonymous down here, an unsung Orpheus. Only once—it was on the Lexington Avenue express—did Alfred ever see someone who looked like anyone he knew. It had been startling: what was his dead Latin master from St. Paul's doing in Manhattan, dressed in garish clothes? Under the surface of the earth, one is entitled to meet only strangers.

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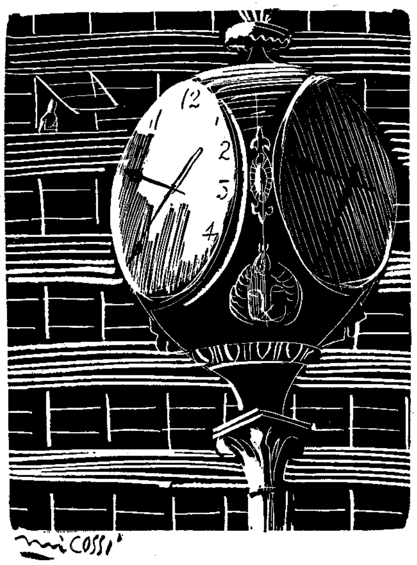
Sloane Square. The Japanese get out. Either they're staying in one of those bleak hotels just off the square or they've come to look at Chelsea's King's Road boutiques. Alfred pictures his mother among roses at the Chelsea Flower Show; the ragged hermit poet in his boathouse near the World's End; that pizza place where a neatly dressed man, no more than Alfred's age, died of a heart attack at an adjacent table. Slam.



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A cigarette. Will she come? If she comes, what will she be wearing? Her eyes are the color of the stone called tigereye. South Kensington: the Geological Museum, her eyes on display, under glass. Her skin, sallow, the color of old white ivory, latently yellow. Will she die young?

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Gloucester Road. On that platform (how long ago?), a foreign baroness was once murdered. Slam. Alfred watches the spot slip by. Gun, knife, some blunt instrument: Alfred cannot remember.

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Thinks of his children. They will be on the beach; perhaps—perhaps not—thinking about him. Nancy, thirteen; Michael, eleven; Patrick, ten. All strong swimmers. So was Victor, his father's oldest friend, who drowned in shallow water. Every day, in case they die, Alfred kills his children in his mind. When will they begin (have they already begun?) to find him out in his lies? He is a bastard. Things can't go on like this; but they will. Above, in a store in High Street Kensington, Alfred bought colored lights for Nancy's first Christmas tree. A bastard, yes, and, like most bastards, sentimental. Anyway, the beach is crowded, safe.

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The new beer ad they're slapping up is as witty and original as anything Alfred has seen this year from the opposition. The perennial question: How to steal, adapt, make one's own? And suppose Julia were his—his to keep? She drinks white rum. Taking her into some smart bar is like sailing into harbor on a brand-new yacht. Upstairs is The Hoop, Notting Hill Gate, the best new pub in London. Alfred would settle, this minute, for a plain pint—on his own, in the back bar. By opening time, five-thirty, she in that long white dress, showy as a spinnaker, he will be feeling better. A Bacardi, straight; a Canadian Club on the rocks. And she: "Was it easy, getting away?"

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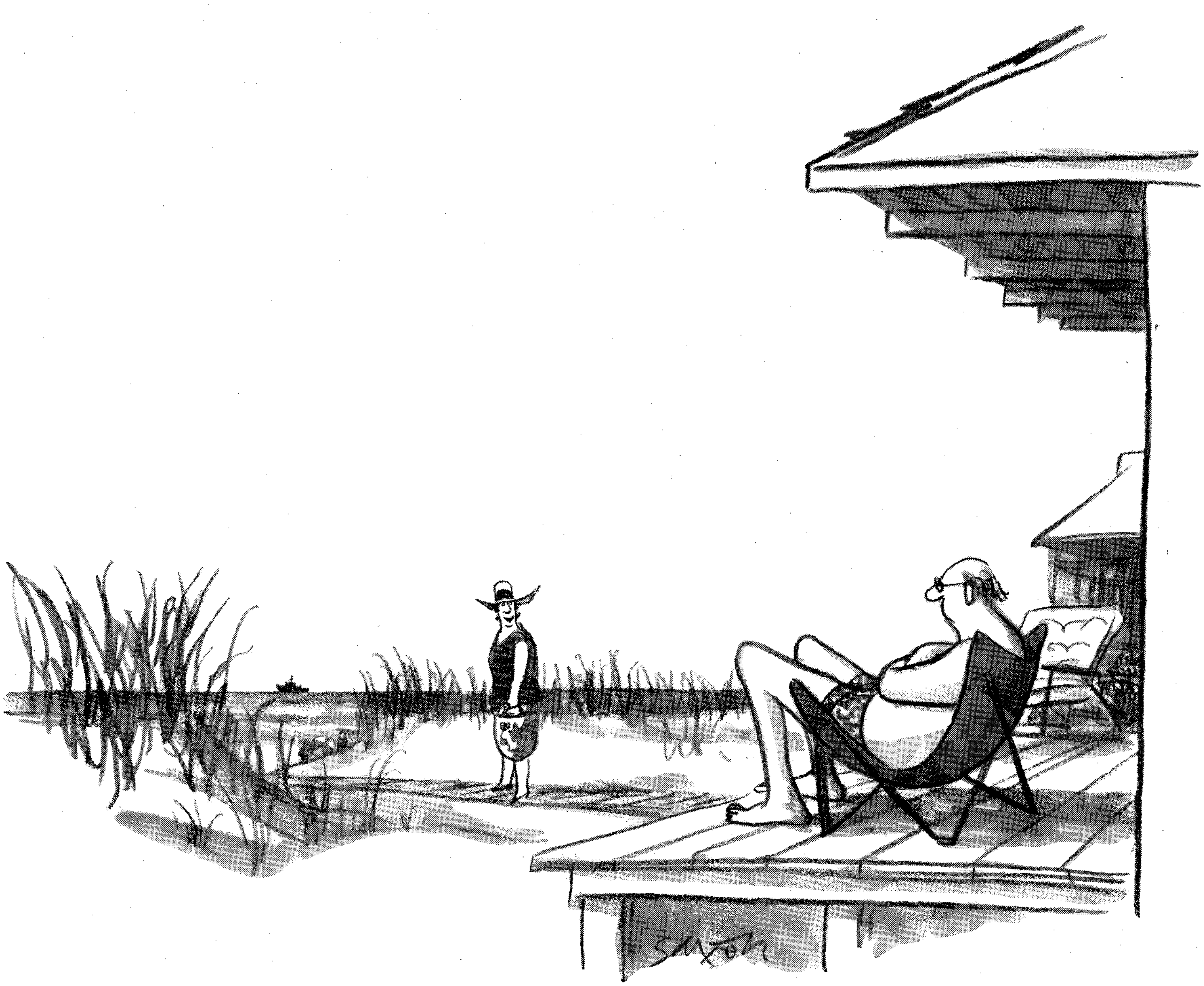
Yes, easy. It's the going back that's difficult; being jocular, inventive, a



"If you're just going to brood, why not try your hand at some poetry?"

repatriate genuinely glad to be home, kicking off his shoes and saying, "I want to stay in one place for twenty-four hours: kiss me." The hardest of all, receiving Gloria's kiss, not flinching. Feeling guilt surely indicates some thread of goodness; like rogue's yarn in a naval rope, it also betokens—inextricably woven as it is through Alfred's life—that he cannot be stolen without the fear of detection. Bayswater—the very mention of the name still makes Alfred feel unclean. The first week after he and Gloria had returned from their honeymoon, it was this time of year. In Hyde Park, that black whore had propositioned him as he walked from work toward the Tube. "Something to whisper to you, sir," she'd said, and he let her put her tongue deep into his ear. Her name, too, was Gloria. Striding away, he'd turned round and asked. "Gloria," she'd said, "you stuck-up white bastard." In the damp flat in Golders Green, every evening for a week Alfred bathed his ear with antiseptic. Their bedroom smelled like a hospital ward. A sore spot on his scalp, he told Gloria, that would soon clear up. "Oh" was all Gloria, his Gloria, said.

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Paddington, the terminus of the old Great Western Railway. Chocolate-and-cream carriages filled up with schoolchildren evacuees. Alfred was Alfie then, innocent, with a label bearing his name and address tied to his mackintosh buttonhole. The war itself was not frightening—not frightening like being sent away (an only child) with his gas mask and ration book to a place of orchards where the earth was a different color. Alfie had stood amid tracer bullets and found them beautiful; found beautiful the stick of bombs falling elsewhere, exploding out of sight. It was the great gouts of steam creating a new weather in the glass hall of Paddington, the smell of other children, the guard's whistle, piercing as fingernails on glass and making that vast crater of separation—these were the real terrors of war.

Of which, of course, Julia knows nothing. Alfred is almost—but not quite—old enough to be her father. She is naïve but not innocent, whereas Alfred at seventeen was innocent but not naïve. What embarrasses him most about her is the way she gives objects proper names. "I'm getting another Basil," she will say, investigating her face in a hotel room. Basil is a pimple. She has a hairbrush called Angelina (or Angelica, is it?) and a hat called Donald. Yet she lost her virginity at twelve. She calls Alfred's belly Anna-Maria. He calls her breasts Peter and Paul. At her age, Alfred had read the complete works of Proust. Edgware Road. Slam.

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Not that he wants her for sex. She is inept, and Alfred is disinclined to teach the finer points. He likes looking at her. Baker Street, only a step to Mme. Tussaud's. Make of her a waxwork. She would melt.

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Melt, as in that horror movie, the ivory flesh sliding from the maquette and only the tigereye eyes remaining. The eyes, yes, and maybe the hair, nonflammable. The hair is good—straight, ample, waist-length, chestnut or russet according to the way the light falls. The hair, then, and the eyes, to be kept in a drawer for reference. Slam.

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The bone structure, frankly, is bad. The skull (Alfred once heard a child describe a skull as "a smile made out of bone") needs all that hair to conceal its coarse shortcomings. Also, the hands and feet are brutal when examined in detail. She wears long dresses with ballooning sleeves, has been well advised.

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Alfred lights a cigarette, yawns, yawns again, closes his eyes, stubs his cigarette, folds his arms (still grasping the rolled *New Statesman*), dozes.

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King's Cross.

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Farringdon.

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Barbican. Alfred's cheek is comfortable against cool glass.

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Moorgate. Alfred's accountant is two blocks away. Alfred is in trouble with his taxes. He has claimed hotel and meals expenses without producing receipts. The receipts, bearing names not his, amount to something approaching two hundred pounds. Alfred has a place to hide such things. A place where Gloria wouldn't think of looking.

"Let there be no doubt, sir, about who is captain."

•

Liverpool Street. "Meet me," Alfred had said to Julia the Sunday before, "next to my name near the ticket windows in Liverpool Street Station." There is a War Memorial up there listing the railwaymen who died in two world wars. Alfred does not know for certain whether a namesake of his appears on the list, but it's an even bet. Thomas is common. Alfred was, a generation back. There would have been a whiskered porter who fell at the Somme. Alfred is adept at arranging witty, intriguing, or whimsical rendezvous. His affair before last, he met a certain Mrs. Bebbington, a buyer for a large store in Oxford Street, in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral next to the Duke of Wellington's funeral carriage.

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Aldgate.

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Tower Hill. Alfred's shirt has pulled up, and his navel is visible to a small boy sitting opposite. It winks, like an eye, to the rhythm of Alfred's breathing.

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Monument. Alfred is awakened by the small boy's shrill laughter. He adjusts his shirt, realizes he has passed his stop. It will come round again. Liverpool Street is behind him, ahead of him. There is time. He checks his watch, then tries, but fails, to relax.

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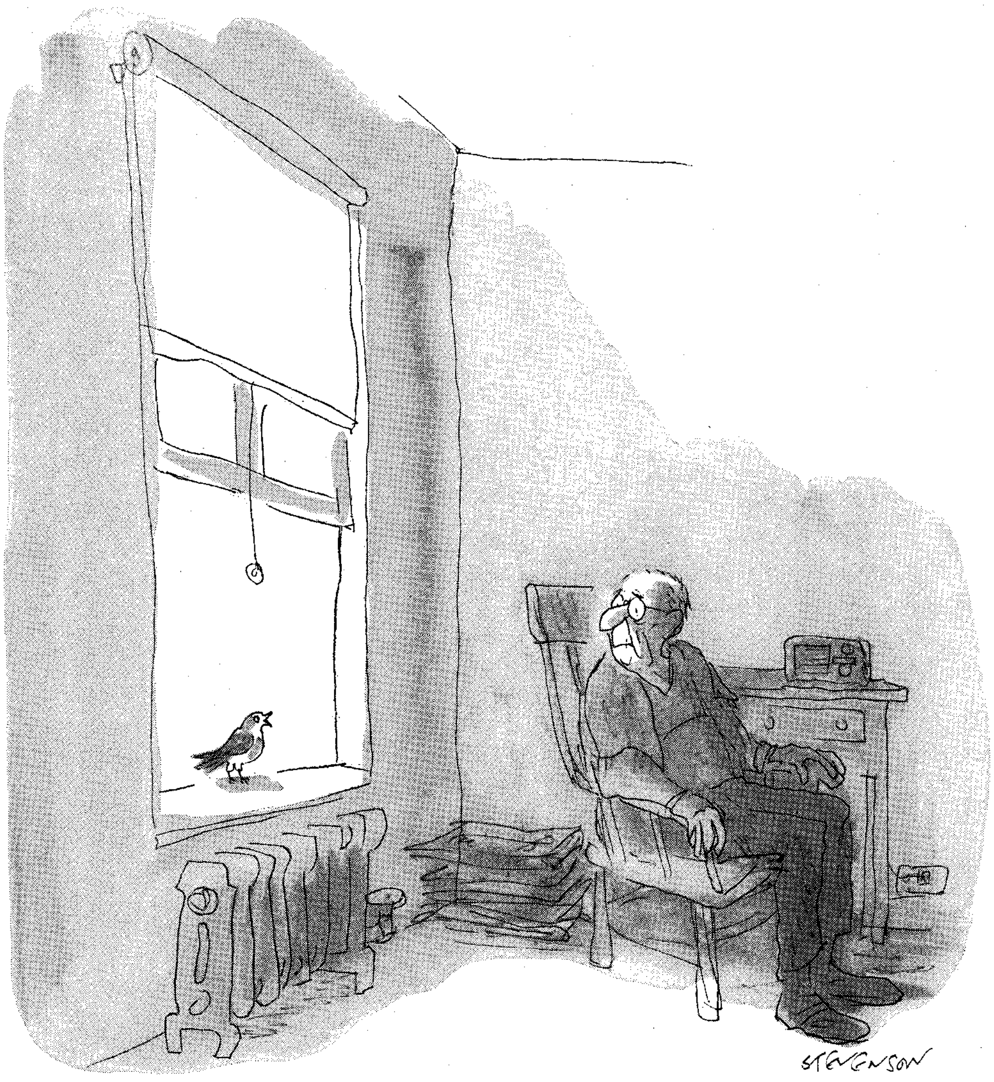
He has heartburn, knows how ridiculous he looks. His mouth is sour. Tomorrow morning, how will he disguise his bulk, crossing from the bed to the sink in whatever room in whatever hotel he might wake in, beside her? The trick is to have a thickly quilted robe. You slip it on while still under the covers, avoid kissing until much use has been made of the toothbrush. That, too, is a problem: How to remove a denture, scrub and replace it, without its being seen? Run the water fast, hunching over. Alfred could write, and illustrate, a manual called "Savoir-Faire for Beginning Adulterers." He sucks on a peppermint loz-



"Hi, Billy. I'm the bluebird of happiness. I would have been here sooner, but I've had obligations."

• •

enge, clutches his umbrella for a token of dignity. The small boy, who has unmatched ears, gets out at Mansion House. Slam.

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She has a brother the same age as that boy. The same age as Patrick. To be her father he would have had to marry at seventeen. Her age. Blackfriars.

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What is it about her, then? Her beauty, unclothed, is cumbersome. Alfred prefers her dressed, standing up, in quarter profile, silent. Best, when he returns from the men's room while she waits for him at the bar, prinking her hair. Or, seated, eating enormously from a great dish of curry. She reminds him of a girl in a Pre-Raphaelite painting. She is without humor. Subtlety is lost on her. She is without seriousness. If Alfred painted her, he would be inclined to make her grotesque. Her youth is not of advantage, except when he is aware of other people looking at them. Slam.

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And what does she see in him? Certain things that, frankly, Gloria either does not see or affects not to see. Alfred, Alfred is bound to admit, is clever, successful, urbane. His designs are in demand in several countries, and his book on textile prints is a standard work. She never tickles him as Gloria often does. (Her little finger in his navel.)

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Westminster. That promise, God, to bring the kids and Gloria to see the Houses of Parliament. Alfred solemnly swears to bring them before the summer is out. But the bombs, the Irish outrages? A risk, sure, but small during the recess. (Gloria's long-fingernailed finger sharp in Alfred's imagined belly button: nice.) After the tour of Parliament, the Abbey; after the Abbey, a picnic in St. James's Park.

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It would be worth a try, another try to regulate his life. Greed—for food, for women, for whatever—becomes a habit. Habits don't break too easily, though. Can Alfred lose thirty pounds by Christmas? Can Alfred cut down on women, too? One less, say, a year? Will Alfred kick off his shoes, be kissed without flinching, stay in his home for up to forty-eight hours? What is it that Alfred needs, Alfred asks himself. Not sex—different sex, that is; not youth; not excitement; not schemes; not love, beyond the love he feels entitled to. What Alfred needs is not to have to put his virility to the test. He has proved, beyond any possible doubt, his ability to pull any woman he chooses. It has all become a time-consuming bore. All he needs right now is what he will settle for—a pint of flat beer. There's usually a bar on the 17:02. Alfred will go home to Gloria and the kids.

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The job was called off, Alfred will say. That damned photographer didn't turn up on time and Alfred was damned if he would wait another damned minute in the damned studio. Something like that. Meanwhile, the tide is rising under Chelsea Bridge and this evening, were Alfred to be there to see it, there might be an interesting effect of mist over the oily water. Frame, say, a lamp standard with *its* light, a yellow balloon with *its*. Let a girl be seen in quarter profile by the lamp, her arms stretched toward the loosened balloon. She will be in white—the off-white of mist. Blur the edges, use it to sell anything from sparkling wine to flaky chocolate. You see girls like that everywhere. They walk like antelopes down Oxford Street.

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In the refreshment car, Alfred slaps down coins, gratefully sips bad beer as the fast train to the south coast accelerates past Battersea power station. He would have to concoct some lie for Julia. Then another, and another, until she finally lets go. Though to be perfectly candid, Alfred confides to himself, he couldn't be certain she'd have turned up today anyway.

—Ted Walker

THE POLITICAL EXILE

THE servants' hall at Schloss Dreiviertelstein—an Elfin court in Styria—was a Gothic apartment with an oriel window overlooking the poultry yard. At the head of the long table was a discarded throne, and there sat Ludla, the cook. In order of hierarchy, the throne should have been the housekeeper's, but Ludla's preëminence was indisputable, so the housekeeper sat at the other end of the table in a handsome chair of Spanish workmanship. At Ludla's right hand sat Ernolf, the butler; at her left, the cellarer, Gunf. The housekeeper was supported by the chief lady's maid and the head huntsman. Valets, footmen, grooms, housemaids, kitchen maids, laundresses, etc., sat in ordered ranks on either side.

All these were working fairies, and their sleeping accommodation was poky. It was compensated for by their victuals. Their food was identical with the food served at the Queen's table—only hotter. Count Horn, the Royal Favorite, sometimes paused at the stairhead and sniffed wistfully. When Horn was young he was the soul of poetry and often forgot to eat. Many years had passed over him since. He retained his post (Queen Aigle was a traditionalist), but the poetry had waned to regretfulness and greed.

Ludla's cooking was renowned throughout Elfindom. Dreiviertelstein was an unimportant Kingdom, but to go on an embassy to Dreiviertelstein was something to be contested for, boasted of, and ardently remembered. Nowhere else was stuffed goose such a fulfilling experience, eel soup so exhilarating, haunches of venison of such a texture, substantial yet yielding, game pies so autumnally fragrant, dumplings in such variety of modest perfection, apple strudel so beguiling; though whether Ludla's brandied plums in marzipan jackets did or did not surpass her apple strudel was an epicurean debate.

Ambassadors timed their visits to coincide with the Egyptian Days, when Elfins abstain from love and beans. Egyptian Days at Dreiviertelstein were solemnized by Ludla's crawfish soufflé. The preparation for this fleeting delicacy began at dawn, when the crawfish were netted from the brook by teams of hardy scullions. They were plunged into precisely boiling water, and as they boiled, the Schloss cats set up an impassioned, visionary mewing. The flesh, freed from every fragment of shell, was gently, methodically pounded in marble mortars to a smooth paste by kitchen maids; cream skimmed from the wide bowls of overnight milk was added, while other kitchen maids whipped the whites of countless eggs. When all this was done to Ludla's satisfaction, and the ovens stoked to a steady heat, she did the flavoring. The flavoring was her secret. While she was at it, everyone was banished from the kitchen, and a holy silence settled on court life. It was of a crawfish soufflé that Count Wolf committed his only metaphor. "It is like eating a cloud," he said. His cousin Count Brock, who had a more searching mind, replied, "But, unlike a cloud, it nourishes."

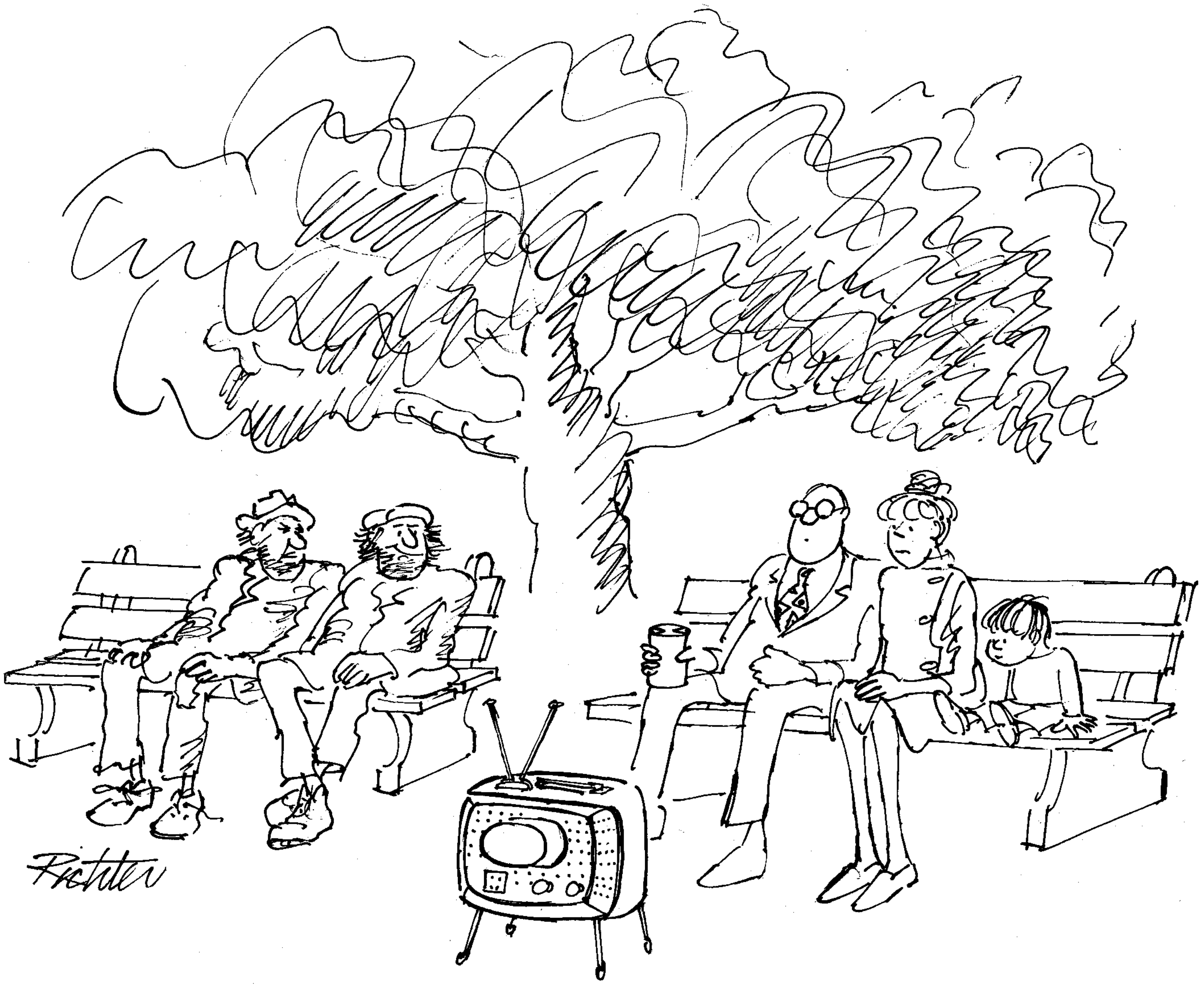
The only person at Dreiviertelstein unmoved by Ludla's cooking was Queen Aigle. For her, meals recurred like sunrise and sunset. If a sauce had been curdled, a dumpling petrified, she would have acknowledged its cometlike apparition without feeling personally involved.

Aigle was a high Romantic. She saw life as an occasion for achieving the improbable, for aiming at the unseen, and she enforced this frame of mind on others. For the enforcing, she relied on quests. She could not go questing herself, being a Queen, or send her ladies on them, questing being unsuitable for ladies; and the working fairies already had their duties to carry out. But for the male half of her court she invented one quest after another. The quests necessarily complied with the seasons: in the winter months they were domesticated, their objects ranging from a lost thimble or the Absolute to a B flat in *alt.* With the spring, they soared. There was the Quest for the White Gentian, when the mountain slopes were speckled with stooping questers. There was the Quest for the Toad in a Stone, when the mountain peaks rang with the tap-tap of geological hammers and the curses of those whose hammers fell awry. There was the Quest for the Purple Carp, the Chamois Shod in Silver, the Ring Hung on the Topmost Bough, the Crested Hazel Hen. For several summers there had been a Quest of the Dragon, but it was abandoned, not so much because dragons were out-of-date as on account of so many questers being lost in caverns, some never to be found again. When Aigle's invention faltered, there was always the Quest of the Four-Leafed Clover to fall back on. There was also the twice-yearly competition for the First and the Last Rose of Summer.

In the servants' hall opinions differed about the quests. The valets disapproved of them because of the clothes to be brushed and the boots polished, the housemaids because of the dirt tracked indoors. The kitchen fairies were sympathetic, and laid bets. Ludla revolved a recipe for the Purple Carp, whose coloring she proposed to reinforce with beetroot. Meanwhile she put up picnic lunches.

The only valet who had no grounds for complaint was Prince Ingobaldo's. Ingobaldo was the Royal Consort, and felt it his duty to stay indoors to protect Aigle if the castle were struck by lightning. (Privately he wished it might be; he came from a Cisalpine Kingdom, and preferred a calmer style of architecture.) Marriage had brought him a severe disappointment. Pacing the distances and then measuring them with a wheel, he found that Dreiviertelstein was situated at five-eighths of the ascent from the valley to the mountain summit. Anxious not to condemn too hastily, he sought for a stone at the three-quarters mark. There wasn't one. But he had Ludla's cooking, perfection in an imperfect world; he had a quest of his own, an indoor quest for a sublime hour when his collection of twenty striking clocks (five of them musical) would strike the hour simultaneously and the favorite melodies of Thuringia, Bohemia, the Veneto, Switzerland, and Capri mingle as one; and he enjoyed naming cats. There was no child of the marriage.

During the long summer hours when the questers were out, the elder Court Ladies slept, played cards, or wrote their memoirs; the young ones gathered sprigs of rosemary and bay, shook the insects out of them, and wove the daily garland with which Queen Aigle might crown whoever had achieved the current quest. The garland was seldom awarded. Every now and then, someone would find a four-leafed clover; the First and the Last Rose were reliable events. But though the White Gentian had been achieved and the garland bestowed, a cloud hung over the proceedings. The gentian was pallid, rather than white, and lacked the usual gentian stamina. There was a suspicion, though no one voiced it publicly, that its finder had blanched it artificially—under an inverted flowerpot, perhaps. The rosemaries and the bay trees grew in tubs along the South Terrace, and by the time they were brought in to winter in



"Looks like the crunch has finally hit the middle class."

• •

the conservatory, they looked sadly molted, as they were also requisitioned by Ludla—the rosemary for roast pork, the bay leaves for game pies and custards. Like her Queen, Ludla was a traditionalist. A boar's head would have had no breath of the wild for her without a lemon between its jaws and celery whiskers.

Another summer was closing, the last of its Last Roses had been found, the last garland of the season given, and Aigle was inscribing this event in the Chronicle of Dreiviertelstein. The quality of the ink varied from time to time, but otherwise there was not much variation in the entries. A death, the first snowfall, a birth, an avalanche, an embassy . . . these were things expected. Everything in nature submits to becoming something to be expected. The hopes fastened on a new quest submit to the law of averages and fade. A stranger appears in an embassy, a travelling clockmaker stumbles through the snow and is sheltered for the night; they come again, and are no longer strangers. Schloss Dreiviertelstein was out of the way of interesting arrivals. The day of Wandering Minstrels, Tired Pilgrims, was over. In any case, these would probably be mortals, and as such irrelevant to a factual Elfin chronicle.

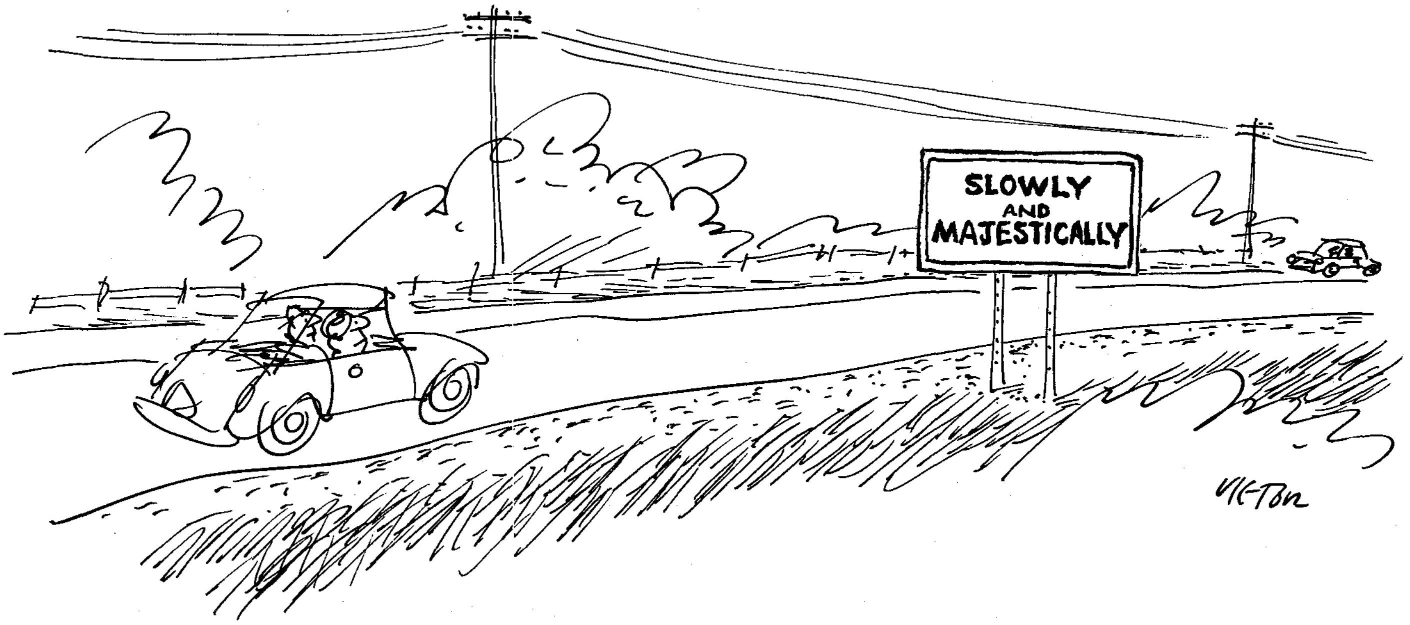
Even so, at that moment an interesting arrival, a seedy-looking young fairy, was circling over the castle and sniffing the air attentively.

His luck never failed him: it was a Michaelmas goose! He flew to a distance, alighted, closed his wings, and began to walk genteelly up the track. The plan of campaign formed in his mind. He would be mysterious, even a trifle standoffish. He would not fall in love, or scratch himself, or talk with his mouth full. If the hospitality lived up to the promise of that smell, he would presently disclose that he had long known of the quests (which they had laughed about at the inn). He would hardly dare to ask if he, too . . . By the time he reached the castle, the plan was irreproachable. By the time he was within it, it was tossed away. Plans are an encumbrance. One does much better when prompted by truth and the moment.

THAT night Queen Aigle reopened the Chronicle and wrote the date, and beneath it: *Tamarind, Political Exile from the Kingdom of Tishk in the Ural Mountains.*

What charmed everyone was his frankness.

Exile is a discreditable term. Aigle had never imagined herself welcoming an exile; a political exile would presumably be someone even more skulking and hangdog than the ordinary kind. Candor irradiated Tamarind's account of the situation at Tishk: the young Queen's power usurped by a militaristic uncle, the rising savagely put down, its leaders executed, their supporters exiled to beyond the Volga. No doubt such political rowdiness was



typical of a Kingdom in the Urals. It was a greater effort of the imagination—few made it—to conceive the remoteness of Tishk. How long had the journey taken? How had he travelled? For a moment, he hesitated. "Necessity knows no law. I must admit it. From time to time, I flew." And he described how he had flown over the Volga, so wide a river that he could not see the further bank. There, on the further bank, he lay exhausted, kissing the ground where every step would bring him nearer to Western civilization; and immediately had been set on by ignorant monks, who denounced him as a demon and handed him over to the police, who proposed to hang him as a spy. But one of them was venal and humane, and let him escape. "One has only to be in adversity," Tamarind exclaimed, gazing round on the table with his bright, rather bulging eyes, "to learn the good-heartedness of the poor and oppressed."

Aigle listened with her hands clenched in her lap and her mouth open. The clocks and the favorite airs had told midnight before anyone thought of going to bed.

Tamarind's frankness not only charmed his listeners; it infected them. They felt a compulsion to unbosom themselves to this unguaranteed exile from a Kingdom no one had heard of. They pursued him into corners and told him of doubts suppressed, smothered dissatisfactions, hopes strangled at birth, the true story—in time, several true stories—of the White Gentian; other true stories of machinations, favoritism, and neglected sunstroke; of armorial bearings and family ghosts; of venerated scandals and little adjustments that would make the whole difference. The elder ladies read him their memoirs. Count Horn resurrected his juvenilia and recited them. Ingobaldo consulted him about the clocks.

When Tamarind could be persuaded to leave off talking himself, he was a sympathetic listener and an adept questioner. At the end of a week he was in an unsurpassed position to make mischief. But he had higher aims. Aigle, with her quests taken out of some worm-eaten tapestry, Aigle, stiff as her stays, a dedicated offering to old age, who listened, biting her lip like a virgin, Aigle, that withered child, had not unbosomed herself of a shred of confidence. His talent for understanding, for fellow-feeling, for reciprocation was wasted on her. It was mortifying. He could not make it out. Meanwhile, he played with real children—for there were children at Dreiviertelstein, though they seemed out of place there. They fastened on him as though he were food for the starving—they shouted, buffooned, rolled on the ground. He told them about good bears and bad bears, and of Baba Jaga the witch, who was, he said, his aunt. He also led them on a raid into the kitchen, where they stuffed themselves with candied violets and licked their scorched fingers. Ludla officially disapproved, but if he had come without those distracting children she would have told him any secret he chose to ask, even the secret of the crawfish soufflé.

All this was hard to account for. He was ungainly and pasty-faced, his voice was harsh, he knocked things over, he had thick lips, his ears stuck out like an animal's; when he arrived his clothes were in tatters and he looked like a tramp. Ingobaldo supplied him with new clothes and an accomplished valet, and the result of this kindness was that he looked like a tramp who had pillaged a nobleman. Yet everyone liked him; even the working fairies liked him, with reservations. He was lively, he was enlivening; he was happy, and his happiness diffused like a scented oil. Every day confirmed Tamarind's belief in the good-heartedness of the poor and oppressed—for such he judged the courtiers of Dreiviertelstein to be.

And still their Queen eluded him.

She did not avoid him; she did not make even that acknowledgement of his zeal to release her deeper feelings.

It was her morning custom to take a brisk walk in the tiltyard. As usual, she was walking alone; as usual, he joined her; as usual, she hoped he had had a good night. The turf was lightly crisped with overnight frost. The air was scentless. The season's new-fallen snow glittered on the mountain peak. She stopped and looked at it. "How wonderful it must be, up there," she said. "How remote! How pure!"

Tamarind's luck stood at his elbow.

"Then let us fly there—this very minute."

"Fly? Fly? But I have never flown."

Was the poor lady malformed, or merely a slave to convention? He began to persuade. Flying was a delightful sensation, the easiest thing in the world, the most natural. It lifted one into an incomparable sense of freedom. There one is, with the world below one—a new world, seen from above. Today was an ideal day to take wing; the conditions could not be better.

As he spoke, she unclasped her mantle and let it slip to the ground. There were her wings. He had expected them to be puny; they were well developed, dove-colored, and shone.

"What beautiful wings!" he exclaimed. "And waiting all these years to be spread." The question was: Would they spread, or had they grown rigid in their folds? She shrugged. They quivered, unfolded smoothly, closed again, not so compactly.

"And so lustrous," he said.

"My bowerwomen oil them once a week, of course."

It was her first confidence. This indeed was Western civilization; no one at Tishk oiled his wings. Tamarind felt himself moving in a new world and perfectly at ease in it. He put his arm round Aigle's waist. "Allow me to support you for the first ascent. Trust yourself to me. Now!"

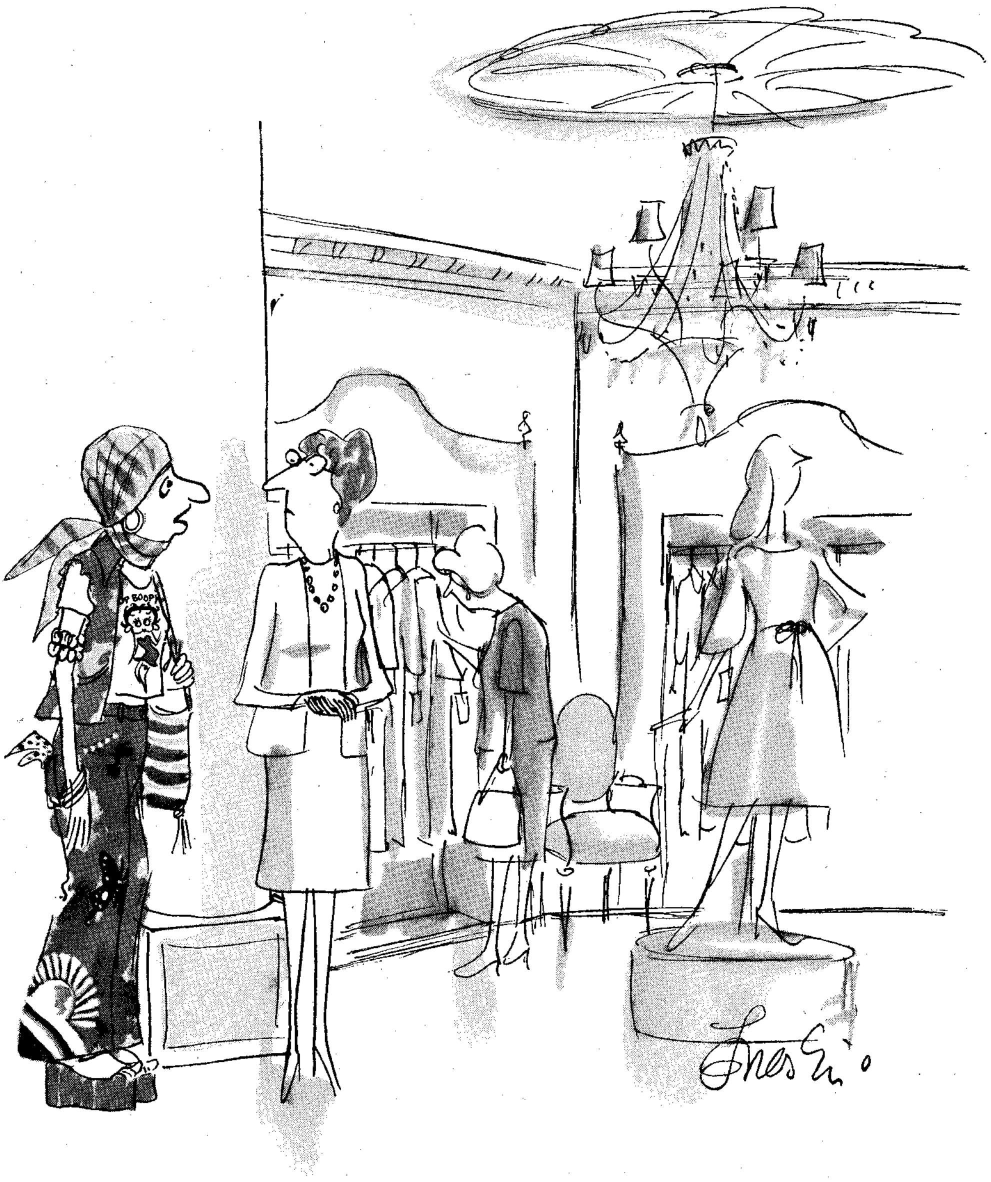
They rose in the air. She was heavier than he expected—women always are—and passive. He fixed his gaze on the mountain peak, tightened his grasp, and flew steadily. He felt an erratic counter-rhythm, her wing struck him, she wrenched herself free, lurched downward, recovered, and flew with the sudden brilliance of a beginner. He had to fly hard to catch up with her and set her on course again. She had no sense of direction; twice she collided with him. He seized her hand. Unless he could control her it would be impossible to make a safe landing—and the peak was now so near that he could feel its chill on his face. She jerked his hand away, flew vehemently ahead, plunged downward, too late and much too fast. She'll dash herself to pieces on the rock face, he thought, and shouted to her to slacken speed and veer to one side. Without slackening speed she made a violent turn, lost the rhythm of her flight, tumbled like a shot bird, just missed the rock, and landed head foremost in a lap of snow.

A flurry of snow hid her.

By the time he reached her she had righted herself and was sitting up, with blood dripping from her nose. No Elfin likes the sight or smell of blood; life at Tishk had not reconciled Tamarind to its exhibition. He gave her his handkerchief and occupied himself with patting her back and examining her wings. One of them was slightly bent, and she winced as he touched it. He apologized politely and gloomily.

It was a situation where politeness had a shallow ring. Politeness would not quench Aigle's nosebleeding, or ward off the cold which was creeping into him from the snow, or ease the journey back (though it would almost certainly oblige him to carry her), or overcome the awkwardness of their return—for it was bound to be awkward, with a great many questions being asked and no attention paid to the answers. The fault lay in the unnaturalness of a society where the privileged classes debar themselves from their birthright of flying in order to assert a hereditary claim to go on foot, as though they were mortals. Mortals, meanwhile, long, like pigs in the proverb, for wings. It is not enough for them to admit the superiority of the Elfin race; they invent a flying species of mortal, and with the exaggeration of ignorance bestow wings in triplicate; or, going to the other extreme, imagine beings small enough to hide under an oak leaf, when fairies are, in point of fact, about four-fifths of ordinary human stature. But flying, which is the dream and envy of humankind, is in Elfindom the badge of servitude. Aigle, earthbound at the summit of her social pyramid, sat beside him bleeding at the nose because she had never flown before, whereas if he had invited one of the working fairies—that fat old cook, for instance, Ludla or some such name—she would have flown like a bird, alighted like a feather. The unnaturalness of society was such a rich theme for meditation that he was startled when Aigle said that her nose had left off bleeding and they should think about getting back. He helped her to her feet, he helped her into the air. From then on, she flew unaided. As they neared the castle she said they must separate. If her absence had been noticed, she would explain she had been looking for her mantle, which had somehow fallen off without her knowing it. He, too, had better have some excuse in readiness. She spoke coldly, and he could not help feeling snubbed. It was unfortunate she had got so overexcited; but he had given her a new experience, and should have received a word of thanks.

Within an hour of their return much of what had happened—and more that had not happened—was known in the



"Can you help me? I want to be a normal person again."

servants' quarters, where the working fairies with one accord resumed their right and proper xenophobia. These Russians are all the same, wherever they come from. Tamarind himself had said his aunt was a witch. It was the old story—warm a serpent and he'll sting. Given new clothes, treated like a prince, allowed to wind the clocks even—and all the time casting a spell over Her Majesty. He wasn't a witch's nephew for nothing. . . . No, no! said others—she was not bewitched! When he grabbed her she fought and struggled for a good half hour; that was when her mantle fell off—torn off, more likely. But all to no purpose, poor lady! Off he flew with her like an eagle with a lamb. And then to land his great fist on Her Majesty's nose—there's gratitude for you! No wonder she had a headache and had to lie down.

Ludla said she wished she could get after him with her rolling pin.

"It's a pity you can't poison him with your pie," said Ernolf, the butler. "I'd see to it he got the right helping."

For the main dish that evening was to be Ludla's Hunters' Pie—a standing pie like a fortress. Already she was stripping the flesh off the bones, breaking the carcasses and putting them in the great stewpan, where they would simmer down to a compounded broth of capercaillie, grouse, pheasant, partridge, woodcock, and hazel hens. The flesh lay on different platters, according to the time required for par-cooking before it was enclosed in the fortress and the fortress went into the oven. A Hunters' Pie was a day's work, and the kitchen maids had been up since dawn, plucking and gutting. Pimentos, chanterelle mushrooms, garlic, juniper berries, segments of orange, anchovy fillets, dried and fresh herbs, salami that holds the mixture together, the grated chocolate that brings it to life were assembled; the flour had been sifted, the shortening flavored, reduced, and clarified. As the plan of battle lies in the general's brain, when to move the left wing, when to explode the mine, when to bring up the cavalry, so the plan of a Hunters' Pie and the obstacles chance might put in its way—a change in the wind upsetting the oven, an insufficiency of basil, the cat filching the anchovies—had occupied Ludla's mind since daybreak; and when she wished she could get at Tamarind with her rolling pin it was not so much the assault on the Queen she resented as the threat to the concentration demanded by the pie.

However, it was a splendid example of her skill and, preceded by a white soup and grilled smelts, it entered the dining room like a conqueror. Only Aigle was unmoved. Her face was plastered with white lead, she wore her diamonds, and exuded a strong smell of Four Thieves vinegar. The animation roused by the pie's advent wasn't up to the usual mark; it flickered, and died out. An uneasy glumness settled on the company. Even Tamarind was silent. He was hungry and the pie was absorbing. Count Horn was heard observing to Ingobaldo that he felt like sending a message of congratulation to the kitchen. "So do I, so do I," exclaimed Tamarind. "Let us send a fraternal greeting, an acknowledgement of our indebtedness. Food is an element in the interdependence of Elfins. Without cooks, we should be reduced to cannib—" His voice strangled in a gasp. He had swallowed too rapidly, something had stuck in his gullet, he had choked. Attention was politely averted. Ernolf came up unobtrusively with a napkin. Tamarind stiffened, glared, flapped his hands; his neighbors thumped his back. There was a piercing scream. Ernolf and the thumpers were thrust aside by Queen Aigle, who seized one of Tamarind's flapping hands, clasped it to her breast, and implored him to speak. "Say you're not dying. I can't bear it if you die. You're all I have, you're the light of my eyes, I can't exist without you. Tamarind, Tamarind, speak to me!"

Tamarind continued to choke. Tears ran down his cheeks. Aigle's Lady in Waiting, looking sternly in the opposite direction, pushed a bottle of strong smelling salts between them. Tamarind made a violent effort, swallowed convulsively, and said in a weak voice, "I swallowed a bone."

He made a better recovery than Aigle, who fell into hysterics and had to be carried away. The Hunters' Pie was removed. They ate the rest of the meal without knowing what they ate.

THE WHEELCHAIRS

in the sun they glint they spin
until the spokes blur like twin batons
they race downhill against their shadows
and uphill against the drag of the land
they circle or pivot around one still wheel
their tracks thin ropes or chains
we follow these indentations like the
lines and montes of the hand
as they cross paths and roll on through
the wet grass we think we are coming to
know their hesitations and their obstacles
we think we are coming to know their routines
whether they will assemble at the slow fountain
where brown furred leaves have settled
on the bottom under the resin-colored water
or behind the big rock where an oak tree
has grown up like a whale's spout
or on the bluff overlooking the sea
we follow them only to have them disappear
in the grape arbor or the tan grass
only to have them disappear within the house
where their wheels having picked up tiny white pebbles
and held them in their treads now
deposit them on the green rug
like ants' eggs only to have them
sneak up behind us and roll away
empty and silent until the
next time when they may come at us
in an unexpected place where not even
god as a fat-cheeked cloud
or the waves marching toward the shore
in policemen's uniforms
can stop them

—ANNE HUSSEY

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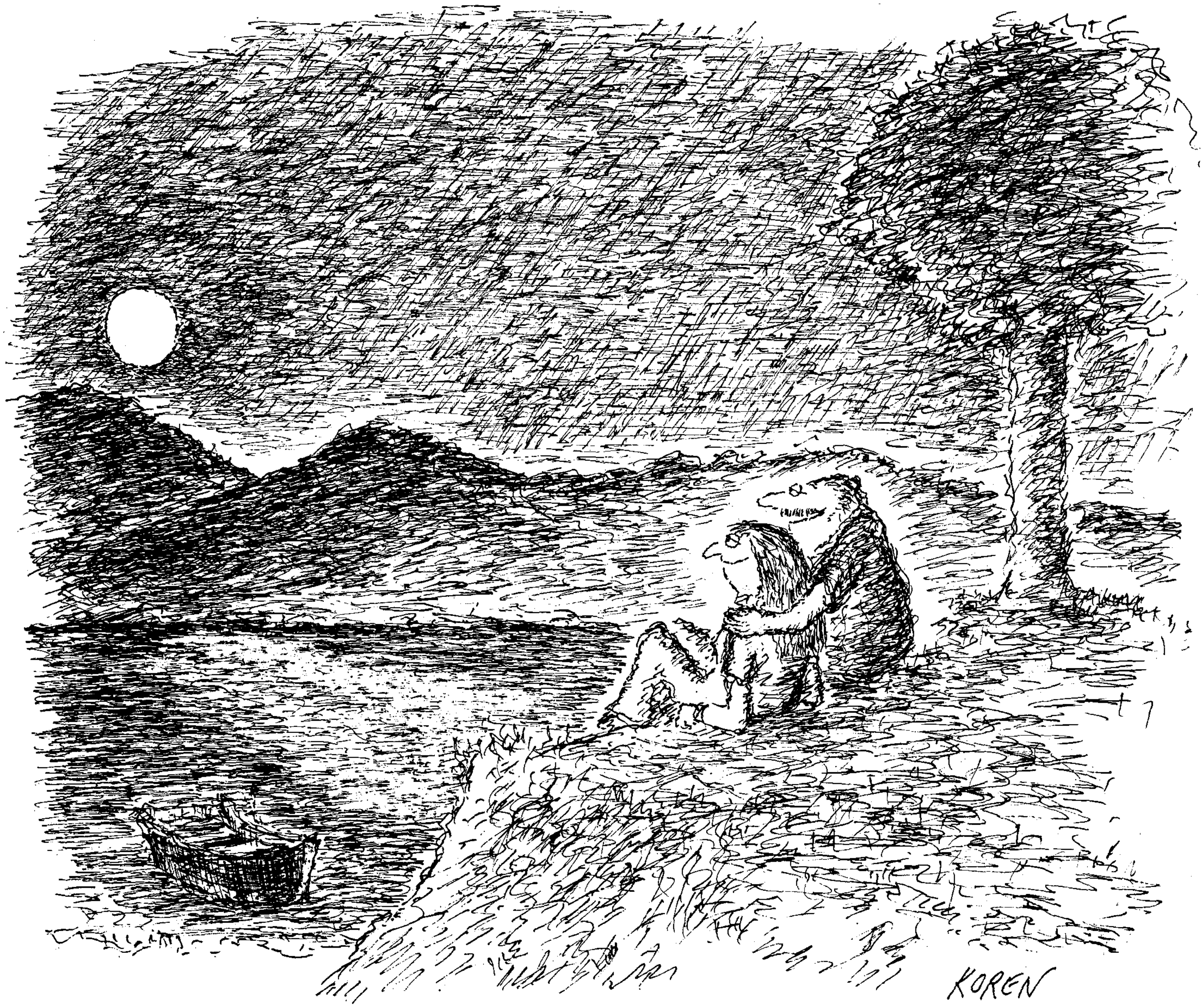

"Darling, let's get divorced."

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An injury to her nose had given the Queen a concussion; her mind was temporarily unhinged. That was the Court Physician's verdict, and everyone was relieved to hear it.

The next morning, a footman was sent to summon the housekeeper to the Queen's chamber. The housekeeper obeyed and was told to fetch the cook.

Aigle was sitting up in a wide bed, propped by a great many pillows. Ludla had only seen her at a distance before. With her first glance, she knew that this was how a Queen in her bed should look.

"Are you the cook?" asked Aigle.

"Yes, Majesty," said Ludla and curtsied again.

"Last night there was a bone in the pie. I cannot have carelessness. You are dismissed."

As Ludla did not move, Aigle gestured to the housekeeper to take her away. It was a long way from the bedside to the door. In the doorway Ludla stopped.

"Majesty."

"Shush," whispered the housekeeper, who in her heart was sorry for the old servant. "Shush. You'll only waste your breath."

"Majesty. I have cooked for you and your Court and your household for more years than I can tell. It will be more years than I can tell before you have another such cook. Dreiviertelstein will be a poor place without me—a poor, dwindled, ill-fed, out-of-the-way castle, with visitors as glad to leave it as fleas leaving a killed rabbit that has grown cold."

She curtsied again, with her disgraced head held high, and walked out, hauling the housekeeper after her.

In the kitchen a ham was gently boiling, the bread dough was rising under a cloth, a chopping knife lay among the vegetables she had been preparing for a julienne soup. She took off her apron and sat with folded hands while her belongings were packed by the head kitchen maid. With a groom to carry them, she took wing for her birthplace in the forest. Her parents were dead, but her brother still lived on there, a forester and a notorious poacher.

The ham was boiled to rags before anyone remembered to dish it up. The dumplings which accompanied it moved Count Wolf to another of his skyey metaphors: he said they were like thunderbolts. Ernolf the butler whispered to Ingobaldo that Ludla had gone to visit her brother. He had not the courage to admit the truth.

Ingobaldo was not one of those chivalrous persons who strangle their wives and stab their rivals; when he inquired after Tamarind's throat he had no *arrière-pensée* of cutting it. He had sustained another disappointment. For some time, he had thought that Aigle would be the better for a cicisbeo and considered importing one from Italy. When Tamarind arrived—dauntless, romantic, unfortunate through no fault of his own, a high-minded exile from an unknown Kingdom, everything that would appeal to Aigle—he felt that the ideal cicisbeo had been vouchsafed; or rather, the raw material for the ideal cicisbeo, since Tamarind was untutored in a cicisbeo's accomplishments. But he was willing, poetical in his sentiments, anxious to please; all that was necessary was that he should ripen. Unfortunately, the process of ripening had got out of hand. Aigle had ripened too soon. Apparently she was too highly strung to be soothed by a novice cicisbeo. Unsoothed, she would feel slighted, and the consequences could be very painful for Tamarind. For his own sake, he must be got rid of; and he, Ingobaldo, must assert himself and deal the blow. As Royal Consort, it was his duty. He wished it wasn't. Tamarind flew the Volga far too often, and the striking train of the Favorite Air from Thuringia had been out of order ever since he oiled and adjusted it, but he came from an outer world and Ingobaldo would miss him.

He allowed a few meals to elapse before regretting that Tamarind could no longer be detained from his project of touring Western Europe. After a start of surprise, Tamarind agreed that he could not be detained—and seemed to welcome the thought. His plans were indefinite. He might fly the Channel and visit England. Wherever he went, he could be sure of the goodheartedness of the poor and oppressed.

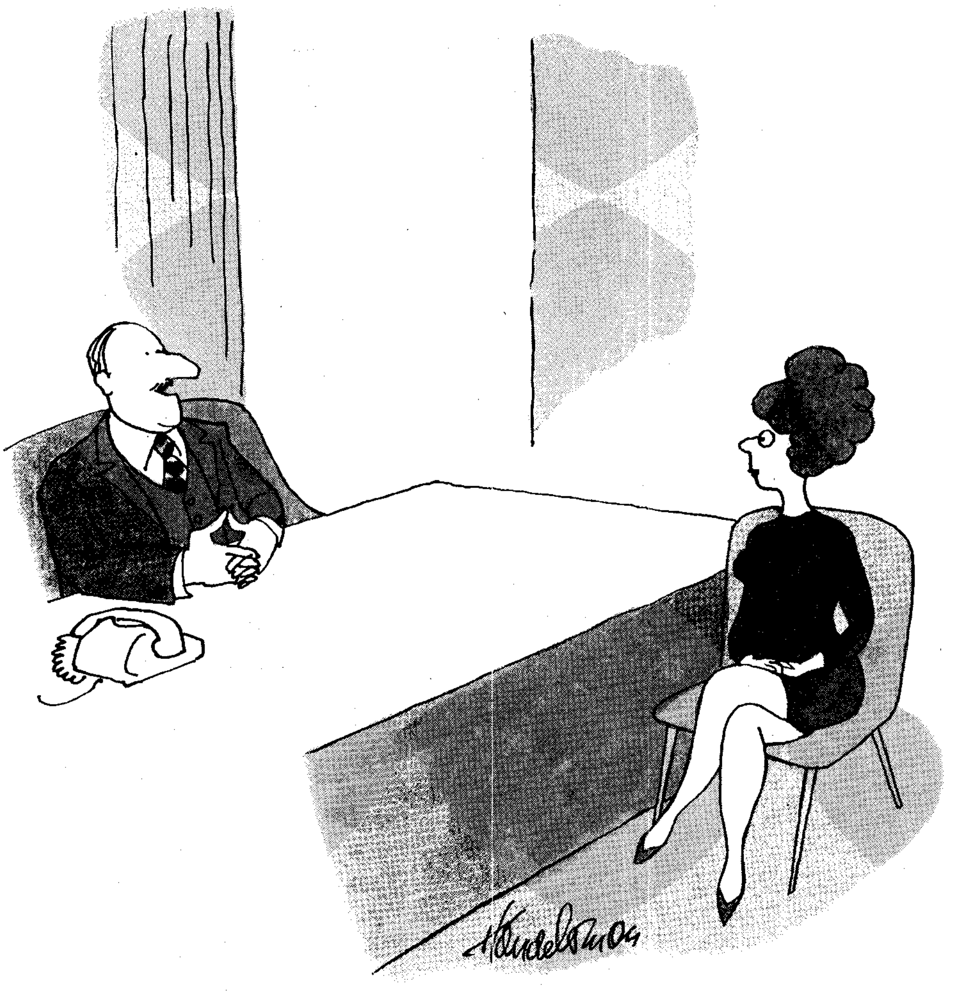
He departed to a *bon-aller* of cannon, with a great many useful gifts and a newly lined purse, and after embracing everyone in reach. Aigle stood at a turret window, waving a red handkerchief. He took it to refer to the ultimate liberation of Tishk, and was much affected.

A day or two later, meals suddenly improved. Gunf and the head huntsman led a revolt, ousted the kitchen maids, and took over the cooking. Their repertory was limited, they cooked without imagination, they relied too heavily on pimentos and celery seed. But meals were faithful and punctual, and meat eaters found no fault with them. Aigle ate without comment, and ate rather more than usual. She was feeding on grief—a windy diet that demands support. Ingobaldo had been right after all. What Aigle had needed was a cicisbeo—briefly. Henceforward she cherished an imperishable sorrow and a beautiful unresisting memory. Dead to the world, she had an object in life. She dressed in black, slept like a dormouse, with that sacred handkerchief he had lent her to bleed on under her pillow, dreamed of flying, woke to a breakfast tray and after the breakfast tray an inkpot. Since the entry of "*Tamarind, Political Exile*" she had written nothing more in the Chronicle. But there were a great many inciting blank pages, and she filled them with poems, elegiac or narrative. The elegies, neatly copied by the younger ladies, were given as parting presents to the reluctant embassies that came to Dreiviertelstein—and left very much as Ludla had said they would.

There were no more quests. Her life was too full for quests.

Failing quests, it became the fashion to go for woodland walks. By twos and threes, by sixes and sevens, the woodland walkers, some with walking sticks, some with guns, and equipped with simple luncheons—a ham sandwich, a hard-boiled egg with lettuce—set out soon after breakfast. A couple of hours' walking brought them to Ludla's cottage home with a healthy appetite. There they would sit on the wooden benches outside the door, hearing Ludla pound and chop and stir, breathing up the dear familiar smells escaping when a saucepan lid was raised, an oven door opened. There they would sit, pious as pilgrims, sure of their faith's reward, hearing the forest rustle, and Ludla whisking eggs. And then there would be a clatter of plates and cutlery, and Ludla would come to the door and say, "You can come in now." As she had fewer to cook for, she cooked more lavishly. Her charges (which included second helpings) were moderate, and she spent part of her profits on the enhancements and delicacies she had commanded at the Schloss. Her only stipulation was that they should bring their wine.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER



"I don't think you'll find your duties here too taxing, Miss Bellamy. This is, after all, a dummy corporation."

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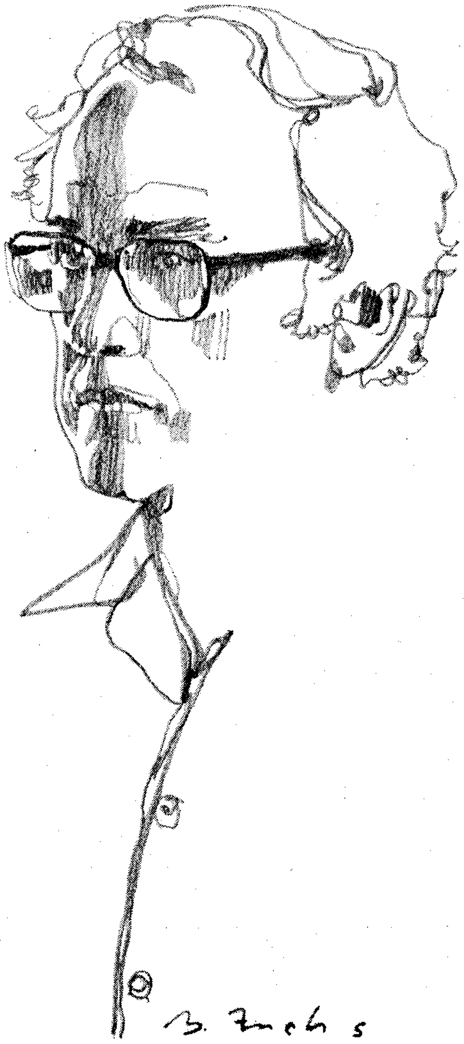
Since 1970, when the university dropped traditional D and F grades, Stanford has used a system of A-B-C-Pass (the latter for students who want credit but no letter grade) and No Credit, for those who wail.—*The Times.*

Those crybabies don't deserve credit.

PROFILES

A MIRACLE IN THE DESERT



John Crosby

MOST dedicated operagoers know that the most sophisticated opera to be seen and heard in America is presented every summer in an opera house on the side of a mountain in the desert country of New Mexico. The company that presents it is known as the Santa Fe Opera, and its season is July and August. For quite a number of years, the Santa Fe Opera has attracted not only an enthusiastic audience from the surrounding area but operagoers from all over this country and Europe. Its methods of production differ notably from those of our big-city opera companies. Santa Fe does not offer a platter of international stars and a minimum of rehearsal. It hires attractive young singers, an occasional Metropolitan star, and an occasional import from Europe, and it lays heavy stress on theatrical values. To this end, it devotes a great deal of time to rehearsal—three weeks for the average production, as much as five weeks for a difficult one. About five operas are produced each summer, with all the finish of a Broadway show and, of course, much more distinguished vocal talent than any Broadway show has ever offered. Its auditorium is small—some sixteen hundred seats—and permits voices of less than Nilssonian volume to be heard. The chorus, which can dance as well as sing, is probably the finest to be found anywhere, for it is made up of young apprentice singers, all of whom expect someday to be stars. They are at the start of their careers, and in Santa Fe they go through rigorous courses in body movement as well as in acting and singing. Some go on to become world famous. The great Verdi baritone Sherrill Milnes and the soprano Judith Blegen were once members of this chorus. Casts at the Santa Fe Opera are chosen with the utmost skill. Some Santa Fe regulars are famous all over the world: the bass baritone Donald Gramm, the great Norwegian tenor Ragnar Ulfung, and the Metropolitan mezzo-soprano Frederica von Stade, among others. Operagoers who have not visited Santa Fe have not—unless they have attended the Glyndebourne Festival, in England, or a few of the top state-subsidized German opera houses, like the Hamburg Opera—experienced opera at its most intimate and convincing. And, with all this, the Santa Fe Opera is a financially solvent institution.

The success of the Santa Fe Opera stems entirely from the dedicated efforts of one man over a long period. His name is John Crosby. Nobody could look less like the stereotype of an opera impresario; in fact, Crosby more closely resembles most people's idea of a well-brought-up, prosperous lawyer or stockbroker—fields of endeavor to which he is, as it happens, linked by direct inheritance. He is unmistakably Anglo-Saxon. Now forty-nine years old, he is a well-tailored and obviously athletic man who stands about five feet ten and weighs a hundred and seventy pounds. He has blue eyes, always behind horn-rimmed spectacles; his hair, which is gray, is beginning to recede slightly at the temples; his face, grave and apparently placid, is deeply tanned; his usual demeanor is solemn and slightly melancholy; his inner thoughts are by no means obvious to those who talk with him. Indeed, John Crosby has a reputation as a mystery man. "Nobody knows the real John Crosby," a friend of his remarked recently. "Not even those who are close to him." The air of mystery is perhaps intensified by the fact that Crosby is extremely shy, and that his shyness takes the form of an inability to communicate with his fellow-man except on a basis of command. Among those who have worked with him, his temper is legendary. It smolders quietly until somebody needs a real bawling out, yet even the bawling out is reserved. Crosby looks at the ground while he reproves the culprit. But then, if the culprit argues, Crosby blows his top. Never in public, though. If he feels afterward that the bawling out was not deserved, he approaches the recipient and meekly apologizes. The sternness of his personality naturally makes for authority, and authority is just what is required of an opera impresario.

Yet Crosby is not only an opera impresario. He is also a do-it-yourself man, who is capable not only of directing an operatic production but also of conducting it expertly, of building scenery, of coaching his singers, of repairing his opera house with his own hands, of coping with the traffic problems brought on by the arrival of about six hundred cars every night, and of dealing deftly with his board of directors—a group assembled from Santa Fe and from such nearby cities as Albuquerque, Los Alamos, and Phoenix. Before this board Crosby appears once a year like a general, with charts and plans for the approaching season. The board listens to him reverently (its job is simply to raise money) and with something describable as true awe. Crosby has a mind that has been referred to, variously, as a computer, a bear trap, and a vacuum cleaner. He knows how many nails have been used in the construction of his opera house, and where each one is; how many wells have been dug to supply it, and how deep they are; how much electricity and propane gas are used every season; how much the unit cost of costumes will be for any given production; how much the scenery will cost; how many paper towels will be used by the audience during the intermissions; and how much garden hose will be used every year to water the grounds. When he has finished his presentation, his board of directors says "Thank you" and departs, often somewhat dazed.

A few months ago, Crosby, speaking to me over coffee as we sat in a Santa Fe restaurant, remarked casually, "I have estimated a budget of one million two hundred and ninety thousand dollars for this coming season; I will be very much surprised if expenses spread to much more than that. If there is a problem, I'll have to go to the board and ask for an extra ten thousand dollars. Our rules and objectives are written down beforehand." The impression that Crosby bears some resemblance to a stockbroker is not entirely inaccurate. "Financing can be ever so fascinating," he told me. "Accounting is a very effective management tool. I have a good time with my balance sheets: so many seamstresses, so many cutters, and the like; backups for these; cost of fabric; whether to make our own costumes or go to a New York costume house. Salaries are, of course, our biggest item. Those plus travel, lodging, food, Social Security, state unemployment insurance, workmen's compensation, and group medical insurance make up eighty per cent of our budget. You get a gut feel for planned expenses."

Another of the company's planned expenses is scenery. Crosby explained that the Santa Fe Opera cannot borrow scenery from other opera houses, because of the layout of the theatre and the strength of the local winds, and this brought him to the peculiarities of the present, second Santa Fe house, which replaced one destroyed by fire. A unique structure, it was designed, as was the earlier house, by the local architectural firm of McHugh & Kidder, with the Cambridge, Massachusetts, firm of Bolt, Beranek & Newman—mainly a member of that firm named Jack Purcell—as acoustical consultants. In appearance it harmonizes with the adobe architecture of the area, but it is built of cinder block, reinforced concrete, and steel. Sweeping curves in its design give it a slightly nautical aspect. In general concept, it is an open-air opera house. The proscenium has no curtain, and the rear of the stage is open, so one can see the lights of the city of Los Alamos behind it if there is no scenery to get in the way. They serve for the lights of the city of Nagasaki whenever the company presents "Madame Butterfly." All the rest of the Santa Fe Opera's scenery consists of wooden flats that can resist the wind. Being open to the elements, the stage constitutes a veritable wind tunnel, which exaggerates the force of any wind that happens to be blowing. The designer Rouben Ter-Arutunian, who has often designed Santa Fe productions, remembers a rehearsal of Krzysztof Penderecki's "The Devils of Loudun" in which a sizable platform rose up from the stage floor and threatened to take off. (It was secured, and the rehearsal continued.) The stage, the orchestra pit, the balcony, and most of the orchestra are covered against rainstorms, but there are ten rows midway in the orchestra that are open to the sky; these seats are cheaper, and are favored by certain local people, who appreciate the bargain and anticipate an occasional wetting by bringing rain gear.

FOLLOWING IT

A full moon glazes the city,
its face closer than I've ever seen it, huge.
Clouds hide the bottom of it, blow off,
leaves flood the pavements—
so much of me as I walk home
a part of the cloudy moon and the clear moon.

It's like one of those incredibly sweet days from my childhood
when I'd wake happy, dress, eat, run out to play
and in a few minutes, it seemed, twilight would come.
I'd sit on the front steps after dinner, my throat brimming
under the yellow lamps, a cool mist dampening everything.

A breeze lifts and sinks over the houses.
There's peace in being alive, full, mysterious.
I remember wishing the moon could see me.
I thought, it's easy being a man, necessary.
I stand on the fire escape, listening.

A siren widens and fades. Breaths
drift up out of the darkness, carrying words.
A cough. Impossible to tell who it is.
One by one they are waking. Harder to find the moon.
The roofs, one roof over us now, glisten.
Faces underneath. Nobody to see them.

—STEPHEN BERG

• •

Sometimes the weather intensifies the drama of the doings onstage. A few years ago, a tremendous lightning storm broke out at the end of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," just when the protagonist was hurled into Hell. At other times, the weather has not behaved so conveniently. During one performance of "Madame Butterfly," a long time ago, there was a power failure during a thunderstorm, and a consequent wait until the lights came on again. This was deeply disturbing to Crosby, who has never allowed a performance to begin even thirty seconds late, and he immediately installed an emergency generator, of the sort used in hospitals. On another occasion, in the old opera house, which had a roof over the stage only, Paul Hindemith, conducting his own opera "Neues vom Tage," was practically washed out of the orchestra pit, along with the orchestra, by a cloudburst. (An umbrella was held over him for a time, but it was not enough.) On still another, the scenery for Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress" blew down, and Stravinsky, who had been conducting, joined Crosby in a search for nails and screws to repair it with. Even when there is no wind or rain, the Santa Fe summer climate can be so cold that some members of the audience have to come in overcoats and sometimes sit wrapped in blankets, too. Though the days are hot, the temperature drops after sundown. In the years when the company performed in the old house, there was a rule that money would be refunded if the production was rained out before the beginning of the second act. Under the circum-

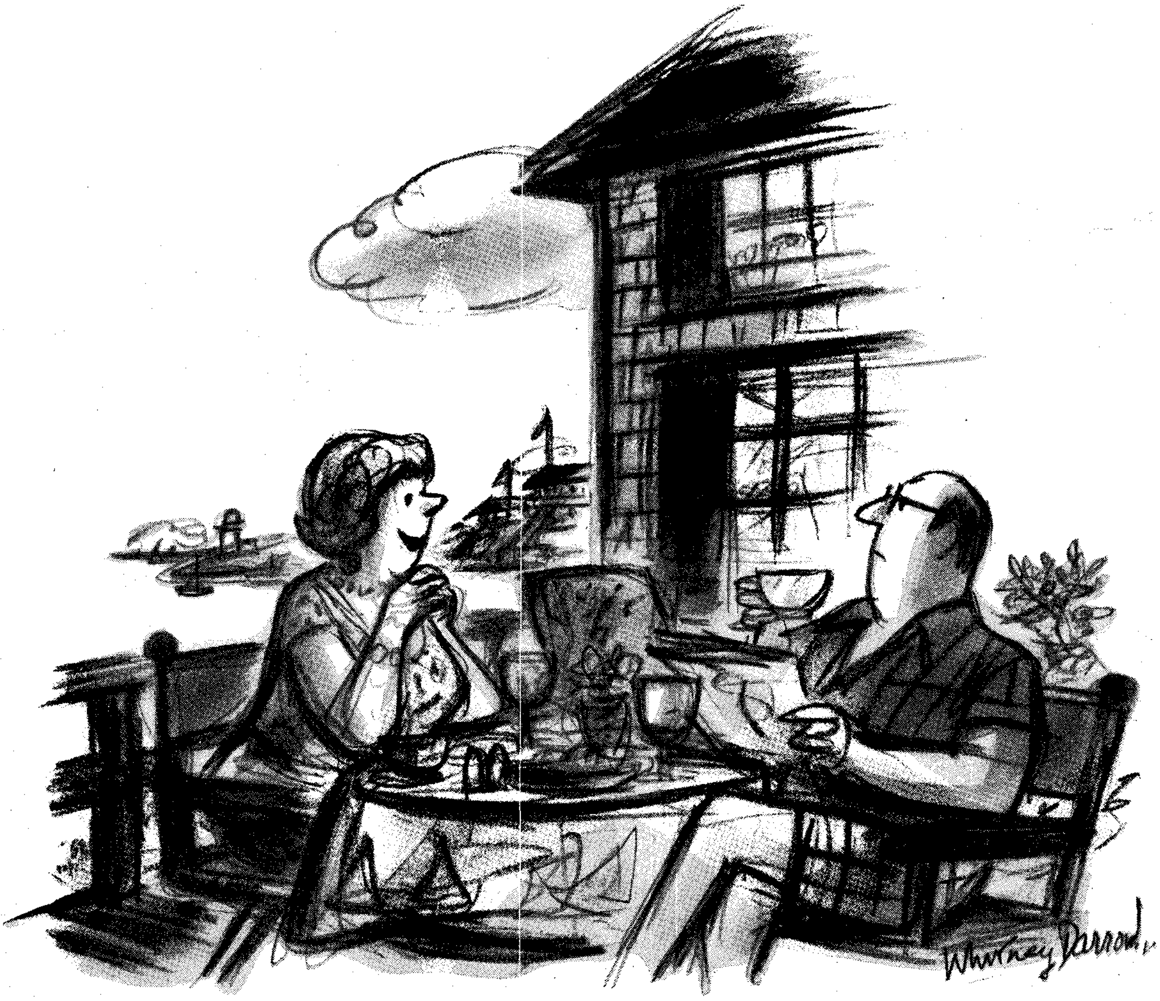
"Very good, Mrs. Simmons. I think you're ready for a larger canvas."

• •

stances, it is amazing how many Santa Fe performances have gone through efficiently (there have been only three or four really rainy ones in every two-month season, and in the present house nothing is completely rained out), and the quality of those performances is so high that the company attracts distinguished auditors from all over the world.

IN an average audience at Santa Fe, usually somewhat less than a third of the sixteen hundred or so on hand are from Santa Fe itself, which has about forty thousand residents; somewhat less than a quarter come from other towns in New Mexico; and nearly half are visitors from everywhere else—proportions that Crosby has calculated from a careful continuing survey of automobile license plates in the parking lot. The audience is highly responsive. It applauds what it likes and it boos what it doesn't like—both with enthusiasm. It takes contemporary opera in its stride; in fact, it likes the contemporary as much as it likes the old Romantic repertoire. It booed Luciano Berio's opera "Opera"—which established avant-garde credentials with a naked man onstage in one scene and remained a terrible show withal, according to those who saw it—but it ate up Hans Werner Henze's "The Bassarids" and Penderecki's "The Devils of Loudun." Mrs. Walter M. Mayer, the current president of the board of directors, reports that once when she stopped at a gas station in Santa Fe the attendant, after knowledgeably discussing the performance of "The Marriage of Figaro" the preceding night, said, "If they're not presenting 'The Marriage of Figaro' next season, I won't be happy." Crosby has figured out that if the Manhattan public were as enthusiastic about opera as the Santa Fe public is, there would be an opera house every twenty blocks on every avenue.

Crosby's solicitude for his opera house is like that of a parent for a favorite child. He is naturally a rather paternal figure, interested in teaching young singers and in fostering their careers, but the theatre and its grounds are his pride and joy. He himself planted the flower beds in front of the entrance—with white petunias, because they show up well at night. These beds of petunias are famous everywhere now. He also planted a row of poplars to the north of the theatre, in an attempt to create a barrier against the wind. He often gets onto a tractor and plows up or levels the surrounding terrain, removing weeds or grading the access roads. In fact, when the conductor Erich Leinsdorf dropped in for an unexpected visit not long ago, the General Director was nowhere to be found, and it turned out later that he had been on his tractor, industriously levelling a bit of ground fairly distant from the theatre, and so absorbed in his work that he didn't know that he had a visitor. Crosby is, among other things, a man of rules and regulations. "He's certainly a taskmaster," a former house manager remarked the oth-



"Guess what I dreamed last night. I dreamed I was at a dinner where Bob Hope, Phyllis Diller, Buddy Hackett, Milton Berle, Alan King, Flip Wilson, and Henny Youngman were roasting me."

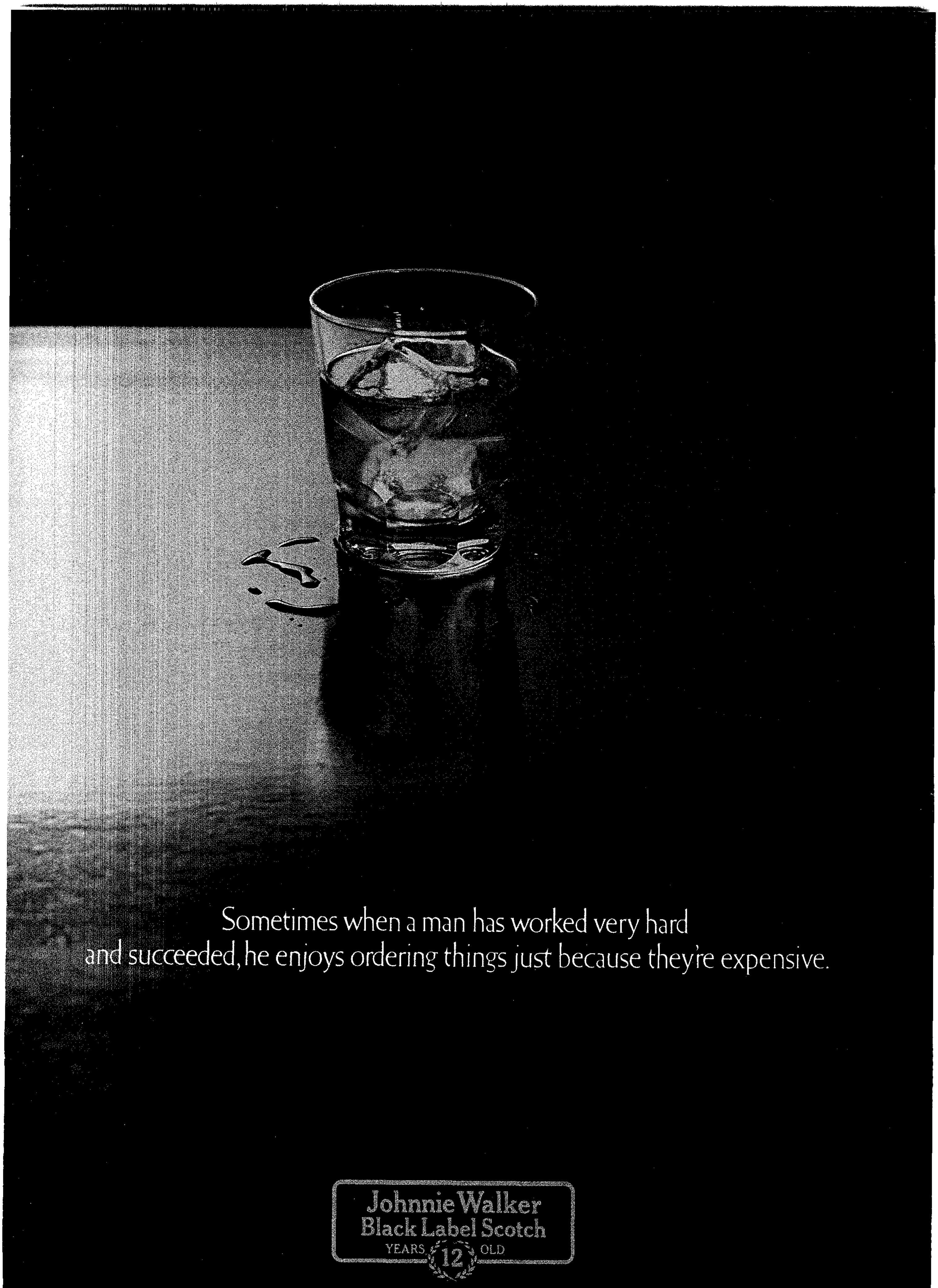
• •

er day. "Once, I left my place at the box office to take a look at the production. John discovered me inside the theatre and I got a reprimand. He's omnipresent—on the stage, in the audience, even outside the theatre." Until a few years ago, there was a rule at Santa Fe that no automobiles were allowed to enter or leave the parking lot during the progress of an act, for fear the noise would disturb the audience. On one occasion, a bus bearing a load of rubbernecking tourists started to leave the grounds during a performance. Crosby was at the scene immediately, flagging down the bus driver like a traffic cop and putting a definite end to this breach of regulations. He is relentless with anyone who breaks the rules, and in firing people he is a master of the cold insult. Friends say that he has never learned how to have really relaxed personal relations with anybody. After a première, there is always a party at which the entire company and some members of the public make merry. Crosby usually stands isolated at these affairs, sombrely watching the proceedings. "He just doesn't know how to have fun," a former associate has said.

But Crosby's fun is obviously the Santa Fe Opera. He can be charming as well as stern, and he will discuss his operatic affairs openly and frankly with anybody who is seriously interested in them. When an acquaintance asked what sort of things make him angry, he replied, "Waste! I have a temper, but not about what you can't avoid. It's only when I have to deal with sloppiness. When somebody is being paid good cash for a job and is sloppy, I get mad. I also hate airport announcements that your plane has arrived when you know that it's still in the air. That seems to me dishonest. And I don't like monkey business, or people who think they can put something over on you—things like an agent who tells you that his singer is singing in Tel Aviv on Monday and can be with you on Tuesday. If I have an eccentricity, it's trying to remain calm when my projects blow up. This business is a cliff-hanger; whether we can meet a payroll is sometimes touch and go. Back in 1957, when we were just getting started, the then president of the board of directors wrote a letter to the governor of New Mexico, and concluded it with the words 'I hope that opera does not bore you as much as it does me.' That made me terribly angry. I once drove my fist through a wall of my Santa Fe office and broke a bone. Now I am more mature."

THE repertoire of the Santa Fe Opera might be the envy of any other opera house in America. In nineteen years of existence, Santa Fe has presented no fewer than four world premières and fifteen American premières of new or contemporary works. It has, at the same time, produced a steady stream of standard operas, by Rossini, Verdi, Mozart, Wagner, Bizet, Donizetti, Puccini, Ravel, Johann Strauss, Stravinsky, Poulenc, Debussy, Offenbach, and Richard Strauss. The catholicity of taste bespeaks both experience and venturesomeness on the director's part, and is most congenial to his audience, which, in consequence, is proud of its operatic sophistication and feels superior to operatic audiences in most big cities. These operagoers can discuss the relative merits of Penderecki and Gian Carlo Menotti, and their comments on the operas of the past are knowing indeed.

In making up his roster of singers for a season, Crosby takes enormous pains. He holds auditions in January and February, in New York City, Chicago, Boston, Albuquerque, New Orleans, and a number of other cities, hearing a total of four or five hundred apprentice singers, from among whom he picks about forty-five, for the chorus. "We aim for an average age of twenty-three," he said recently. "Singers that age are supple, and from the time they get to Santa Fe they have body training. I think we really do get the forty-five best young singers in the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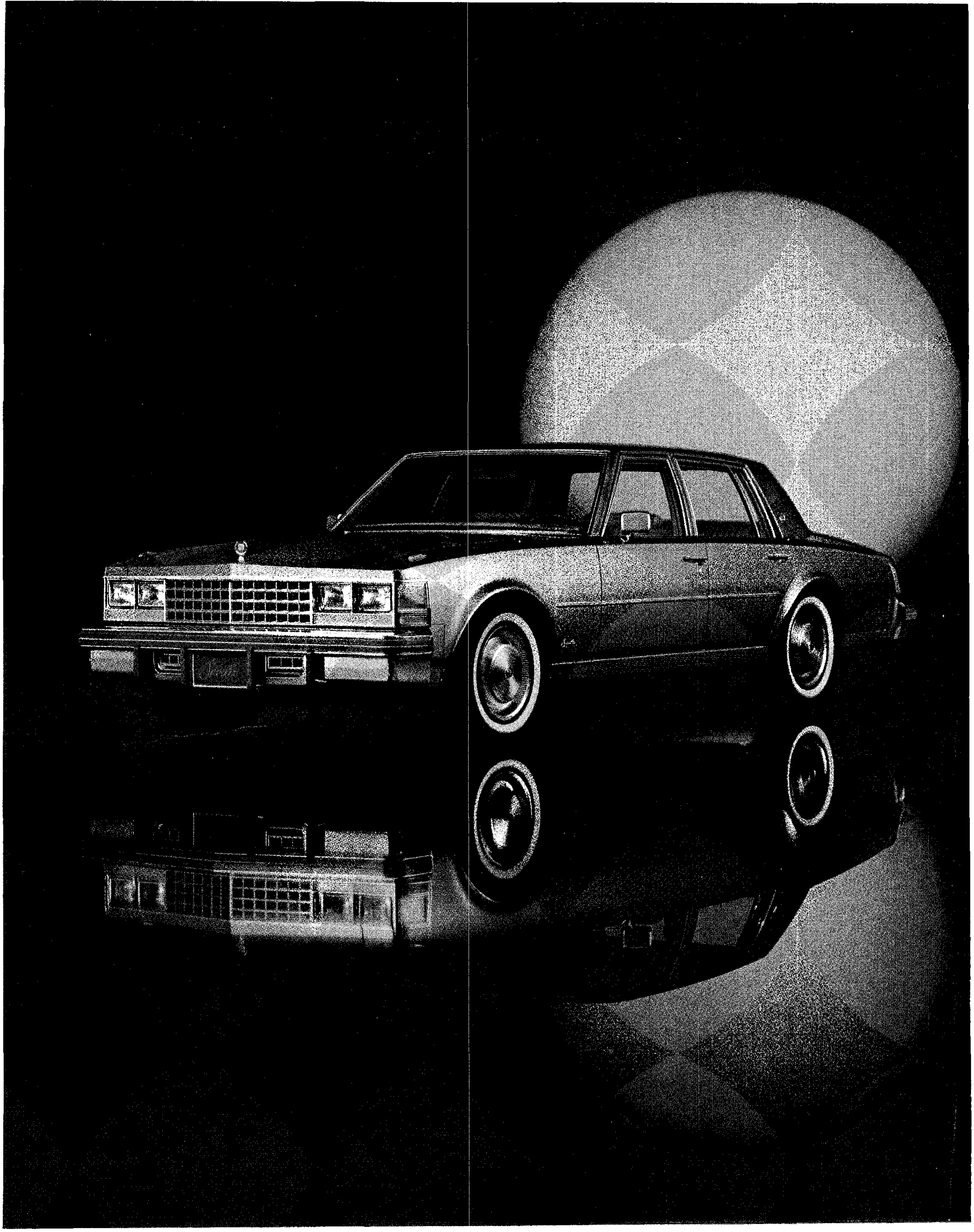

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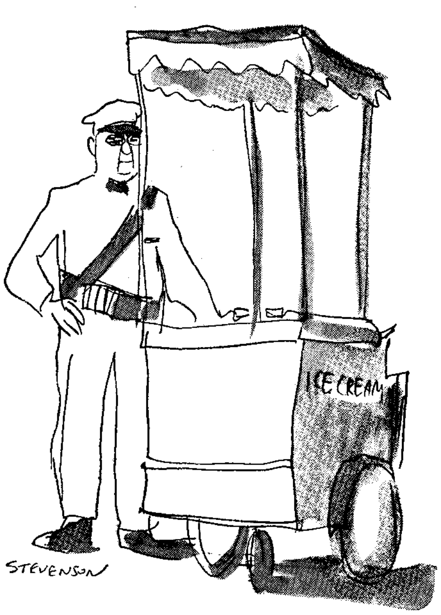
country. But we do not encourage the apprentice singers of the chorus to stay around endlessly. An apprentice singer is permitted to be a part of the chorus for only two seasons. Sometimes one will come back as a soloist after European experience. Rita Shane is an example of that. Our casts are generally constant. There is rarely a change because of illness." Crosby's rule of having a two-year turnover of apprentice singers permits a large number of operatic hopefuls to participate in Santa Fe's productions. Richard Kapp, a program officer at the Ford Foundation, and a fellow-conductor, has noted that it is considered an honor to sing in the chorus at Santa Fe. "A singer's reputation is enhanced," he says, "and the chorus can serve as a jumping-off spot for a career as a solo artist." During the winter, Crosby usually finds time to go to Germany in search of ideas and, sometimes, singers, his favorite opera house there being the Hamburg Opera. During the same period, his second in command, an Englishman named Richard Gaddes, attends the Metropolitan about four times a week, looking for the same things. In fact, Gaddes spends much of his time serving as a scout. "I feel that one has to know what is going on from Australia to Russia," Crosby remarked not long ago. "Kiri Te Kanawa, a New Zealand singer trained in England, made her American operatic début in Santa Fe in 1971, and has gone on to attain some celebrity. We don't take people on other people's recommendation. Ideally, we like to hear them in performances elsewhere. We want total artists. Actors, singers, musicians, minds that go to work. Performers will perform—whether it is on the street corner or in an opera house is the question."

Of course, an enterprise as big as the Santa Fe Opera is not limited to the opera house itself. A large adjacent area, referred to as the Ranch, houses offices and training facilities, and often provides rehearsal space for the company. The Ranch occupies the site of an old Spanish hacienda known as the San Juan Ranch. At the time Crosby bought the property, it had a ranch house that was suitable for a family, and there has been a steady accretion of buildings, some of them built by John Crosby alone. The Ranch now provides living quarters for Crosby; fourteen offices for the people responsible for such things as maintenance, publicity, lodging, rehearsal scheduling, bookkeeping, and fund raising; a library of scores and musical parts; and Crosby's own office, together with one for his secretary.

"There are a hundred and seventy performing personnel, more or less, including the chorus and orchestra," Crosby explains. "We have an eighty-man orchestra, most of whose members must be imported. We have four conductors—Robert Baustian, Edo de Waart, John Mauceri, and myself. We have a forty-five-member chorus, from twenty to twenty-five solo singers, six pianists, two solo dancers, and ten dancers in the corps de ballet. The production staff is about eighty-five, including carpenters, electricians, set designers, scene painters, the stage crew, and costume makers. They are on three-month contracts. The craftsmen in each of these specialties are often instructors at universities, and their apprentices are students whom they bring along. We have five maintenance men, who are under full year-round contracts and live in Santa Fe. They include two general craftsmen, a master carpenter, a welder, and a painter. Two of the five build some of the scenery, and all of them deal with all kinds of problems—repairing tools, repairing seats, painting walls, maintaining the swimming pool at the Ranch. The pool has become a very important part of our lives." Crosby's birthday falls on July 12th, during the season, and, according to Mrs. Mayer, the president of the board, it is an established prerogative of the company on this occasion to throw Crosby, fully dressed, into the swimming pool.

A VITAL outpost of the Santa Fe Opera is a town house in the East Sixties in Manhattan, which Crosby owns, and where he lives when he is neither busy in Santa Fe nor travelling. It is a rather elegant house, its outside painted an immaculate white, and its various floors are allocated by the great organizer to a variety of uses. Its ground floor is given over to the New York City offices of the Santa Fe Opera, which have a staff of three: Gaddes, the artistic administrator; a secretary; and a production coördinator. The desks in these offices are almost neurotically neat, neatness being one of Crosby's fixations. (He cannot bear a desk top with even one scrap of superfluous paper on it.) "There are a tremendous number of telephone calls to be made," Crosby says. "We have to keep in close touch with several people who live in Santa Fe the year round, including our business manager, our promotion and development manager, and, of course, the board of directors, and we have to keep in touch with singers everywhere. The job of the promotion and development manager is to raise local contributions. We never do any advertising. Most contributions come from Santa Fe itself and from El Paso, Phoenix, Los Alamos, Albuquerque, Denver and so on. And at present there is a Ford Foundation matching grant."



On the second floor of the house is Crosby's office, and there are also two grand pianos and facilities for holding auditions, with enough room to place some distance between the performing artists and the listeners. The third floor has a sitting room in front, a dining room in the middle, and a kitchen in the rear. To look after things, Crosby employs a very capable young man, who not only does the dusting and vacuum cleaning but cooks and waits on table, too. Crosby is a good host but not an ostentatious one. He feeds guests his own diet, which, because he is careful about his weight, consists of roast meat or fish, green vegetables, salad, and Jello; an excellent vintage wine goes along with the meal. He entertains singers, prospective contributors, musical people of various kinds, and, often, people who have nothing at all to do with music. Like many musicians, music critics, and other functionaries of the musical world, Crosby suffers from a feeling that he lives in a closed environment, devoted to an art that has little or nothing to do with reality, and that it behooves him to make contact from time to time with the worlds of politics, literature, current history, social concerns, and so on. One of his most frequent visitors is a lawyer who has no knowledge of music and with whom he can discuss things like French politics.

Crosby's own quarters occupy the fourth floor, and there is a fifth floor for storage and for servant quarters. Crosby is afflicted with insomnia and is devoted to athletics, believing the latter to be a remedy for the former. Sleeping pills do not help. He cannot sleep after listening to anything in the way of symphonic music or opera, so he listens to rock or jazz in the evenings, on the theory that because they make no demands on his intellect they may soothe him. Crosby reads a lot of biography, mainly of figures from the Victorian era. "It's nice to know how people dealt with things during the past hundred and fifty years," he says. Every morning when he is in town, he goes to the pool of the University Club and swims a mile. He has also taken up the habit, popular among yoga addicts, of standing on his head in order to irrigate his brain. He does this when he gets up in the morning, and also before every performance that he conducts. Mrs. Mayer remembers a conversation she and her husband were having with Crosby near the theatre in Santa Fe when, with no warning, Crosby simply stood on his head. The Mayers were somewhat taken aback, but Crosby acted as though nothing unusual were happening, and continued the conversation without interruption. Crosby also does calisthenics every day. He likes to ride, and once had a mare named Daphne who became quite a celebrated personality in Santa Fe. Since then he has had a number of other mares to ride around town. He enjoys gardening not only in Santa Fe but also in New York, where he has a small garden behind his house and another on the roof. He has always loved carpentry, and has a workbench in the basement of his New York house. One notices a peculiarity about all these pursuits: they are solitary ones.

KINGS DON'T CARRY MONEY.
CBarsotti.

John Crosby was born in New York in 1926, the younger son of Laurence Crosby, a partner in the law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell, and Aileen Crosby, a brilliant Englishwoman who happened to be both a professional violinist and a chemist. According to Crosby, his mother, who died a few years ago, taught him and his brother, James, all kinds of things, including violin, piano, reading, painting, and potterymaking. John is left-handed, and his mother taught herself to write with her left hand in order to teach him. His father, who is now retired and lives in Santa Fe, is descended on his mother's side from John Alden, and had a sister named Priscilla Alden Standish Crosby. Despite this Protestant heritage, Catholicism was the family religion. "I had an aunt who was a Protestant and lived in Maine, but she converted," John Crosby once observed solemnly. The family lived in Bronxville when John was young, and there were many opportunities for horseback riding around the neighborhood. He attended the Pelham Day School and then was sent to Hotchkiss, in Connecticut, where he particularly remembers the headmaster—George Van Santvoord, a frightening man, who was a teacher of Latin and Greek, and the boss of everything. Crosby's father had been a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, where he studied law, and Van Santvoord had been one of his fellow-students. The elder Crosby's activities at Sullivan & Cromwell had involved a knowledge of the Spanish language. He had been the legal representative of a sugar company in Cuba, and he finally gave up his legal practice and became president of the company, taking up residence in Havana; he lived on there until the Castro revolution.

John Crosby was troubled with a respiratory ailment while he was at Hotchkiss, and the doctor there recommended that he spend a year at the Los Alamos School, in New Mexico. This was his first acquaintance with the New Mexico countryside, and he fell in love with it immediately. But he returned to Hotchkiss, and upon graduating, in 1944, he was drafted into the Army; he served in the infantry with the rank of corporal, playing the piano, violin, accordion, trombone, and double bass in the regimental dance band. After the war was over, he and some fellow-veterans formed a five-man band, which played professional engagements as a dance orchestra. He played trombone and bass. But this did not last long. Crosby went to Yale, where he studied composition with Paul Hindemith, meanwhile continuing to practice both the violin and the piano. He remembers Hindemith as an inspiring teacher, but says he found the rest of the Yale Music Department ingrown. After receiving his B.A. in music, in 1950, he did not continue with postgraduate studies there. Nor did he become a pilot—an ambition he had had when he was younger. At Yale, he had been interested in musical shows, had acted as arranger for college musicals, and had attended Broadway tryouts in New Haven. He became a fairly expert arranger, and after graduation spent some months

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as an assistant to Broadway arrangers.

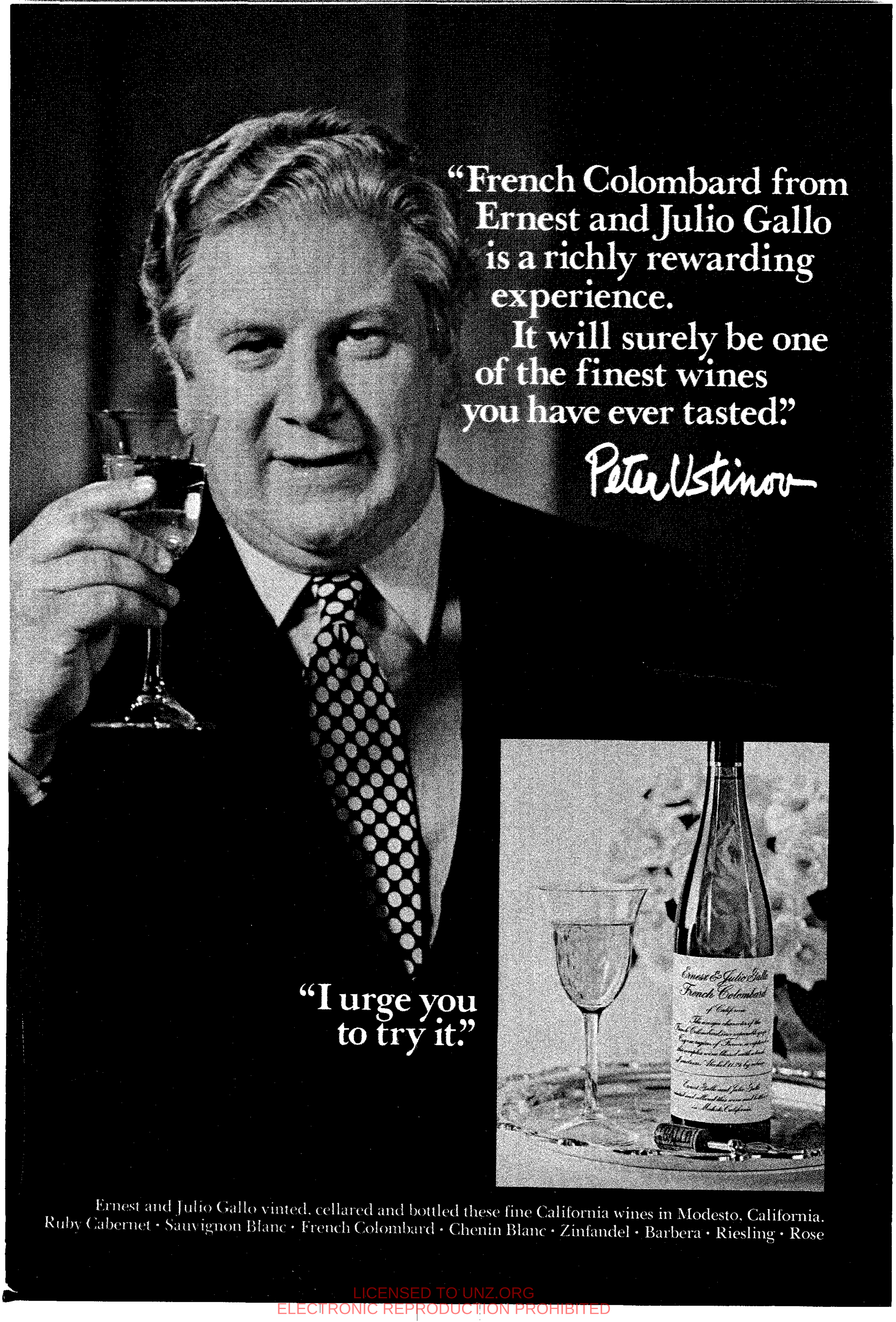
In 1951, a big change in his ambitions took place. He began attending classes in conducting at Columbia University which were being taught by Rudolph Thomas, and Thomas directed his interest toward opera. Until then, he had known practically no opera except Wagner. One of his fellow-students was John Kander, who later composed the musical show "Cabaret." Kander remembers him as a remarkably determined student. "His most proficient instrument was not the piano," Kander said the other day, "but he was so dedicated and diligent that he learned the piano reduction of Richard Strauss's 'Salome,' a pretty difficult score, so that he could play it from memory."

Thomas was a lively personality, and Crosby liked that. Over a period of three years, he taught Crosby the scores of many operas. Thomas would play the piano score of "Der Rosenkavalier" or the second act of "Tristan und Isolde" while Crosby conducted, and then Crosby would play the piano score while Thomas conducted. During those years, Crosby attended the Metropolitan Opera practically every night as a standee—way down in front, where he could watch the conductor. He also played the piano for singers, and eventually got a job playing for the opera classes of Leopold Sachse, a famous opera director from Hamburg, who at the time was directing at the New York City Opera. Sachse took a special interest in him, and became, according to Crosby, the most important influence on his career. The principal conductors at the Metropolitan then were Fritz Reiner, Fritz Stiedry, Alberto Erede, Fausto Cleva, and Max Rudolf. Crosby was particularly fascinated by the conducting of Reiner. "In those days, you could hear Reiner conduct 'Carmen' a dozen times in a single season," he recalls. During his stints as a standee at the Met, Crosby always took a score along, in order to follow the details of the evening's conducting. Now and then, somebody nearby would offer him a seat. On one of these occasions, the donor of the seat happened to be Mrs. Reiner, and through her he became acquainted with Reiner himself. A few years later, when he was making his annual trips to Santa Fe, he would always stop off in Chicago to see the Maestro, who was by then conducting the Chicago Symphony, and talk with him about conducting.

By the end of his time at Columbia, Crosby was firmly set on becoming an opera conductor, and Sachse became his principal mentor. It was in conversations with Sachse that the idea of the Santa Fe Opera gradually took shape. Crosby continued to study the violin until 1956, and during the summers he attended conducting classes given by Pierre Monteux in Maine. His father, like so many fathers of musicians, was against his musical career. But that didn't swerve Crosby, and his father finally accepted the inevitable. In fact, when Sachse went to the elder Crosby and suggested the idea of the Santa Fe Opera, he not only gave in but put up two hundred thousand dollars to get the project started.

DURING the winter of 1956-57, Crosby used this money to buy land near Santa Fe and to erect a wooden opera house seating about four hundred and fifty. Santa Fe was then somewhat smaller, but it had always been a very special town. It was situated in an area where both the place names and the architecture were apt to be Spanish, and where, despite wars and purchases, the cultural capital continued to be Mexico City rather than New York City. The inhabitants spoke two languages—English and Spanish. The town was special in other ways, too. The altitude was seven thousand feet. In the twenties, it had enjoyed a sort of Golden Age, and when Crosby arrived, Mabel Dodge Luhan and D. H. Lawrence were vivid memories; the poet Witter Bynner lived there, and so did the famous violist William Primrose and the duo pianists Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin. Reiner and Leopold Stokowski were occasional visitors. "You felt the presence of the giants," Crosby recalls. "I often went to Bynner's house for dinner and stayed up talking until four o'clock in the morning. Santa Fe was an active year-round cultural community, but one thing was lacking—music. Theatrical ventures of any kind had always failed there, in fact. Still, the Aspen Music Festival had started in 1949, and the Central City Festival had been going outside Denver since 1932." In Santa Fe, Crosby encountered a good deal of pessimism about his plans. One resident asked, "What kind of an audience for opera do you expect to find in a God-forsaken place like this, where nobody has even *heard* an opera?" Crosby replied, "It will be the ideal kind of audience. Nobody will be in a position to compare us with Glyndebourne." Primrose said encouragingly, "If you don't start something here, somebody else will." The climate—generally dry, with bracing mountain air—was one of the town's main attractions, and another was the landscape, with its desert grass and scattered punctuation of juniper trees. A third important aspect of Santa Fe was that a good many rich people lived either in the city or just outside it. There was a small problem with the Indians. There are eight Indian pueblos in the vicinity of Santa Fe, and one of them, the Tesuque Pueblo, adjoined the property that Crosby had bought for his opera house. The horses of the Indians were always wandering onto the opera-house property, and Crosby often had to chase them off during a performance. He put up cattle guards, but the horses came anyway. Finally, he was obliged to build a fence with a gate.

The first Santa Fe Festival was held in the summer of 1957, with Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress" (Robert Craft conducting), Mozart's "Così Fan Tutte," Rossini's "The Barber of Seville," Pergolesi's "La Serva Padrona," Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," and a contemporary work by Marvin David Levy called "The Tower." "Sachse and I had been working long in advance with pencil and paper, and Sachse had been out there to help choose the site of the theatre," Crosby recalls. "The cost of building the theatre was a hundred and fifteen thousand dollars; the rest of my father's two hun-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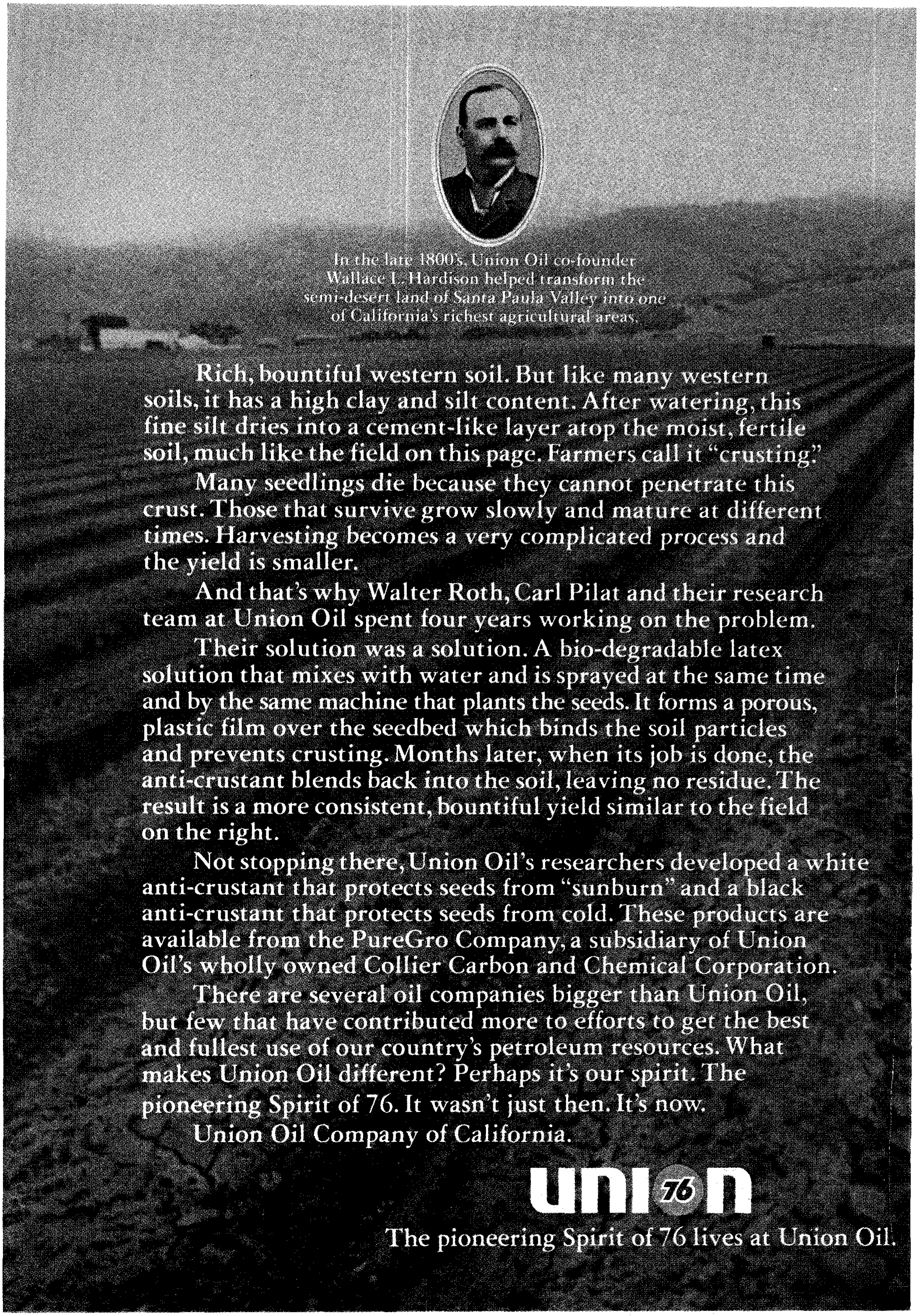

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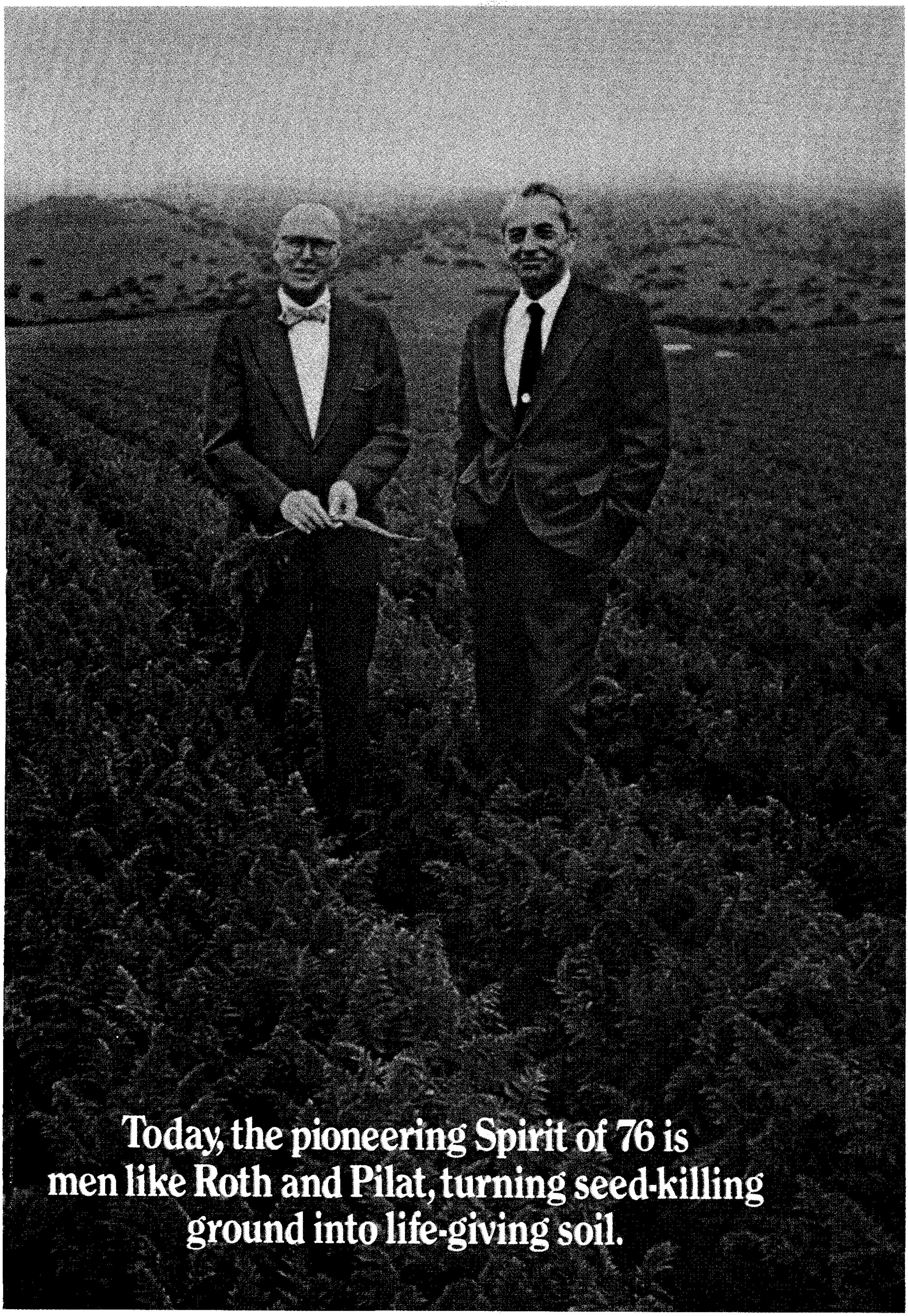
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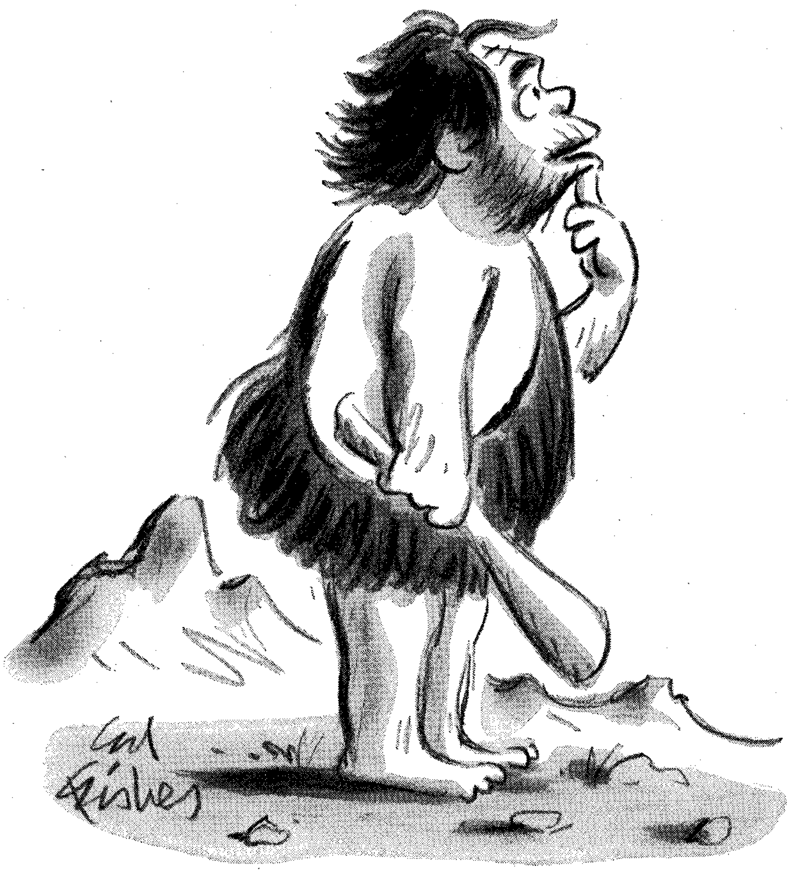
dred thousand had gone to buy the land. That first theatre was a modest affair, and the members of the company lived in rented quarters in downtown Santa Fe." However modest the theatre may have been, there was nothing modest about the repertoire: seven operas, including a contemporary one and two very difficult ones—"Ariadne" and "The Rake." Later on, Crosby limited the number of operas to five per season. That first season, the company took in forty thousand dollars at the box office, and the citizens of Santa Fe contributed sixty thousand more. The next year, Crosby increased the seating capacity of his opera house to about seven hundred. For that season, Santa Fe commissioned the American composer Carlisle Floyd to write the opera "Wuthering Heights," gave it its première, and added the first professional production in the United States of Richard Strauss's "Capriccio." The rest of the second season's repertoire consisted of Puccini's "La Bohème," Mozart's "Così Fan Tutte," Rossini's "La Cenerentola," and Verdi's "Falstaff." Clearly, this was a very high-class institution, with a schedule of operas comparable to that of any other opera house in the country. "We always stood on quality rather than quantity," Crosby said recently. "There is no use doing it with any other aim. There is no middle ground in the performing arts. This way, you can go to your grave with a clear conscience." Highlights of the next seven seasons included Donizetti's "Anna Bolena;" Marc Blitzstein's "Regina;" Stravinsky conducting his own "Renard" and his "Persephone" and "Oedipus Rex;" Hindemith's "Neues vom Tage," conducted by the composer; Douglas Moore's "The Ballad of Baby Doe;" Strauss's "Salome;" Alban Berg's "Lulu;" Stravinsky's "Le Rossignol;" Mozart's "Don Giovanni;" Henze's "The Stag King;" Poulenc's "Dialogues of the Carmelites;" Berg's "Wozzeck;" Henze's "Boulevard Solitude;" and Shostakovich's "The Nose."

THEN, after ten increasingly impressive years, disaster struck. In the middle of the 1967 season, following a performance of Hindemith's "Cardillac" and a subsequent backstage party, the theatre caught fire and burned to the ground. "I thought the bottom had dropped out," Crosby admits. But never had his gifts as an operatic generalissimo shown to greater advantage. He watched the flames glumly and telephoned Mrs. Mayer, saying, "I think I ought to inform the president of the board that the opera house is burning down." Mrs. Mayer, who was in bed, got up and dressed, and she and her husband and a son joined Crosby at the scene. She put her arm around Crosby, but he wasted no time in grief. He said, "Start thinking where we can continue the season." They went to the Ranch and began to make plans, staying up all night. Fortunately, the costumes for the next production, "The Barber of Seville," were at the cleaners, and so had escaped the fire. By seven in the morning, Mrs. Mayer had got in touch with the Santa Fe school authorities and arranged for the use of a high-school gymnasium. "The Barber" was performed there the following night. The night after that, the company did "La Bohème" in modern dress. The season continued on schedule.

Almost at once, Crosby got to work on the project of building a new opera house. The same firm of local architects and the same firm of acoustical experts were hired. During the following winter, the new opera house, a largely fireproof structure, was built. "In a way, the fire was a blessing," Crosby has said. "We had an opportunity to build a theatre that would last for at least seventy-five years." But the new theatre put the Opera Association of New Mexico—the official name of the Santa Fe Opera—temporarily in debt. The theatre itself cost a million eight hundred thousand dollars, and the Association, after raising a million and a half in less than a year, took out a three-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar mortgage, which has already been greatly reduced and will be paid off entirely by 1979. In any event, experience had taught Crosby just what kind of theatre he wanted. The exact distance between the conductor and the proscenium was important, and the pit had to accommodate eighty musicians. The canopy over the stage had to be hard, in order to reflect the sound toward the audience. Elaborate preparations were made to cope with fire: a sprinkler system was installed, and fire extinguishers were put in at strategic points. The capacity of the new auditorium was to be about sixteen hundred—considerably larger than the earlier theatre's. The American Guild of Musical Artists, the opera singers' union, urged its members to contribute to the project, and Crosby's production stage manager, Edward Purrington, remained in Santa Fe all winter to supervise the construction. By the summer of 1968, the company was able to take up where it

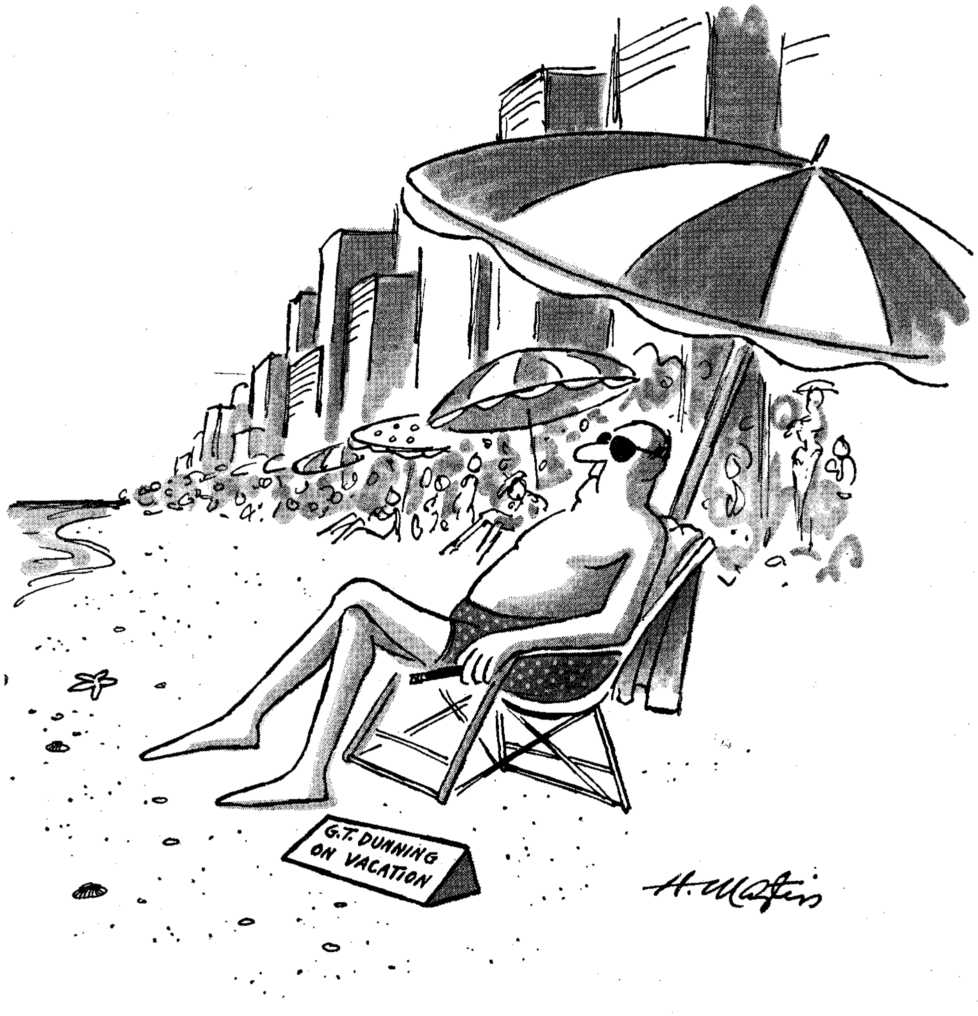


"Roses are red,
Violets are blue.
Something, something,
And so are you."

had left off, and with a far more satisfactory theatre.

Since then, the Santa Fe Opera has had clear sailing. The new house opened, as the old one had, with "Madame Butterfly," and it continued with a season that included the first American performances of Arnold Schoenberg's "Die Jakobsleiter" and Henze's "The Bassarids." There was a little economizing that season on décor and costumes, because of the costs of construction, but on the whole the season was quite successful. During the 1969 season, Santa Fe saw the American premières of Menotti's "Help, Help, the Globolinks!" and Penderecki's "The Devils of Loudun," and the other operas given that summer were "Salome," "The Magic Flute," "Così Fan Tutte," and "Tosca." Later seasons have included the first American performances of Berio's "Opera," Heitor Villa-Lobos's "Yerma," Aribert Reimann's "Melusine," Benjamin Britten's "Owen Wingrave," and Pier Francesco Cavalli's seventeenth-century opera "L'Egisto," along with such staples, previously unfamiliar in Santa Fe, as Offenbach's "La Grande-Duchesse de Gérolstein," Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer," Verdi's "Don Carlo," Franz Lehár's "The Merry Widow," and Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande." Stravinsky's "Rake" remained a more or less standard item.

The morale of the Santa Fe company is superb, despite the fact that Crosby's personality remains as enigmatic—and hence, for many associates, as difficult—as ever. Those who have come to know him well justify his ways. Samuel Niefeld, a onetime Crosby assistant and now a vice-president of Columbia Artists Management, says, "Crosby is a stickler for form. He would never go to a singer directly, trying to bypass the manager. What upsets him is any unprofessional behavior, or deviation from system and order. There is a pecking order in Santa Fe. You do not go to the General Director without going to the Artistic Administrator first." Ter-Arutunian regards Crosby as "one of the few personalities in this country who act out of pure idealism to produce the best opera that can be done." David Gockley, general director of the Houston Grand Opera, and a former apprentice singer and house manager in Santa Fe, freely admits that he learned all about opera production from Crosby, and that the Houston Grand Opera is really a spinoff from Crosby's company. "I came to Houston a few years ago and found a typical small-town operation with imported international stars and very little rehearsal," he says. "I changed all that, because Crosby had given me a whole new set of values. We have a few international stars now, plus a fine resident company based on the Santa Fe model." But the Crosby personality still baffles him, he reports. "After all, he's done a miracle in the desert," Gockley says. "So people bow and scrape to him. Yet if you bow and scrape he'll treat you like scum or he'll just walk away. People talk about him and try to figure him out. They expect him to be a god or a genius. And the face he turns toward them is shy and reserved—almost as though he didn't want to communicate at all. People who are deferential toward him are spurned. But look at what he has done!"



Not only wise but almost omnipotent in matters of operatic production at Santa Fe, Crosby apparently sees no need to alter his reserved personality, even if he could. It enables him to dictate the highest standards of production and to stand aloof from petty squabbles. People complain, "Sometimes he won't even say hello to you. He acts as though you didn't exist." But Crosby is probably preoccupied with the larger problems of his profession. In considering opera in general in the United States, he takes a rather gloomy view. "I don't think we are progressing in quality," he says. "As a nation, we are not directly at home in opera. It's an imported art form. I don't see enough emphasis on polished performance. I am often bored in American opera houses, and generally I leave after the first act." Crosby believes that no opera house should seat more than about two thousand, and that government subsidy is essential if opera in this country is to have real quality. "Nations are not remembered for the number of their bombers or for their banking system," he remarked the other day. "They are remembered for their art."

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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1964

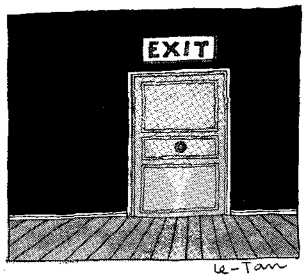
Donald Hesterman and wife Brenda of Hammond, Ind., report they are *not* parents of triplet daughters, as reported in an earlier *Alumni News-Bulletin*, but of a son, Kevin, born July 2, 1970. Don, also, is *not* operator of Don's Pizza in Calumet City, Ill., but is a bank officer at Mercantile National Bank of Indiana in Hammond. Please excuse the errors. —*Valparaiso University Alumni News-Bulletin.*

Certainly. But we liked it better the other way.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Chabrol's Holy Idiots

AT the beginning of Claude Chabrol's "Juste Avant la Nuit" ("Just Before Nightfall"), a down-at-the-mouth sadomasochistic bourgeois named Charles (Michel Bouquet) rather dismally strangles his mistress at her request. She is named Laura (Anna Douking), and she is the wife of his best male friend, François (François Périer). At the end, Charles's wife (Stéphane Audran) administers to his neglected sense of guilt by giving him—at his wordless bidding—a fatal dose of laudanum. She is named Hélène and she is certainly his best woman friend. So goes the schematic balancing of the most ironic and chillingly blasé film of Chabrol's career. At the start, Charles has committed a murder that his mistress, waterlogged in sexual fancy, dreamily interpreted as fictional; at the finish, still gripped by game-playing, he has made his loving wife take the part of a lethal opponent and score the match point in the sport invented by his surly, outwitted soul.



"Remove the traces," Laura says after kissing Charles, and she wipes his face with a handkerchief. No sign of their luscious desecrations must remain. She has been holding in her mouth a medallion she has had since her First Communion, mischievously nibbling it as if it were a holy wafer, but she lets it drop before the strangling. No sign of heresy must remain, either. The fact that both the handkerchief and the medallion do stay in one's memory with symbolic potency inflects the film with as much impish sense of play-acted religiousness as the passage in Chabrol's "Les Bonnes Femmes" in which a matronly cashier benignly produces from her bag a handkerchief kept as sacredly as if it were St. Veronica's but marked with the blood of an executed sex murderer.

Very well. "Remove the traces," Laura says. At first, after that, no stain of the murder is visible, either in Charles's family life with Hélène and their children or in his friendship of twenty-five years with François. To begin with, the memory tinctures only his own hermetic imagination. He pines to confess, but it is a phantom craving, because he is a sham believer, self-consigned to the limbo of possessing the impulse of religion without the emotion of remorse. He is that most unhappy and sophisticated of Catholic human beings: someone who has a sense of sin but no capacity for shame. Passions that exist only in infirm half forms are a theme of the film. Charles's fatal game with Laura is one of danger without adventurousness and of sex without eroticism. His very story is one of calamity without tragedy. The only thing moving about it is the pity of the fact that perhaps, in his catastrophic link with Laura, he was outmatched. Laura wanted a storybook death, but an imaginary mortality was outside this prosaic man's reach. So was her taste for Russian roulette, her association of lethal earnestness with fun, and her scorn of saying uncle. Laura was playing a game that was too much for Charles, just as a game of Scrabble with him later on in the film proves too much for Hélène. Charles is not made to seem an out-and-out criminal; no one in a Chabrol film ever is. What we see is a man much like many others, whose intelligence is not matched to his wishes, and whose longing for liberation finds a senseless resolution. When he murders Laura, it is his own moral death.

Where to turn? François, who is an architect, becomes the architect of his friend's existence. It is to him, and to Hélène, that Charles looks for the punishment he longs for. Both of them disappoint him. When Charles confesses, François simply says that it is a nightmare, and that no one is guilty in a nightmare; Hélène refuses to let him break up the family by going to the police. Charles writhes under the anguish of waiting for reprisal for the murder. It is as if he were pining for a command of classic banishment which no one will issue. In the meantime, we see him going through those outwardly commonplace rituals whose hidden content of nightmare Chabrol excels in, like Hitchcock: visits from in-laws, family meals, Christmas occasions at which Charles makes gestures that are stiffened by misery and look like the movements of some mechanical Santa Claus. Ordinary sociability continues, on the face of it. Murder brings everyone together, for a time. It often does in a Chabrol film. Then the guy ropes of sanity begin to slip their knots, and Charles is on his own. He is visibly out of his mind, suffering a special sort of lunacy which seems to engross Chabrol. It is a lunacy that is only by a particle distinguished from genius, as it is in the skid-minded brilliance implied by the Jean-Claude Brialy character in "The Cousins" and by the André Jocelyn characters in "Leda" and "Ophélia." In "Juste Avant la Nuit," the suggestion is that the hero is in a state of madness because he believes that he has savaged the natural order and that the natural order can be reinstated only by his own extinction. The more Charles repents, the more he enforces the death he importunes. He chooses to solicit his wife to murder him, but it is really a case of suicide: at the end, he can hear as clearly as we can the sound of the exorbitant number of drops of laudanum falling into the glass, administered by a wife who is less his accomplice than his hireling. He is thus doubly guilty, according to the count of this ambiguously religious film: guilty of causing his wife to murder, and guilty of killing himself. Then Chabrol's extremely pagan sense of humor comes into play, and the end of the film shows Hélène on a windy beach reading a letter from François in which he admires his friend for his courage in committing suicide and finishes with an invocation to God. As the film sees it, Charles's plight is his liking for a state of disruption. It is a liking that he recognizes to be satanic but is powerless to do anything about. The situation is so, he says; it's impious; it should be mended; yet all I want is to put a boot through things again. The film is obsessed with ideas of violation of all kinds. "Have no fear, Mr. Thief; I'll submit to anything you want," says the subtitle for a line by Laura near the beginning, but the French word in the film isn't "*voleur*," meaning "thief;" it is "*violeur*," meaning "violator."

The prankish cynicism of Chabrol may be one of the masks that he uses as a means of provoking conjecture about virtue: including the matter of his own virtue, which he treats skittishly and with a braying laugh that quite possibly hides prayer, as Hamlet's does. "Juste Avant la Nuit" could be taken to be a wittily knowing essay on sadomasochism. But it seems to me to be much more concerned with doubt. A psychoanalytic interpretation belittles the work, just as "Hamlet" is belittled if it is taken as being merely about the Oedipus complex, when it is also about reverence for the past, about feeling for an old pedant who chatters in order to hide a subtle regret over his out-of-place sophistication, about the entrance of a new political order with Fortinbras, and, most of all, about the state of grace.

The title of “Juste Avant la Nuit” should maybe stay in French, to retain the strength of the pun on the word “*juste*.” The screenplay—by Chabrol, from a novel by Édouard Atiyah called “The Thin Line”—is preëminently about thoughts of justice. Chabrol’s notion of justice is distinct and barbarous. An idiotic act like Charles’s, he thinks, can be rectified only by an idiotic conclusion. Charles’s death is idiotic in the antique sense of uncultivated, and also in the eighteenth-century sense of clownish. It lays itself open to being misunderstood even by his best friend. Both lack of cultivation and clownishness are recurring strains in Chabrol’s characters, and he would not regard either of them as being antithetical to the heroic. Charles’s will to destruction, it seems, comes from a fear of mediocrity. We are shown that he works in an advertising agency, which would reinforce the fear. He commits the drab wrong of living with his wife without a sense of intimacy, and his relationship with her is unintelligent, because he allows it to diminish into a contest in which the aim is to make the other player seem at fault. All the same, his clownish last gesture, in which even his suicide is a piece of stage management, seems meant by Chabrol to be the act of one of aesthetics’ long line of holy fools. In Charles are concealed the nobility and distress of the simpleton in literary tradition. He is sharply different from both François and Hélène, who are more conventionally moving, because they are cultivated and unclownish in their friendships. There is François, the gentle, beautifully acted ally of old, who is sharply told by Charles, “Don’t preserve our friendship if you find it impossible to see me,” and who defends Laura’s perfidy by saying with dignity, “Our marriage wasn’t like yours and Hélène’s. I had a life of my own. It’s natural she should, too. I don’t want you and Hélène to think badly of her.” And there is Hélène, hating Charles’s emotional games, not able to keep up even with the way he plays Scrabble, but putting out her hand to meet his between their separate beds when she has dosed him with the laudanum and taken the blame for the death of this tormented dullard, who could never read a compass needle to give him a bearing on his existence but whom she powerfully does not want to lose.

“THIS motion picture,” states “Hennessy” in its opening credits, “incorporates extracts from a news film of The Queen at a State Opening of Parliament which, when photographed, was not intended for use in a fictional context. The Directors of Hennessy Film Productions Ltd. would therefore like to make it clear that the Royal Family took no part in the making of this film.” The Queen didn’t produce it, even?

“Hennessy” is a thriller of gripping harmlessness about the plan of an Ulsterman named Hennessy (Rod Steiger) to blow up the Houses of Parliament on November 5th, like Guy Fawkes before him. This puts Scotland Yard, which has had a tipoff, into a tizzy. Trevor Howard, a great actor who deserves better than the part he has here as a big man at the Yard, makes fast decisions. The Home Secretary (Peter Copley) takes the threat with deep-breathing seriousness: “The whole power structure of the nation will be there.” So does the I.R.A., which is heavily emphasized as having nothing to do with the Rod Steiger character, and, in fact, tries so hard to get him back to Belfast before he does any harm that it seems the organization most likely to win the Nobel Peace Prize. The I.R.A. doesn’t think that it would advance things in Northern Ireland if an Ulsterman were to blow up Parliament at the State Opening. Someone says sagely that if they were thought to have killed the Queen of England, “it would set us back fifty years,” which is one of the film’s many lines that can be loved for their moderation.

In the effort not to tread on any political toes, the picture has to do a lot of weaving. It has to insist that the Rod Steiger character, described in the synopsis as “a gentle, mild-mannered Irish demolition expert,” has no partisan motive for his plan. He is said simply to have been driven out of his wits by the killing of his wife and daughter by a British soldier in Belfast. But, in case the film should seem anti-English, the soldier has to die as well, and after saying, “I didn’t mean it. I didn’t mean it.” Hennessy’s plan takes him, naturally, to London, where he breaks in on a bachelor M.P. named Burgess (Hugh Moxey), waves a gun at the man, and hastily says “This has nothing to do with politics!” in a supposed Ulster brogue. But then, neither has the film, though an entire cautious chain of English theatres refused to handle “Hennessy”: not because of any good general objection that the film frivolously mixes fiction and newsreel footage but because it puts the I.R.A. in the company of the British sovereign. Anyway, after Steiger’s ostentatiously apolitical forced entry, he ties Burgess to a chair and does a complicated makeup job of impersonating him, but the Americanness of Steiger’s voice can be disguised from us when he arrives among his colleagues at the House of Commons only by restricting him to single-word sentences. An M.P. remarks—straining at a gnat as far as the adequacy of the impersonation is concerned—on how brown Burgess has got. “Barbados,” says Steiger, turning aside. At Burgess’s home, he has somehow brought off the pretense with Burgess’s housekeeper by shading his eyes when she is carrying out his dinner on a tray. The eyes have to be hidden because Burgess’s are sky blue and his are brown and the pair of contact lenses he has provided himself with hurt his eyes so much he can’t wear them.

There is a lot of blandly ingenious cutting between the fictional story and the behavior of the Royal Family in the color newsreel of the State Opening, which is technically perfectly matched to the film. The Queen, as she is depicted in the film, knows all about the bomb threat but won’t hear of having the State Opening put off. When she is seated on the throne in the House of Lords, however, a few seconds of newsreel footage of her looking grimly worried and stopping in the reading of her speech is craftily inserted. As the film narrative has it, the pause is her response to a moment when the Rod Steiger character and a Special Branch man from the Yard (Richard Johnson, who wrote the original story) have a tussle that is apparently within her sight. You wonder what actually caused the halt, and demur at the silly temerity of the whole fiction about such a sober topic as Northern Ireland.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

CLEAR DAYS AMONG THE NONAGENARIANS

[*Headline in the Pasco-Kennewick-Richland* (*Wash.*) *Tri-City Herald*]

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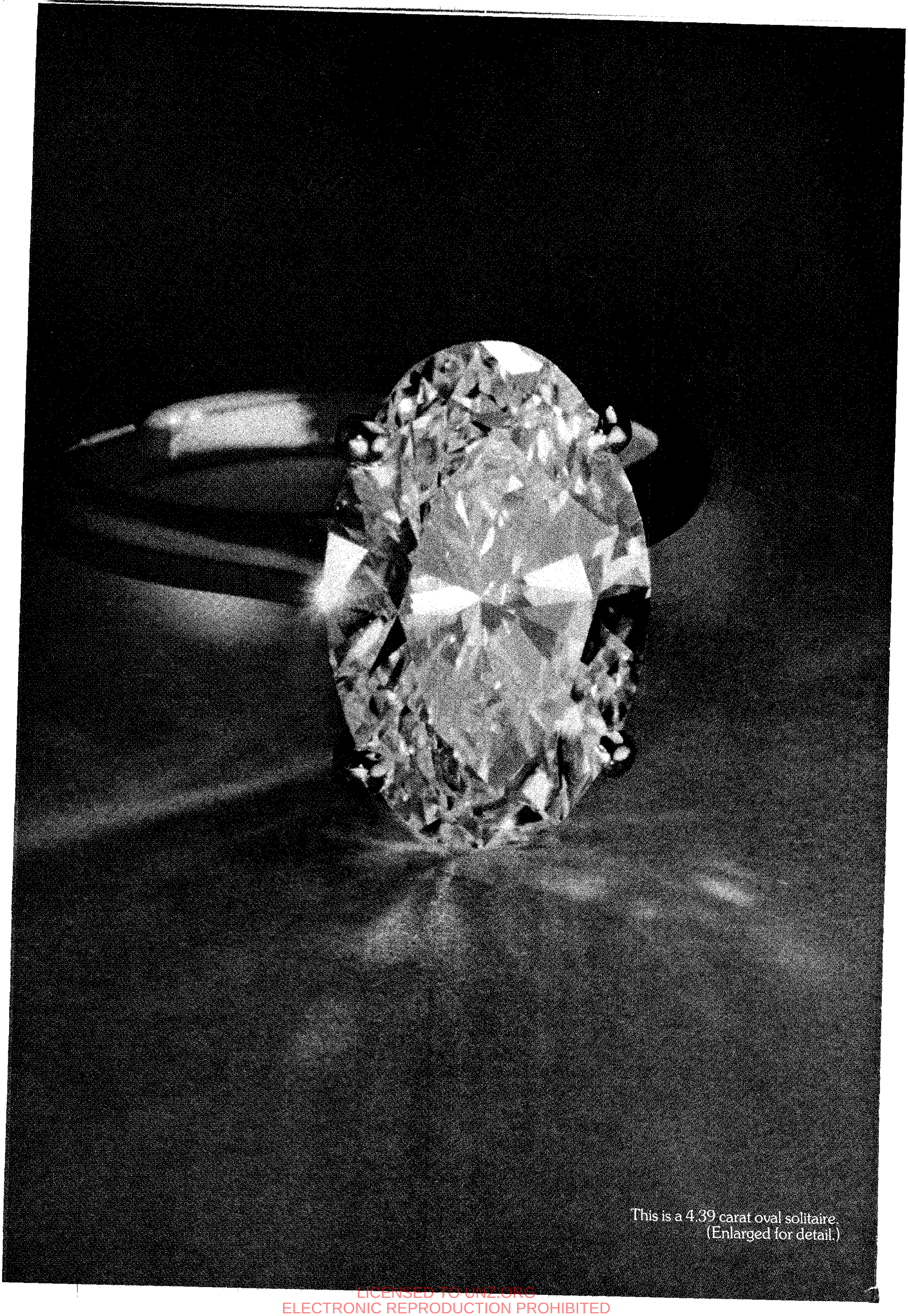

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[*] This price refers to this specific stone. Other stones of the same size can vary in price, according to the individual characteristics of each stone. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

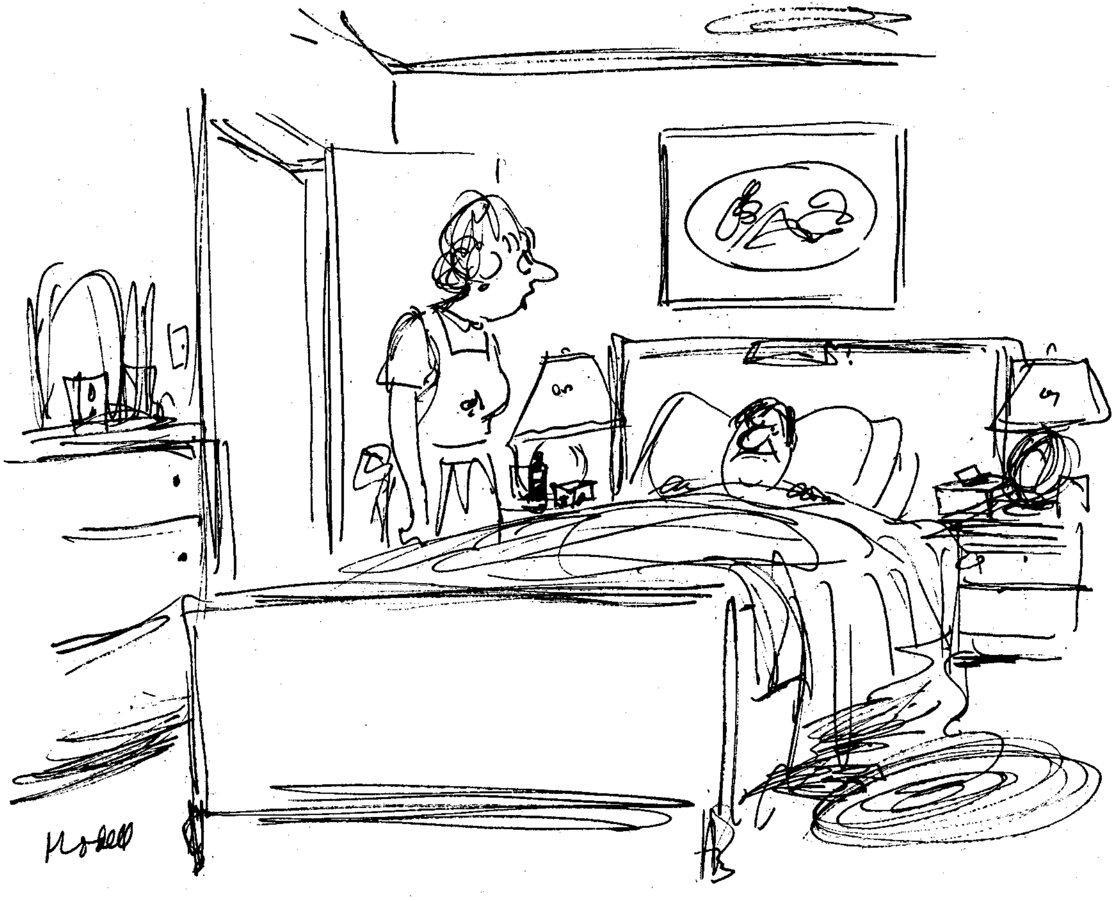
PHOTOGRAPHY

Certainties and Possibilities

IN his first one-man show at the Museum of Modern Art, Irving Penn—the photographer of Mumm's champagne, *Vogue* models, Peruvian peasants, small-tradesmen, and famous writers, artists, and statesmen—is represented by fourteen surprising and strange photographs of what might appear to be eroded stone columns or neolithic implements or diseases of the bone and are in fact photographs of cigarette and cigar butts. The enormously enlarged images are printed on platinum paper (this medium, which went off the commercial market some forty years ago and is today being painfully re-created at home by a few photographers, brings out the rich range of middle tones that eludes silver printing), and this abets their appearance of solidity and mass and gives them their gray, vaguely scientific aspect. The butts (there are between one and four in each composition) are arranged as if they were people sitting for a portrait by Penn—and, indeed, as one scrutinizes these pictures one realizes that Penn has not departed from his characteristic photography but has simply extended it to an uncharacteristic subject. Or not so simply. For a satiric intention gleams out of the show which gives these beautiful and boring pictures their collective pointedness and invests this quiet occasion with the shimmer of an Event.

The satire has two objects. One is art photography itself, of which the Modern Museum is the leading, if no longer the solitary, salon. The keepers of the "photography-as-an-art-form" flame (currently the somewhat astonished custodians of a blazing, though probably short-lived, bonfire) have traditionally excluded commercial photography from the pantheon of camerawork supporting photography's artistic claims, and photographers themselves have distinguished between any work they might do for money and the pictures they take for art. Alfred Stieglitz, dean of American art photography (who also happened, almost as an afterthought, to be one of the greatest of American photographers), absolutely refused to do commercial work, and Edward Weston, who didn't have Stieglitz's financial resources and earned a precarious living from studio portraiture, strenuously differentiated between the portraits and what he called "my work." Art photography in this country has, in effect, been photography as a spare-time activity (stretched out by occasional assists from the Guggenheim Foundation)—a situation resembling that of poetry here, with this difference: while there are no real poets making big money from their verse, a number of good, even great, photographers (e.g., Penn and Richard Avedon) have been serenely raking it in from the fashion magazines and advertising agencies while producing work as rigorous and innovative as anything being done today. But by not playing the art-vs.-money game—their commercial work *is* their art—these obvious candidates for museum shows have been passed over. Avedon finally cracked MOMA last year with some off-hour pictures of his dying father; they evidently turned the trick that his nine-to-five pictures of lipsticks and navels didn't, and now Penn does it with his butts. "See how arty I can be" is their mocking message to all those who have dismissed Penn as a hack and have used words like "slick" and "commercial" about his work. John Szarkowski, director of the museum's Photography Department, takes the bait and, in the wall label he wrote for the show, reverently welcomes Penn into the fold of avant-garde art. He gets around the embarrassment of the fashion pictures and the gourmet ads by blandly observing of Penn, "One might guess that he has only rarely enjoyed more than a cursory interest in the nominal subjects of his pictures. For him the true subject has been not haute couture or cuisine, but line, tone, shape, and pattern, and the photographic intuition that will define their just relationship."

For Szarkowski, however, the subject of the butt pictures is surely of more than cursory interest: it is the large, if not the whole, reason for his mounting the show. His directorship of the Photography Department has been marked by a predilection for work of a looser and rougher sort than the art photography of the past—work that



"Do you know what the doctor said? He said you are a very bad patient."

is at odds with the elegant pictorial conventions established by the Photo-Secession, and that takes its cue not from painting but from such bluntly utilitarian and uniquely photographic forms as the snapshot, the aerial photograph, the medical and scientific illustration, the police photograph, and the album portrait. Szarkowski has extended to photography (as he acknowledges in his book "The Photographer's Eye," published in 1966) the loaded polarities of the "functional" vs. the "cultivated" that John A. Kouwenhoven offered in his study of American culture "Made in America" (1948), and he has embraced the change in taste that Kouwenhoven's work helped to form (for example, today's exaltation of things like quilts, farm implements, vernacular architecture, and scientific instruments). Penn's pictures of butts exhibit all the rough oddity of the found art object that emerges from the enlargement of a murky detail in a torn, unregarded snapshot or of a quaintly drab illustration in an old textbook; they partake of the transformation that quilts and ship propellers and industrial tools undergo when they are wrested from their functional context and put on show for their aesthetic qualities. And they suffer from the same paradoxical devitalization that comes over useful objects when they are no longer *in* use. The tacky machine-made synthetic comforter on the bed has more connection with life—is more genuine, in its way—than the handsome antique quilt that hangs on the wall as if it were a painting, and in this respect Penn's sleek pictures of clothes and caviar in *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, far from paling before the rough vigor of his pictures in the museum show, present a kind of rebuke to the latter's false vernacularism.

The second object of Penn's subtle mockery is himself. These pictures have the self-critical and confessional dimension of books like Henry James's "The Sacred Fount," in which the writer gamely knocks over his own painfully contrived artistic edifice (lest someone else get there before him, perhaps); they express Penn's mordant understanding of the extremism of his photographic methods. Unlike Weston's peppers and cabbages, which celebrate Weston's religion of "the thing itself" and permanently alter one's vision of these vegetables, Penn's butts efface reality. One looks in vain in one's ashtray for any evocation of the exhibition; at the show itself, in fact, one adduces the subject matter

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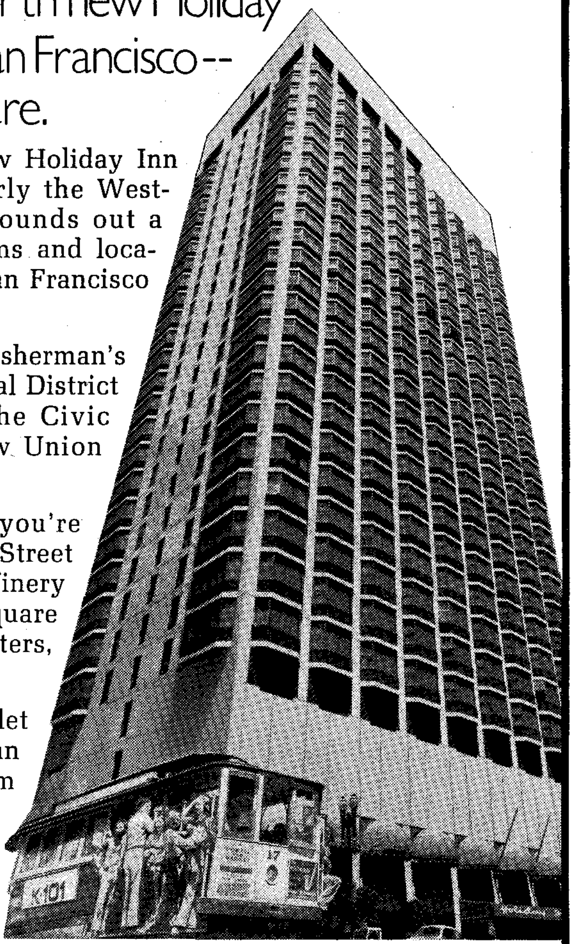

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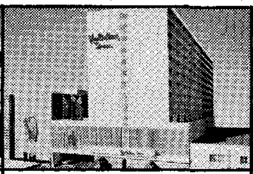

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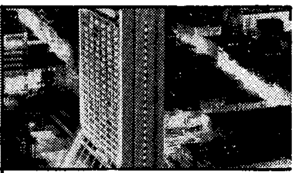

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only from the faint telltale lettering of the brand names. And so with Penn's portraits, which are first of all *Penns* and only incidentally pictures of individuals—Jean Cocteau, T. S. Eliot, and the Duke of Windsor being as interchangeable as Kents, Lucky Strikes, and Marlboros. Penn removes people from their own context and treats them like botanical or zoological specimens. He lures them into his studio, sits them on cloth-draped structures, subjects them to a north light that shadows half of each face, and sometimes literally pushes them into the corner that his brutal direction has put them in emotionally. In Aaron Scharf's "Art and Photography"—a work tracing the complex interrelationship of photography and painting, with emphasis on the influence of photography on painting rather than vice versa—two pictures are shown side by side to illustrate the use that Edgar Degas made of photography. One is a *carte-de-visite* photograph of the painter taken in 1862, and the other is Degas's self-portrait of 1862, known as "Degas Saluant." The first shows a bearded young man in a dark suit holding a top hat and looking like a glum cousin in a nineteenth-century family photograph album; the second (in spite of its small size, poor quality of reproduction, and black-and-whiteness) is an unmistakable, unforgettable, gooseflesh-making Degas. The claims of photography seem puny indeed in such a conjunction. It is Penn's enormous achievement to have coaxed a photographic style as strong and personal as a painting style from a medium whose natural tendency is to obscure and dilute the imprint of its practitioners. But the question remains—one that Penn himself seems to be brooding about in this show—whether such violent stylization is not a perversion of the true business of photography. In "Worlds in a Small Room," his recently published collection of pictures taken around the world (in New Guinea, Morocco, Crete, Cuzco, San Francisco, and elsewhere, sometimes in a portable studio), Penn complacently and condescendingly writes, "Taking people away from their natural circumstances and putting them into the studio in front of a camera did not simply isolate them, *it transformed them*. . . . As they crossed the threshold of the studio, they left behind some of the manners of their community, taking on a seriousness of self-presentation that would not have been expected of simple people." With his butt pictures Penn shows that he has the capacity for self-doubt one expects of complicated artists.

Garry Winogrand is a leading member of the opposition to posed and stylized photography like Penn's; he is a maker of pictures so raw and uncontrived that the unforewarned could take them for snapshots. Winogrand (who has been a commercial photographer, is now a photography teacher at the University of Texas, and does his real work in his spare time) objects to the very idea of professionalism—to the traditional distinction between the professional as someone who can control and predict his results and the amateur as someone who fumbles around and sometimes gets a good picture by accident. Answering a student who had asked "What is it, say, in a picture that makes it interesting instead of dead? What makes it alive instead of dead?" Winogrand replied with this telling statement:

> Let's go back to that gasoline picture [a photograph by Robert Frank of some gasoline pumps]. Let's say [it's] the photographer's understanding of *possibilities*. . . . When he took that photograph he couldn't possibly know—he just could not know—that it would work, that it would be a photograph. He knew he probably had a chance. In other words, he cannot know what that's going to look like as a *photograph*. . . . That's really what photography—still photography—is about. In the simplest sentence, I photograph to find out what something will look like photographed.

Winogrand is an acknowledged follower of Robert Frank, whose book "The Americans" (1959) has recently been reprinted and reappraised as a seminal work. Like Vladimir Nabokov, the Swiss-born Frank "saw" the America of the nineteen-fifties as no native American could have seen it. His bleak, gray, grungy photographs of hamburger joints, car accidents, urinals, motels, ugly Middle Americans expressed—long before Pop and Photo-Realism appeared—the loneliness, alienation, rootlessness, and sadness of automobile-happy mid-century America. No one had ever made pictures like that before, and it took a while for their irony to sink in: Frank couldn't find a publisher in America until the collection had been printed in France. Frank subsequently abandoned still photography, made films, abandoned that career, and now lives in isolation in Nova Scotia. He has recently started fooling around with Polaroid snapshots.

Winogrand picks up where Frank leaves off. In his book "The Animals" (1969), he shows the Central Park Zoo for the dirty prison it was, focussing on the bars, the concrete floors, the dispirited, ugly animals, the dumb (for thinking they are enjoying themselves), ugly people, and the grubbiness and meanness, conveying an atmosphere of nakedness and brown-soap harshness like that found in the paintings of Francis Bacon. In his large exhibition at the Light Gallery last March, Winogrand extended this dark vision to the larger zoo of contemporary urban America. He showed—in a fittingly disobliging manner, with his black-edged, buckling prints jammed together four-deep on the gallery wall, so that one had to crouch to see the bottom row—over two hundred photographs taken between 1952 and the present, most of them on the street, a few penetrating into bars, stores, airport lounges, and living rooms. Each picture is touched with the element of risk that Winogrand courts ("He knew he probably had a chance"), and not every picture is a photograph. (Some look like the pictures one sends back to the lab because it has blown up the wrong contact.) But when a picture works, it is potent indeed. For example:

> An old man carrying a plastic-covered garment from the cleaners is stiffly stooping to pick up his cane from the sidewalk. The scene is a poor neighborhood street lined with familiar-looking crumby little stores. The shutter was clicked at the moment best calculated to show the painful *slowness* of the man's action.

> A crowded park scene. A young mother dressed in a Pakistani shirt and jeans is striding briskly along, holding a little girl by the hand—practically dragging her. The child, wearing shorts and sneakers and sucking on a lollipop, is pulling back in order to stare at a woman midget wearing a print dress and high black shoes and carrying a cane. Two other kids in the crowd are gaping at the midget. But all the other people in the picture are obliviously going about their park business. The midget doesn't exist for them. Only the children see her; children "see" what grownups no longer can.

> A picture taken in a bar, seen down its length. The focus is the mock-incredulous expression on a pretty woman's face as she listens to a man with his back to the viewer, whom she has probably picked up there. A very American woman, a very American expression. (The other—the listening—side of the tall tale.) The alienating length of the bar, like a superhighway, in contrast to the intimacy of English pubs and French bistros.

As these descriptions suggest, Winogrand's work derives from the school of Cartier-Bresson, Kertész, and Brassaï, who pluck their pictures from the flux of street life and fix with their small cameras the fleeting moment that no brush or pencil (or even eye, sometimes) is fast enough to seize. This arresting of time is photography's unique capacity, and the decision of when to click the shutter is the photographer's chief responsibility. Cartier-Bresson's "decisive moment"—which he waits for like a stalking cat—arrives when (1) the gesture or expression or relationship or anecdote in question is at its highest peak of intensity, and (2) the picture's composition achieves (or retains) the appearance of a formal work of art. Frank's important discovery—one that Winogrand and other younger photographers have adopted enthusiastically—was that you can't get (2) in this country, and shouldn't try. This country is too messy and ugly—there are too many cars, signs, billboards, plastic baby strollers, women in pink curlers, garbage bags, high-rise buildings. These are our equivalents of the linden trees, cobblestones, brass plates, nineteenth-century store signs, nuns, and gendarmes that figure (or figured) in European photography, and they are the true elements of contemporary American photography. Winogrand embraces disorder and vulgarity like long-lost brothers, and often compounds the chaos of his pictures by taking them at radical angles. (A student remarked, "I always feel very precarious when I look at your images. I feel like I'm falling over. . . . Do you often shoot without using your viewfinder?" Winogrand curtly replied, "I never shoot without using the viewfinder.") Further unlike the elegant Europeans, who photograph discreetly and unobtrusively, Winogrand goes clumping right up to people, as one gathers from the startled or disgusted expressions on the faces of many of his subjects. This, too, is not ineptitude but part of the belligerent program of "finding out what something will look like photographed."

A 1961 memo from Edward Steichen, then director of photography at the Museum of Modern Art, which would probably please Winogrand, lies in Winogrand's file at the museum: "Dangerously close to snapshots but have collective impact. Maybe show group in show. Buy 3 at $10 each."

—Janet Malcolm

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the South Pasadena* (*Calif.*) *Review*]

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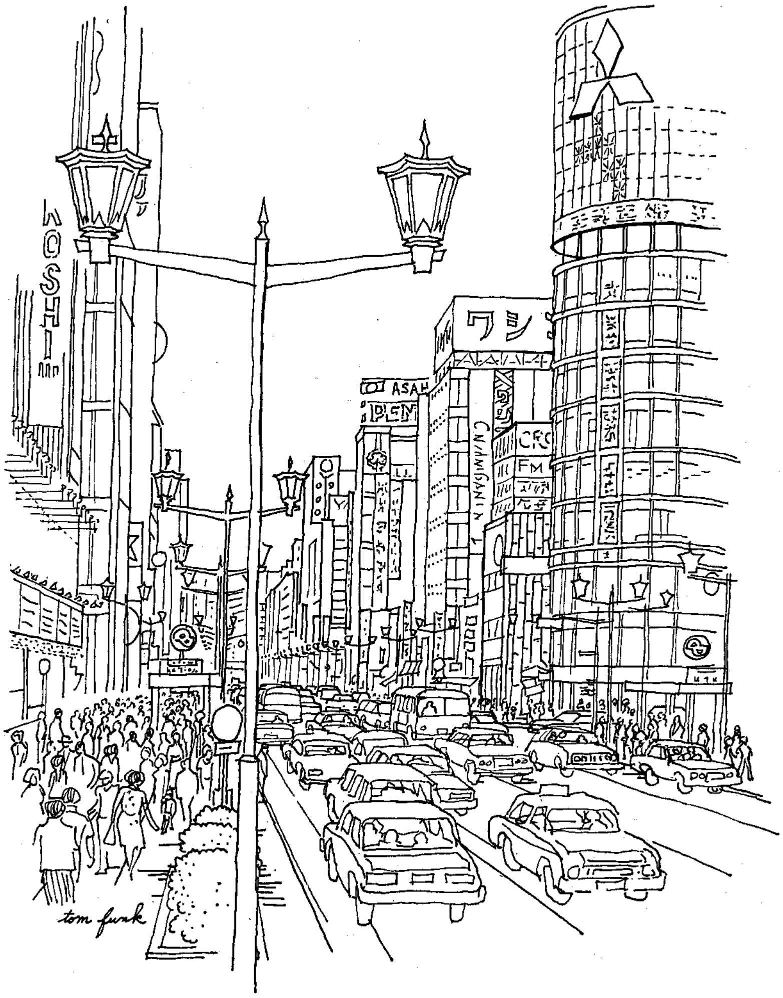
A REPORTER AT LARGE

FROM MACARTHUR TO MIKI—I



ON the night of August 9, 1945, I was aboard a United States Air Force Liberator bomber flying south of Nagasaki, on the western tip of the Japanese island of Kyushu. The plane was on a shipping-reconnaissance run, and I was along as a correspondent. At eleven-one that morning, about five hours before we had taken off from Okinawa, an atomic bomb had been dropped on Nagasaki, three days after the first such weapon ever used in war had devastated Hiroshima. After the Hiroshima bomb—which, according to Japanese statistics, killed 87,150 people outright and subsequently caused the deaths of an approximately equal number from wounds and radiation sickness—few correspondents thought the surrender of Japan could be far off, and my first reaction upon hearing of the attack on Nagasaki was one of profound shock, because the act seemed totally unnecessary and inhumane. As we drew closer to Nagasaki, we had the eerie sensation of being on the edge of doom, for on the horizon a red glare rose higher and higher against the dark sky. The mushroom cloud had disappeared hours before, but the city, or what was left of it, was still blazing. We turned and headed back to Okinawa, sitting in awed silence. Although the long war was all but over, I felt a sense more of remorse than of exhilaration. Five days later, the Japanese surrender was announced; it was celebrated on Okinawa with the wild nighttime firing of hundreds of rounds of glowing anti-aircraft tracer bullets. On August 28th, I landed with some of the first American Occupation troops at Atsugi Air Field, near Tokyo.

Not long ago, when I was in Japan for several months, I went to Nagasaki to see what had become of the city that was largely destroyed three decades ago. At the time of the bomb attack, its population was about two hundred thousand. According to local casualty statistics that I was shown (and that American military officials still dispute, as they do Japanese casualty figures for Hiroshima), 73,884 people had been killed immediately, and of another 75,000 initially listed as missing or injured, a majority were afterward reported as dead. A survey is still being conducted to determine exactly what happened to about half of those in the main target area. Of the current population of four hundred and forty thousand, eighty-three thousand continue to receive periodic medical tests for an increase of white blood corpuscles, for malignant growths, and for kidney and liver damage. Eight hundred people are officially registered as suffering from chronic radiation ailments. I spoke with a number of the bomb victims who were receiving hospital treatment, as well as with a dozen officials, including the robust sixty-eight-year-old mayor of Nagasaki, Yoshitake Morotani, who was in the fishery business in 1945, and who, because his house was only two miles from the epicenter of the blast, is among those who routinely get semi-annual checkups. I found virtually no resentment about the atomic attack but only a resolute determination—which the citizens of Nagasaki share with those of Hiroshima and, indeed, with the majority of Japanese citizens—to maintain a constant public campaign to outlaw any use of atomic bombs in the future. At the same time, there is a wide belief, revealed in public-opinion polls, that in a world of proliferating nuclear arsenals Japan will probably be forced to develop its own bomb sooner or later.

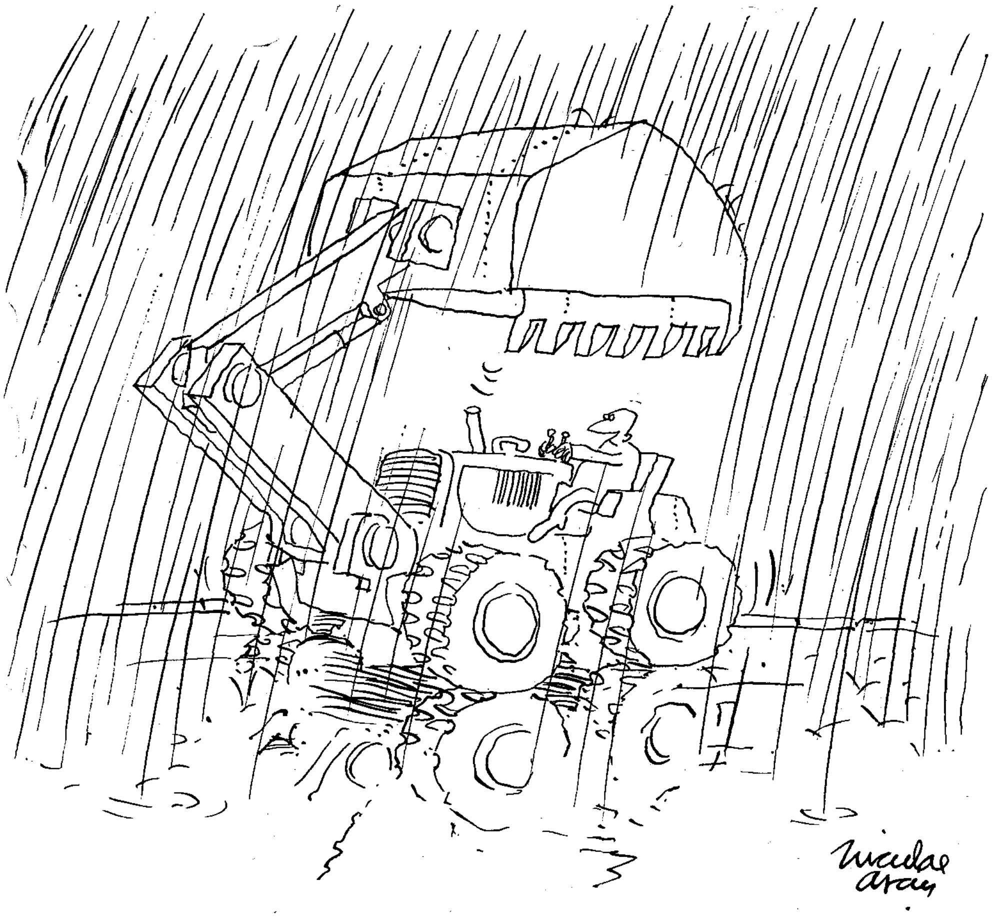
Nagasaki is not among the thriving cities of Japan today, but, as one of the most severely damaged of the ninety that were heavily bombed during the war (about twenty, including Tokyo, were more than half destroyed), it affords impressive evidence, in its complete reconstruction, of the remarkable recovery of Japan from prostration in 1945 to economic superpower now. Though its downtown area seems full of commercial activity—like all cities in Japan, Nagasaki has garish, neon-lit covered shopping arcades that imitate Tokyo's—Nagasaki is in fact heavily dependent on two industries, the steel mills and dockyards of the mammoth Mitsubishi conglomerate; the dockyards, the largest in the world, are capable of building ships of more than a million deadweight tons. At least half of Nagasaki's labor force works for Mitsubishi, with fishing, food processing, and general trade of secondary importance, but many of the young men and women go to the bigger cities, such as Tokyo, Osaka, and Kobe, to seek better jobs. Nagasaki's businessmen hope to develop some tourism, and to promote further growth of the fishing industry, especially if a new fisheries agreement can be worked out with China, with which Japan established full diplomatic relations in 1972. But no one I spoke with in Nagasaki expected the city to regain anything like its earlier importance as Japan's major window on the outside world—a role whose origins go back to 1543, when the Portuguese arrived there. A century of Portuguese influence was followed by several overlapping centuries of association with the Dutch and the Chinese; for a time Nagasaki was a main point on the international trade route connecting Japan with China, via Shanghai, and with the ports of Europe. During the country's long period of seclusion in the Tokugawa era, from 1641 to 1868, the city was a cosmopolitan cultural and scientific center, and as such played a special role in Japanese history. Subsequently, during Japan's delayed industrial revolution, in the last decades of the nineteenth century, Nagasaki's fortunes dwindled. Though it remained an important port through the Second World War, its real decline began when the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese War, in 1937, cut its trading ties with the Asian mainland.

The problems Nagasaki faces today are similar to those of scores of other communities that are not part of the nation's principal industrial complex, which is around Tokyo on the eastern plains of the main island of Honshu. There is wide debate as to the future of these lesser production centers—especially with regard to pollution—as there is, indeed, constant debate about every conceivable problem in Japan, a country that thrives on plans and projections, and consumes and spews forth econometric statistics and analyses as if it were operated by one vast computer. In Nagasaki, and everywhere else I went on my recent trip, especially in Tokyo, where I interviewed politicians, officials, social scientists, historians, critics, journalists, and others, I encountered, with few exceptions, a very polite willingness to discuss the past, present, and future openly and frankly. Despite all this, I had the constant feeling that I was dealing with a people whose recent experience had been so extraordinary that it was impossible for them to grasp its real meaning. Certainly, over the past two decades of tremendous growth events have unfolded so rapidly that the Japanese have scarcely had time to do anything but compose more progress reports, which they did assiduously, with obvious pride and a degree of smugness. Now that the tomorrows no longer loom so promisingly, the Japanese people are, for the first time, engaging in a process of true self-analysis, which they are finding both pleasurable and painful, and which somehow suits their character—compounded, as it is, of as much romanticism and optimism as practicality and pessimism.

Invariably, during countless hours of seeking to determine how and why Japan had succeeded so astonishingly in becoming an economic giant, and seeking to determine the very special nature of Japanese society and of the changes that are taking place in it, I kept harking back to the days when the Occupation began and to the feeling all of us had then that we had landed on another planet—one that had undergone some sort of cosmic convulsion. In those days, we were not greeted hostilely but for the most part were accepted with equanimity as conquerors. Many who had secretly opposed the war and were glad it was over even welcomed us, but the majority of the population, while desperately eager for the material assistance we gave, chose, whenever possible, to ignore us. The Japanese today neither want nor can afford to ignore the Americans, with whom, despite the trauma of defeat and the friction of disputes and misunderstandings over the years, they maintain the closest of their still tenuous foreign relationships. This will be reconfirmed in August, when Takeo Miki, who has been Prime Minister since last December, makes an American visit, which is scheduled to be followed by one from Emperor Hirohito in the autumn.

Despite prior centuries of isolation, the Japanese can no longer ignore the rest of the world, as they are belatedly beginning to learn after a recent series of economic jolts, dominated by the energy crisis, rampant inflation, and recession. But they remain determined to do things very much their own way, combining traditional forms and habits with a remarkable flair for the modern. I became increasingly convinced, however, that not only will they be unable to maintain their magic success formula without considerable modification but the transformations they undergo in the next decade are apt to have ramifications that will affect us all. The readjustment of their role in Asia alone, about which they are very unsure at the moment, cannot help but affect big-power relationships in the whole eastern hemisphere, and this, in turn, will have effects in Europe and the United States which are only beginning to be defined.

Many Occidentals who have lived in Japan for a long time continue to maintain that the more Japan changes, the more it remains the same, but now the cliché no longer rings true, for it is predicated on the supposition that Japan can sustain its aloof, independent, self-protective role in an ever more complicated world. Most comparative newcomers, probably because they have not, in effect, become Japanized, are



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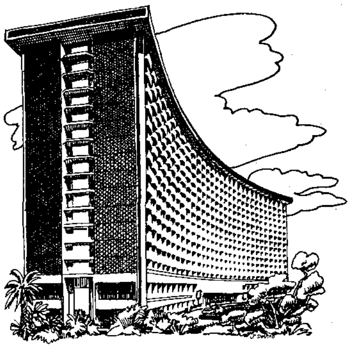

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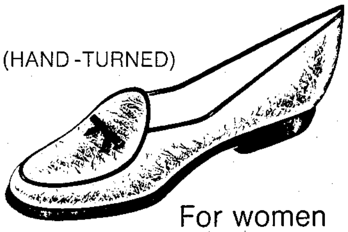

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convinced that significant changes are both desirable and inevitable. One of these is Professor Zbigniew Brzezinski, of Columbia University, who in 1972 wrote a short book called "The Fragile Blossom: Crisis and Change in Japan." Some of Brzezinski's predictions have already proved right, and in many respects the process of change he foresaw has actually accelerated. The Japanese themselves are the first to admit that their long-range outlook is far more uncertain than at any time since the end of the Pacific war. They are aware that they will find it harder to cope simultaneously with their domestic predicaments and with such complex international problems as obtaining enough of the natural resources upon which they are so dependent and maintaining good relations with regions such as the Middle East and Africa, with which they have had little experience. Since their delicate domestic balance is becoming more influenced by what is happening elsewhere, it seems to me that they will be unable to avoid permanent alterations in their intricately woven society. Whether this can take place without bringing about drastic political shifts, or even destructive clashes between opposing political forces on the left and the right, is a paramount concern.

THE prospective changes in Japan should first be analyzed in the light of what has happened in the thirty years since 1945. In brief, Japan got where it is today—or was until recently—through an extraordinary combination of luck and pluck, enhanced by, among other things, such fortuitous circumstances as the Cold War and the Korean War, and by the unusual ability of the Japanese to adapt Western technological improvements to their country's particular manufacturing facilities. Their special talent for organizing their political and social life to meet the shifting economic imperatives of various postwar phases of growth was also a major reason for success. Political leadership, provided in varying but largely impressive styles by successive Prime Ministers and by the long-ruling Liberal Democratic Party—actually a conservative party—was another important factor. But perhaps most important was the consummate ambition and perseverance of the Japanese entrepreneur.

Early in 1945, several months before the war ended, a group of half a dozen Japanese economists of various political persuasions began meeting secretly in Tokyo, carefully avoiding the scrutiny of the military police, to discuss what would happen to Japan after the war was lost, as they assumed it would be. Saburo Okita, who has been a prominent government economic planner throughout the postwar period, and who then, at the age of thirty, was on the staff of the Greater East Asia Ministry, recently told me, "We didn't know when and in what way the war would end, or whether Japan would be partially or completely destroyed, so we used our lowest projection, figuring our imports would be cut off entirely and we would have nothing at first but our domestic and human resources. We felt that the initial stress had to be put on agricultural production, on just feeding the people, but we also recognized the need for industrial rebuilding.

"As we continued to meet in the months after the war ended, we used the years 1934-36 as a guideline for the first level of Japan's recovery. We figured on a population of some seventy million, including six million repatriated soldiers and civilians. We knew we would have to build up some export industries in order to obtain raw materials, and we thought, naturally, of textiles—we had a large silk- and cotton-producing industry before the war—but we also felt we could rebuild our steel industry and turn it to useful purposes."

As things turned out, the objectives set up by Okita's secret group were amazingly close to the mark, although the group's predictions took some time to prove out. Economic activity at the end of the war was practically at a standstill. Food was very scarce. Japan proper had not been self-sufficient in food since about 1900, and the demands of the war and the damage and dislocation caused by the bombing had made things much worse; urban workers were averaging sixteen hundred calories and sixty grams of protein a day. Not only was there a serious lack of fertilizers and farm implements but also the rural population had swollen because of the lack of work in the urban centers and the greater danger of living in them during the bombing. Those who had stayed in the cities now wrapped up what was left of their possessions, jammed themselves into the few trains that were still running, and trudged dusty roads to far-off villages to trade their belongings for rice, in what came to be known as the "onionskin economy." They also bartered for such things as sugar, *sake*, and shoes, which they brought back to the cities and sold illegally on the black market.

The black marketeers and the "pan-pan" girls, the prostitutes the Japanese government made available to the Occupation troops—there were some seventy thousand such girls by 1952, and they were collectively earning about two hundred million dollars a year—were actually the first big groups of postwar entrepreneurs.

Overall, as the Japanese scholar Masataka Kosaka, of Kyoto University, has commented, "the Japanese felt no deep sense of guilt about the wrongs they had committed during the war," and, being a practical people endowed with amazing energy, they quickly set about doing what they could with their meagre means to reestablish their former existence. "The modern Japanese way of life, both for good and bad, had been shaped during the hectic eighty years since the Meiji Restoration," Kosaka has written. "Never, since the time Japan opened her doors to the West, had her people had time to consider good and evil, right and wrong, from any single and consistent point of view. Confronted with wave after wave of foreign influence, the Japanese were forced to adapt their ethics, as far as they were able, to constantly changing situations." Henry Kissinger probably had much the same thing in mind when he remarked, privately, before he became Secretary of State, that the Japanese "don't think conceptually." They could surely have been pardoned for not having any conception of what was about to happen to them when, at noon on August 15, 1945, for the first time ever they heard over their battered radios the static-ridden, whiny voice of Emperor Hirohito, who told them that the war had been lost and that "we have resolved to pave the way for a grand peace for all the generations to come by enduring the unendurable and suffering what is insufferable." This was the first defeat Japan had ever experienced, and the shock was profound. More than eight million people on the main islands had been killed or wounded, and two and a half million homes had been destroyed or badly damaged. A million and a half men had been lost in action. The population of Tokyo had declined from about six and three-quarters million to about three million, and most of those left were living in huts. Nevertheless, once the initial shock was over, the Japanese quickly regained their self-discipline, and within ten days they had obeyed American orders to disband their armed forces—although a few groups of die-hard military extremists, such as some kamikaze pilots, had to be forcibly persuaded to abandon their weapons. By the time General of the Army Douglas MacArthur alighted from his plane at Atsugi at the end of August, tieless and nonchalantly brandishing his corncob pipe, an odd, involuntary admiration for the Americans had surfaced, inspired, Kosaka says, by the "technological perfection" of the huge fleets of silver B-29 bombers the weary population had seen overhead for so many dreadful months, symbolizing "the superior strength and higher civilization of the United States."

As Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers for the Occupation and Control of Japan, General MacArthur operated under a broad yet peculiarly ambiguous set of instructions from Washington. SCAP (a term that designated both MacArthur personally and the whole American bureaucracy in Japan) was to encourage "changes in the form of government initiated by the Japanese people or government in the direction of modifying its feudal and authoritarian tendencies," even if such changes involved the use of force. The orders directed MacArthur not to "assume any responsibility for the economic rehabilitation of Japan or the strengthening of the Japanese economy," and stipulated, "The standard of living will depend upon the thoroughness with which Japan rids itself of all militaristic ambitions, redirects the use of its human and natural resources wholly and solely for purposes of peaceful living, administers adequate economic and financial controls, and coöperates with the occupying forces and the governments they represent." MacArthur was an imperious and arrogant man, whose undoubted intellectual brilliance was focussed largely on nineteenth-century politico-economic theories and conceptions, and who interpreted his directives pretty much as he saw fit. After imposing an American-style "peace constitution" in March, 1946, which made a figurehead of the Emperor, abolished the old Privy Council and House of Peers, and set up a parliamentary system, he and his staff sought to reshape Japanese life with sweeping reforms creating an independent labor movement, shaping a broader and more liberal educational system, eliminating the hierarchical family system, disestablishing Shinto as the state religion, giving the vote to women, introducing a successful land-reform program, and dissolving the major family-owned holding companies, known as *zaibatsu*. But probably

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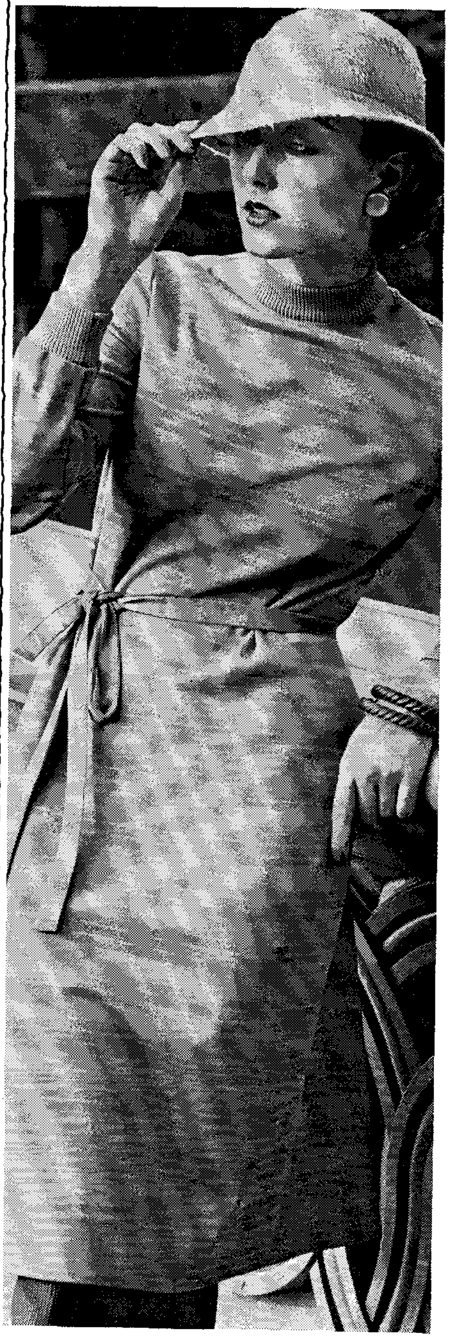

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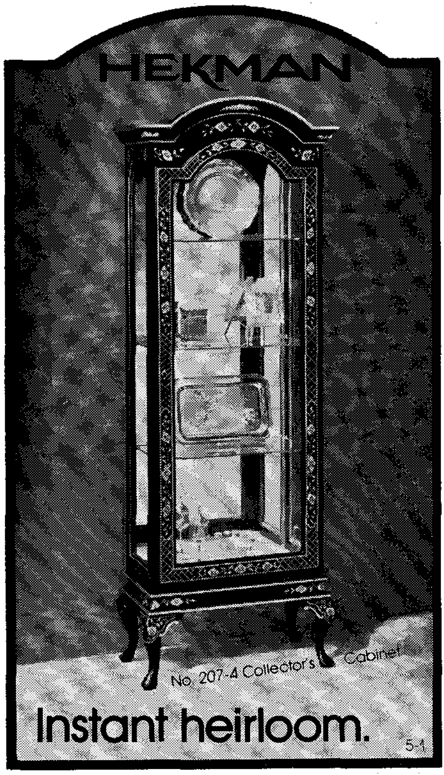

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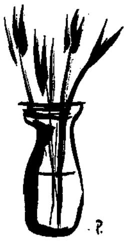
most important was the manner in which the Japanese implemented—or evaded—some of these measures. The evasions were made easier by a sharp division between liberals and conservatives in the ranks of SCAP policy-makers, of which the Japanese took full advantage. By 1947-48, SCAP's shifting policies had resulted in the country's reformist elements' losing out to the more conservative bureaucrats, politicians, financiers, and military men. As the Cold War intensified, this shift, which became known as the "reverse course," gave the Japanese more leeway to develop economically in their own fashion, as a potential American ally against Communism. The revised policies that emerged also set in motion the mechanisms by which the modern Japanese capitalist system began and subsequently flourished.



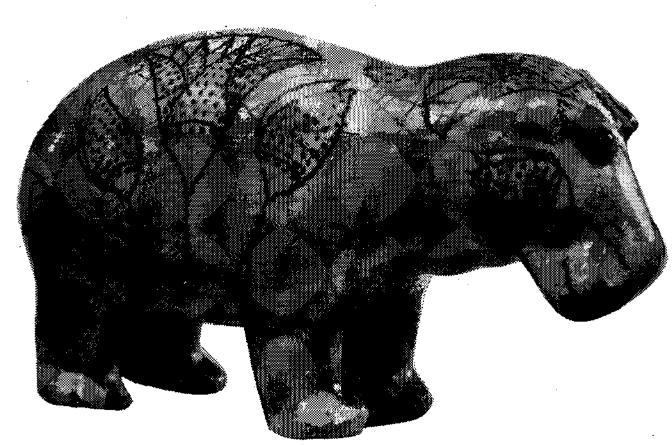
Originally, according to what MacArthur himself later indicated, the Occupation was supposed to be fairly short, but it lasted seven years, partly because of the constant friction between MacArthur and the more or less moribund Far Eastern Commission, representing eleven nations (among them the Soviet Union, Great Britain, China, Australia, and Canada), over which the United States held a veto, and the differences within the Allied Council for Japan, which was composed of representatives of the United States, the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and Nationalist China. The latter group after V-J Day rapidly became a forum for invective between the Russians and the Americans, while the British and the Nationalist Chinese played lesser roles. Some historians agree that a short Occupation could easily have led to a Communist Japan, since the nation was economically prostrate and the internal Communist movement, subject to considerable Soviet influence, was strong, following the release from jail, on MacArthur's orders, of thousands of political prisoners. The left wing soon came to be dominated by the Socialists, but it contained a large number of disciplined Communist activists, who were particularly influential in the labor movement, and overall the left had the backing of many civilian experts on SCAP's staff who were zealously determined to avoid a resurrection of the prewar ultra-conservative leadership and military-industrial complex. At the same time, the Socialists misjudged what they thought was a SCAP mandate for them to run the country, and this soon led to their downfall, following a short period of unsuccessful coalition rule—with the Democratic Party but without the Communists—in 1947-48.

An event that had a lasting and divisive effect during the Occupation was the Allied attempt to purge the wartime militarists. The effort began with the indictments of twenty-eight leaders regarded as major war criminals. Of these, twenty-five stood trial (two died in prison and one was institutionalized), and seven were put to death, including General Hideki Tojo, who had been the wartime Prime Minister and had failed in an attempt to commit suicide with a revolver in the office of his home just as the American arresting party had come for him. The questions of responsibility and guilt were examined, as they were at Nuremberg, and there were, inevitably, charges by Japanese that the trials had been unfair and that the evidence had not been fully or properly weighed. By and large, though, the Japanese shed no tears for the demise of the men who had led them down such a disastrous path.

What did cause widespread debate and genuine discontent were subsequent, much wider SCAP purges of military, political, and business leaders, as well as of intellectuals deemed guilty of having supported the war. This process involved elaborate screening procedures—carried out with the help of the Japanese government—which could take as long as two years. Seven hundred and seventeen thousand persons were screened, and two hundred and ten thousand were purged from public life—a hundred and fifteen thousand of them career military men. Most of those purged reappeared after the Occupation ended and regained their former status or assumed new roles. Three of the purged politicians, including one who had been jailed, Nobusuke Kishi, became Prime Ministers. Much less affected by the purges were the bureaucrats in the national government, of whom only a hundred and forty-five ranking ones, out of four thousand, were discharged. This had a significant effect in enabling them, as a group, to dominate policy and administration during the Occupation years and afterward as well, when many of them went into politics and became national leaders. The survival of the bureaucrats, who in many respects run Japan today, must be listed as another big factor in the country's recovery and progress.

One of every four top business executives was purged, but the Japanese responsible for this part of the program adroitly interpreted the SCAP directives to include only the heads of the *zaibatsu* and other large concerns, down through the managing-director and executive-director levels, which left those below them untouched. Many of these so-called "third-rank executives" took over and subsequently assumed important roles in managing the reorganized and newly prosperous companies after the mid-fifties. While some *zaibatsu* executives returned to active roles after a policy switch in 1948, eighty-three holding companies, including the four giant *zaibatsu* controlled by the Mitsui, Sumitomo, Iwasaki (proprietors of Mitsubishi), and Yasuda families, were dissolved, and fifty-three members of the *zaibatsu* families were subjected to a heavy capital levy. Originally, the trust-busting program was to include three hundred and twenty-five other big industrial and trading concerns, but after 1948 the list came down to a mere eighteen. Mergers of some of the earlier components of the big *zaibatsu* were permitted, but the centralized, family-owned holding companies, as such, remained barred—for example, today there are twenty-seven separate, though closely related, firms under the banner of Mitsubishi, the largest of the present industrial-trading conglomerates.

The purposeful procrastination on the part of the Japanese in carrying out the economic purge and conflict within SCAP ultimately allowed the reconsolidation of many old concerns almost without notice. According to Eleanor M. Hadley, now an economist with the International Division of our General Accounting Office, who was one of those involved in the *zaibatsu*-dissolution program at SCAP, and who favored a strong purge policy, "the fact was that real control of the Japanese economy did not rest with Occupation authorities. It rested with the old Japanese business leaders, [who] were prepared to hoard their materials, operate in the black market, let the economy stagnate, and wait for the end of the Occupation." A somewhat different view (demonstrating the wide disparity of opinion within SCAP) was held by William Sebald, a State Department man who was one of MacArthur's top advisers. Sebald felt that "the Occupation tinkered too deeply and often needlessly with Japan's social and institutional life." He added, "The attempt to destroy the so-called *zaibatsu* was foredoomed, for, as was later demonstrated, the Japanese preferred economic centralization and cartelization and quickly restored them." The differences among American officials in



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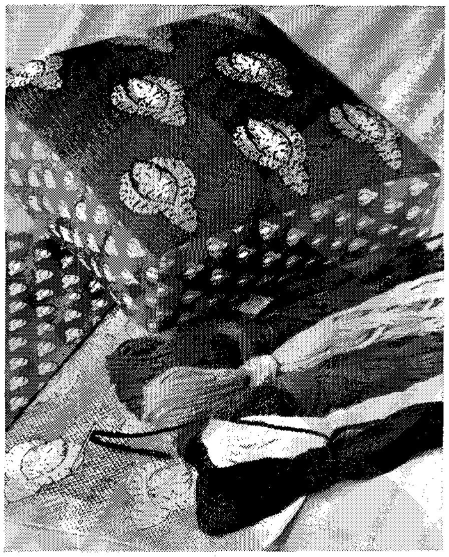

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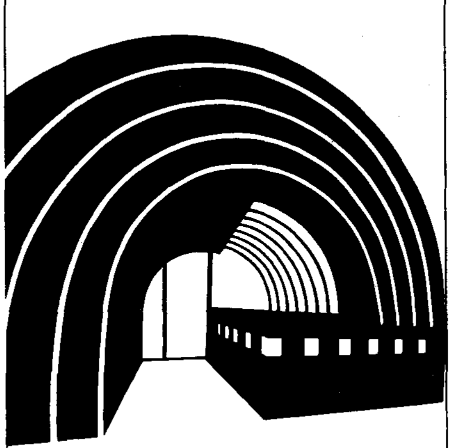

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Japan were reflected in the United States, where business leaders with prewar investments in Japan were against the destruction of the companies with which they had coöperated, while others, particularly in the textile business, remembering the tough prewar competition they had faced from the Japanese, wanted their former competitors eliminated and the corporate doors opened wide. In any event, the limited extent of the economic purge permitted the Japanese to profit from the emergence of bright new managerial talent while also preserving many of the old corporate structures and methods.

ONE of the Occupation's true accomplishments and one that has had a lasting effect on Japanese life was the land-reform program. The Japanese had long talked of reforming the country's feudal land-tenure system. Soon after Hirohito took the throne, in 1926, ushering in the present Showa period—each emperor gives a name to his reign—both farmers and bureaucrats recognized the need for improving outmoded farming techniques by means of new equipment and new investment, and a movement to untie the feudal bonds of the landlord-tenant relationship arose. But before long the militarists put an end to such talk of reform. At SCAP's urging, in December, 1945, the Japanese on their own passed a reform measure. This, however, allowed a landlord to retain twelve and a third acres. SCAP wasn't satisfied, and in October, 1946, forced the passage of a second land-reform bill, under which all land owned by absentee landlords as well as that leased out by village landlords in excess of two and a half acres was to be bought by the government and resold to tenants at controlled prices. Within two years, nearly five million acres, formerly owned by some two million landlords or their families, were sold to about four and three-quarters million tenant cultivators. In many instances, landlords fought to keep as much land as they could by various subterfuges, and frequently persuaded the tenants, who had long been conditioned to obeying them, and who were mostly still dependent upon them for such things as firewood and fertilizer, to return some of their property. Local land committees set up to supervise the land-reform program became centers of dispute, but for the most part they supported the claims of the tenants.

Land reform encouraged rural homogeneity and solidarity by reducing class differences, but, inevitably, new political and economic power bases arose, and a new class of local farm officials slowly emerged to take over the leading village and prefectural posts. They worked with Nokyo, the Union of Agricultural Coöperatives, which nowadays, despite a dwindling number of farmers, remains one of the most powerful pressure organizations in Japan. It includes almost all of Japan's seven million farm families, still fifteen per cent of the total population, who belong to some seven thousand local coöperatives. Nokyo has been called a "mammoth agricultural *zaibatsu*"—a by no means farfetched comparison, since it operates a business organization of its own that rates favorably in total dollar volume with the top conglomerates, such as Mitsubishi and Mitsui. In addition to dealing in agricultural products and machinery, Nokyo runs, among other things, a huge insurance business, a travel agency, chains of hotels and supermarkets, and a publishing business. It acts as spokesman for the farmers in negotiating for large annual increases in rice prices and more money for farmers out of the national budget. Although it cuts across party lines, Nokyo is closest to the Liberal Democratic Party, and its fifteen members in the Diet coöperate with some two hundred "rice Diet-men" from rural constituencies to provide solid support for conservative policies. Despite the decline in the number of farmers—thousands of farms are now operated by women and older people as young men have gone off to the cities to work or have taken part-time jobs in local factories—Nokyo is capable of swinging elections in the Liberal Democrats' favor both nationally and locally, although in recent years the opposition parties, particularly the Communists, have made increasingly successful low-key, nonrevolutionary appeals to the rural population. As a result of the astronomical rise in the price of land over recent years, some of the richest people in the country today are farmers, who, if they wish, can sell their property to industry, for instance, or to the proliferating golf and tennis clubs for millions of dollars. None of the early reformers in SCAP could possibly have conceived that the land-reform program would create a rich rural society that would become a bulwark of conservative strength as well as a foundation stone of the social and political stability that facilitated Japan's postwar growth.

AS important as land reform in the reshaping of postwar Japan was the creation of a free labor-union movement, which gave new impetus to the traditional Japanese work ethic. Before the Pacific war, fewer than half a million workers were organized, and during the war unions ceased to function entirely. In December, 1945, inspired by SCAP, the Diet passed a trade-union law modelled on our National Labor Relations Act of 1935. A year later, there were more than seventeen thousand unions, with a membership of nearly four and a half million—about half of the nonagricultural wage earners in Japan. The Communists played an important role in early union organization, working through a federation called the Congress of Industrial Labor Unions of Japan, while the Socialists controlled the Japan Federation of Labor, the forerunner of today's largest federation of unions, the General Council of Japanese Trade Unions, known as Sohyo. As uncontrollable inflation convulsed the country in the immediate postwar period—prices more than doubled in the first six months of the Occupation—there was a series of strikes and slowdowns, as well as the development of a special tactic that Japanese workers called "production control," whereby, rather than strike, they simply took over a plant, for instance, or a railway line and ran it until their demands were met or a compromise agreed to. (In the case of one railway company, the workers repaired broken-down trains and ran them so well that they managed to increase the company's revenues and win their demands for a fivefold wage increase.)

By the spring of 1946, increasing strikes and demonstrations had created the same sort of differences among SCAP officials that marked the purge programs. Conservative members of the Diet and the new emerging Japanese élite took a strong stand against the militancy of the burgeoning labor movement, and particularly the production-control tactic. SCAP officials hedged on the latter, but George C. Atcheson, Jr., the highest-ranking State Department official in the country and the American representative on the Allied Council, condemned it and said it was tantamount to confiscation of property without compensation. An important turning point came in mid-May, 1946, a week before the formation of the third postwar Japanese Cabinet, headed by Shigeru Yoshida, who was eventually to rule as Prime Minister for fifty-three of the seventy-nine months of the Occupation. A demonstration took place in front of the Imperial Palace, followed by a series of other demonstrations at food-

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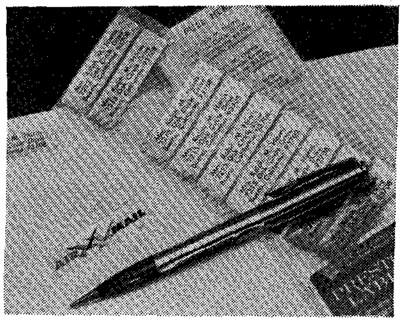

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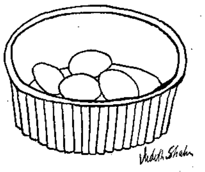
rationing centers in Tokyo, where thousands of workers and housewives demanded rice and complained about the breakdown of the food-rationing machinery throughout the country. On May 19th, while Yoshida was still struggling to find new ministers who were not on the purge list, sixty thousand demonstrators gathered at the Imperial Plaza, and by the end of the day a quarter of a million people had demonstrated in Tokyo alone. The following day, MacArthur issued a tough warning. "The growing tendency toward mass violence and physical processes of intimidation, under organized leadership, presents a grave menace to the future development of Japan," he said, adding that both "orderly government [and the] basic purposes and security of the Occupation itself" were threatened. The statement, which many SCAP officials regarded as exaggerated, caused immediate confusion and consternation among the unions, enabled Yoshida (who had threatened to quit) to form his Cabinet, and intensified the growing split between the Socialists and Communists.

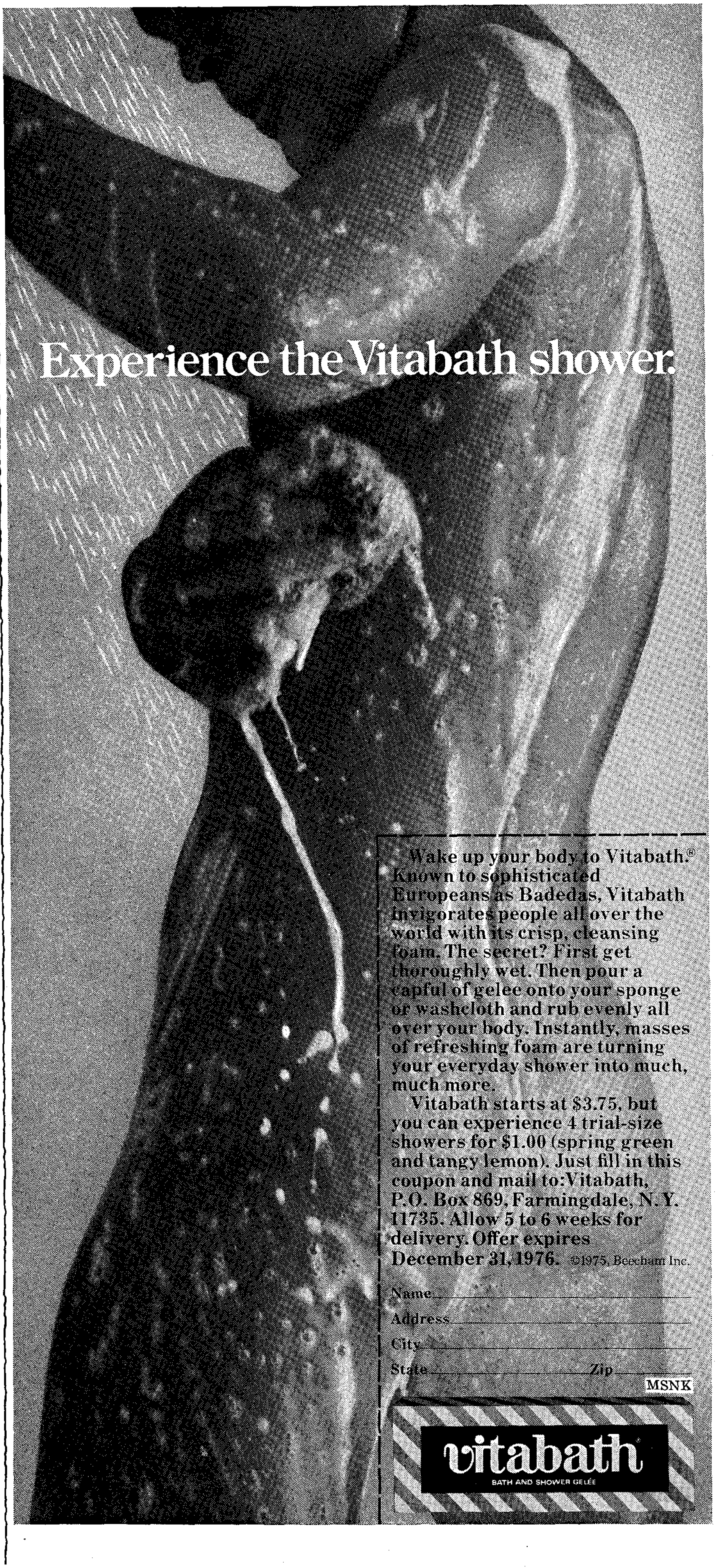


After two months of relative quiet, demonstrations and strikes resumed. At the end of August, MacArthur declared that "strikes, walkouts, or other work stoppages which are inimical to the objectives of the Occupation are prohibited." Thereafter, SCAP intervened more openly, and Yoshida also took a rigid stand, denouncing those who struck as "lawbreakers." The climax came in late January, 1947, when, in protest against Yoshida's position, a general strike was planned for February 1st by a united front representing thirty unions and about four million workers. SCAP tried hard to work out a compromise, but labor unrest was too strong. On the afternoon of January 31st, nine and a half hours before the strike was due to start, MacArthur issued an order forbidding it. This, too, was a milestone in Japanese postwar history, because it prompted the emergence of a more moderate and disciplined labor movement, without which industry would never have achieved its remarkable production records.

The formation, after general elections in April, 1947, of a weak coalition government headed by the Socialist Tetsu Katayama, followed by an even shakier one led by Hitoshi Ashida, of the Democratic Party, did little to change the course of political events. Though Katayama introduced some reforms, inflation continued unabated, there were still abysmal shortages of food and other goods, and strikes resumed once more. The Katayama government collapsed over a budgetary issue, and the Ashida government fell over a nasty financial scandal involving bribery of officials. By this time, the contest for power among liberal and conservative Japanese politicians was thoroughly intertwined with the bitter battle among similar factions within SCAP. More important, the whole course of American policy was now obviously changing. In March, 1947, President Truman proclaimed his famous doctrine espousing overt opposition to Communism in Turkey and Greece. Other high-ranking American officials, including Dean Acheson, Under-Secretary of State, and Kenneth C. Royall, Secretary of the Army, referred to Japan as a coming industrial and political bulwark against Communism in Asia. Earlier American studies, notably that of a mission headed by Edwin Pauley, a powerful Democrat and erstwhile oilman, at the end of 1945, had recommended a harsh policy of reparations payments by Japan and a virtual dismantling of those factories which had withstood bombing. Now, however, new American missions, particularly one headed by Under-Secretary of the Army William H. Draper, Jr., and accompanied by a businessmen's advisory group led by Percy H. Johnston, a banker, spoke in terms of "economic recovery" for Japan and advocated a halt to the breakup of the old companies, in the interest of increasing production and investment. The new line was clearly enunciated by Secretary Royall when he said in a speech to the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco that "deconcentration must stop short of the point where it unduly interferes with the efficiency of Japanese industry."

All this, however, amounted to mere rhetoric in the face of the continuing dismal state of the Japanese economy. Shigeru Yoshida returned to power as Prime Minister in October, 1948, and following elections in January, 1949, he governed with an absolute majority as head of the Liberal Party, and declared that his greatest task was to find a way "to break the vicious circle of wages and prices and to promote economic stability and reconstruction." Even before Yoshida took over again, SCAP had instigated a further crackdown on labor by forcing the Ashida government to issue an ordinance "denying government workers not only the right to strike but also the right of collective bargaining"—a move that led to the resignation of a number of top SCAP officials, including James Killen, the prickly head of the labor division, who asserted that "labor in Japan must probably learn the hard way by participation in strikes, unrest, and, for a time, false leadership. When the laboring man has been sufficiently fooled by his Communist leaders, he will throw them out. Communism cannot be fought with a gun or club—it must be defeated by democracy standing on its own feet." As a result of new MacArthur-inspired directives, eleven thousand leftist labor leaders were fired from their jobs, as were three thousand government employees, newspaper editors, and writers, in what became known as the "Red Purge." In one year, total union membership declined by nearly a million, although by mid-1951 the labor movement had begun to recover under the leadership of the Democratization Leagues, which, with the Socialists in control of the Japan Federation of Labor, had encouraged the formation in July, 1950, of the new General Council of Japanese Trade Unions—Sohyo.

BEFORE that time, as Japan slid further into economic chaos, a series of drastic reforms had been instigated by Joseph Dodge, a conservative Detroit banker who was chosen by Washington to take over the direction of the Japanese economy in February, 1949. Many Japanese still speak of the stringent Dodge measures as the real turning point, but just as many add that if it had not been for the outbreak of the Korean War, a year and four months after his arrival, Dodge's tough deflationary policies would have ended in disaster. With the full backing of Royall and MacArthur but the disapproval of many SCAP officials, especially those in the crippled labor division, Dodge established himself as the virtual dictator of the Japanese economy. "Before anything else, the Japanese budget must be balanced," he maintained. He reorganized the program of United States economic assistance by setting up a counterpart fund into which the proceeds from the sale of relief goods were to be paid and used to redeem bonds and debentures of the government's chief lending institution, the Reconstruction Finance Bank. The proceeds were also used to pay for special services, such as railways and communications, and to support investment in a limited number of key industries, such as shipping and electric power. Some two hundred and sixty thousand government workers



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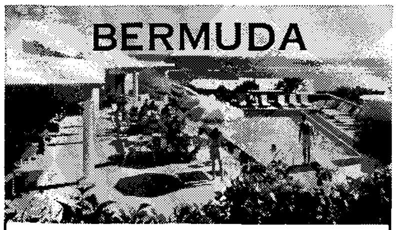

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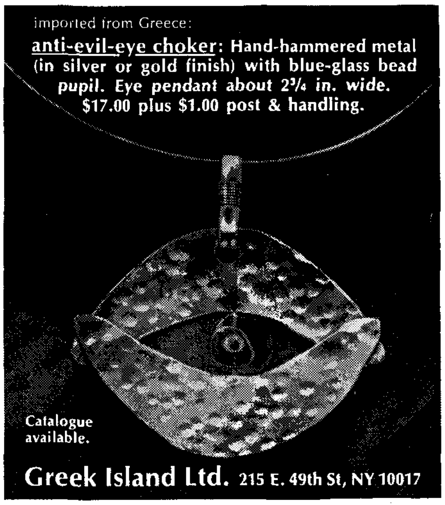

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were laid off, and wages were tightly controlled. Perhaps most important was Dodge's establishment of a firm exchange rate for the yen. By June, he had succeeded in creating a balanced budget, and a year later the inflation was under control, but the deflationary policy had brought Japan to the edge of depression. It was in that month, June, 1950, with production at roughly a third of its 1931 level and annual per-capita income at a hundred and thirty-two dollars (it had been seventeen in 1946), that the Korean War started.

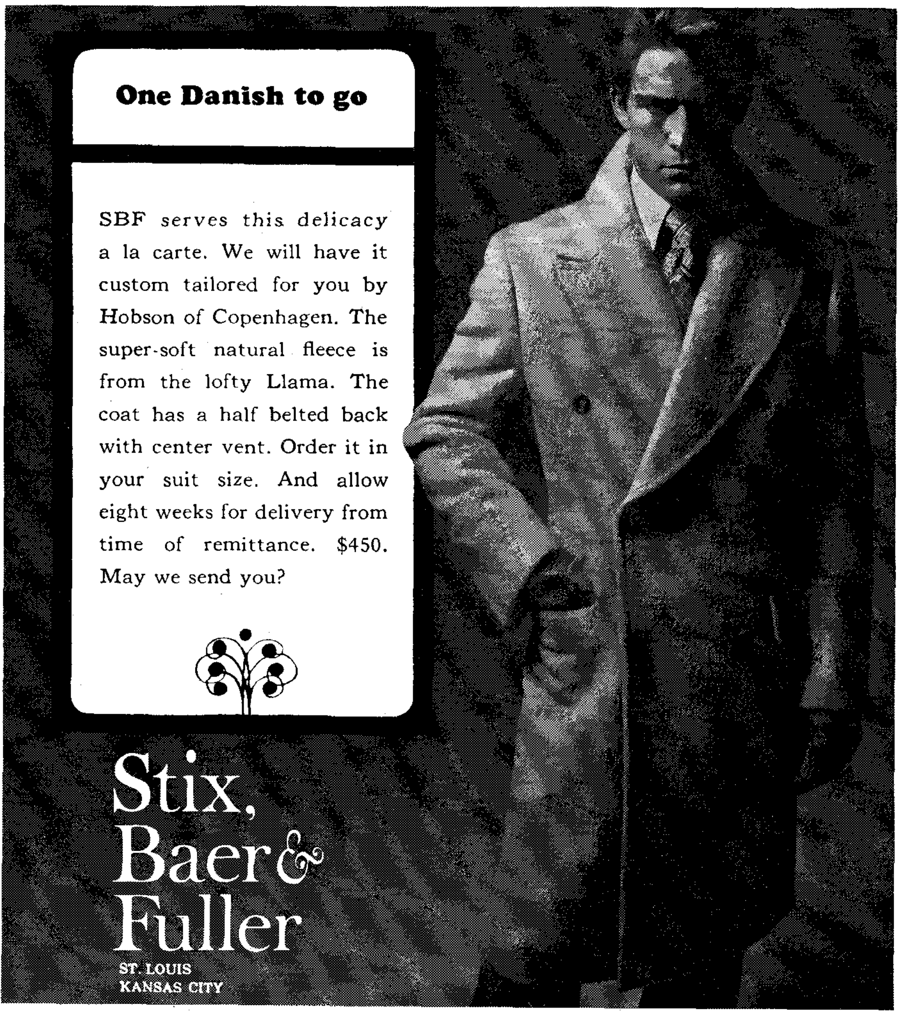
"We had prepared the way without knowing what was coming," Kiichi Miyazawa, who was an assistant to Hayato Ikeda, the Minister of Finance, during the Dodge period and has since held many important bureaucratic and political jobs—he is now Foreign Minister—told me recently. "The war enabled us to deflate the deflation. For us, it was an undeniable boon." It was more than a boon—it was a bonanza. Procurement orders, both for military matériel and for services for the American and United Nations armed forces fighting in Korea, were valued at more than three hundred and thirty-eight million dollars in the first year of the war, and amounted to about forty per cent of Japan's total exports for 1950. Hisato Ichimada, the Governor of the Bank of Japan, described the orders as "divine aid." Ten per cent of them were for ordnance, which reëstablished the Japanese arms industry. By the end of 1950, the nation's trade balance, which had been deep in the red for four years, had become favorable. Five years after the start of the war, procurement orders, which tapered off after 1953 but continued for the support of American troops left in Korea and Japan when the fighting ended, totalled a billion six hundred million dollars, and in addition to orders for ordnance and trucks there were ones for coal, communications equipment, and textiles, as well as for a variety of services, such as warehousing and the installation of telephone and telegraph lines. By the end of 1951, Japan's industrial production was up to the level of the 1934-36 period, which was the goal set by Saburo Okita and the group of planners who had met clandestinely back in 1945. In 1951, iron and steel production had exceeded the prewar level, and Japan had again become the world's leading textile exporter.

There were some problems. Electric power, coal, and transportation were still bottlenecks, for example, and gradually an export inflation set in, which, as heavy dollar receipts provoked an increase in the amount of yen notes issued, sent domestic prices soaring above international levels. Though the government initiated some efforts to control the expansion of credit, the eleven major so-called "city," or private, banks in Tokyo began the practice of overlending that has periodically plagued the Japanese economy ever since, bringing on tight-money policies that cause losses and bankruptcies among many individual enterprises. By and large, however, this unique credit-control mechanism has served Japan well—in fact, it should be cited as another important reason for the country's seldom-interrupted growth—but the Japanese have again been lucky in that until now there has been no worldwide economic or financial crisis of sufficient severity to throw the system off kilter.

THE Korean War, coming on top of the victory of the Communists in China, helped bring Japan another reward that stimulated its growth—a peace treaty formally ending the Second World War and the American Occupation. The treaty was the crowning achievement of Yoshida, whose prewar training had been in diplomacy. (He had been Ambassador to England and Foreign Minister before his disapproval of the pact with the Axis powers and of the militarist policy cast him into limbo and, eventually, into jail.) He had a firm belief that a defeated nation, if it played its cards right, could resurrect itself through diplomacy and emerge even stronger than before. A stubborn man of high principle who operated mostly by instinct, he had disapproved of many of the Occupation's methods, such as the initial purges and the destruction of the *zaibatsu*, which he felt were unnecessary, while wholeheartedly approving other programs, such as land reform. The new constitution, he felt, was far too much an American rather than a Japanese instrument—and this was true. As an old-line conservative aristocrat, he favored a two-party system and had privately hoped that the Socialists, in order to hold the Communists in check, would succeed better than they did when they briefly took over the government in 1947. Throughout his long months in office, he played a carefully contrived cat-and-mouse game with MacArthur. The two men had a mutual respect and dealt bluntly and openly with each other. As early as 1948, Yoshida felt he was ready to push ahead on his main objective, the peace treaty, and the fact that the Americans and the British were ready to sign such a treaty without the participation of the Russians made things easier for him.

Informal discussions between the Japanese and the Americans had been going on since 1947, and the Americans had made it increasingly clear that they were prepared to move ahead, not only in signing a treaty without the Russians but also in making a separate, bilateral security arrangement with Japan. George Kennan, who was involved in some of the early exchanges of views with the Japanese on these matters, later wrote that these preliminary talks may have been a factor in the North Korean decision to attack South Korea with Soviet backing. South Korea, from which the Americans had withdrawn all but a small military mission, appeared to the Russians, logically enough, to be, as Kennan said, "one of the scraps of advantage [that] lay loose around the table," especially after the failure of all efforts to reach a political decision in Asia involving the major powers.

A few days before the war began, John Foster Dulles, who had just been appointed a special adviser to the State Department by President Truman, arrived in Japan to open discussions for a settlement. Defense Secretary Louis Johnson and General Omar Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, arrived around the same time, and they, more than Dulles, favored the retention of a strong American military presence on Japanese soil. Dulles, a hard-line cold warrior and a man motivated by a calculated religious fervor that helped forge his stern political philosophy, wanted the Japanese, as anti-Communist allies, to rearm, but Yoshida balked at this, and MacArthur, oddly, supported him. Yoshida had no qualms about aligning Japan with the United States and Great Britain against Russia and China, which had only recently signed their own alliance and jointly still regarded Japan as a potential enemy. But he had to fight off his political opposition, whose members demanded a treaty everyone would sign, including the Russians and the Chinese, arguing that only in this way could Japan remain truly neutral and avoid being caught between two emerging power blocs. Yoshida later wrote, in defense of his position, "Ever since the opening of Japan's doors to the Western world more than a century ago, the basic principle of Japanese policy has been the maintenance of close and cordial political and economic ties with Great Britain and the United States. That Japan departed from this basic principle, and became allied with



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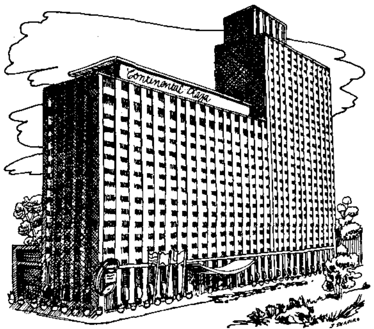

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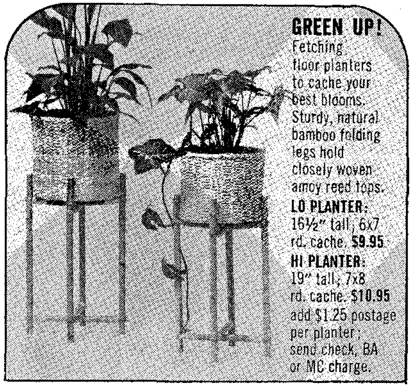

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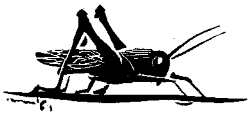
Germany and Italy, was the prime cause for my country being pushed headlong into a reckless war."

The first American divisions sent to Korea were units from the Occupation forces in Japan, and it was soon clear that new provisions would have to be made to protect America's bases in Japan, as well as the quarter of a million American civilians and dependents there. What Dulles eventually tried to sell Yoshida was a Japanese army of more than three hundred thousand men, which the Americans would help support financially, but in the meantime it was quickly agreed to expand the small Japanese police force by establishing a seventy-five-thousand-man National Police Reserve. Though the N.P.R. appeared to violate Article 9 of the Japanese constitution, which stated that "land, sea, and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained," it soon received tanks, machine guns, and mortars, becoming the nucleus of today's Self-Defense Forces, which total about two hundred and sixty-five thousand. A small Air Self-Defense Force was created, and, separately, a Maritime Self-Defense Force, out of the earlier Maritime Safety Agency; and though Occupation officials kept it a secret, the excellent minesweeping units of the former Imperial Navy, which had cleared away mines from Japanese waters after the end of the Pacific war, were used to clear the waters off Korea prior to the American landings at Inchon and Wonsan. In a secret message Yoshida sent to Washington shortly after the Korean hostilities had begun, he also suggested that "if the American side so proposed" Japan "was prepared to study ways of offering the United States military bases on Japanese soil."



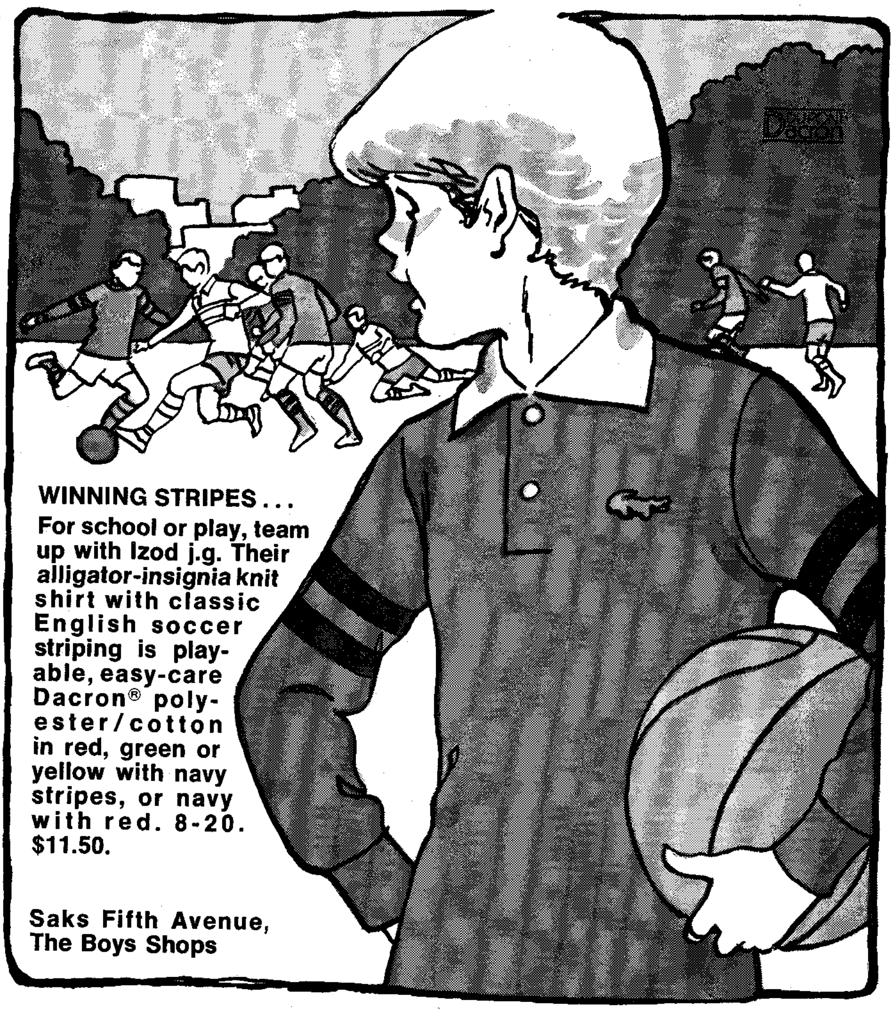
This prepared the way for the signing of the United States-Japan Security Treaty, which took place in San Francisco on September 8, 1951, the same day the peace treaty was signed; the security treaty was to go into effect on April 28, 1952, when the Occupation formally ended and Japan regained its independence. Forty-nine nations signed the peace treaty, which amounted to "a peace for Asia without Asians," as one American commentator wrote, since China, Russia, and India refused to participate. Though Japanese relations with all three have since been normalized, no peace treaty with either Communist power has been signed to this day. In fact, Yoshida was forced by Dulles to recognize the Chiang Kai-shek government on Taiwan and specifically not permitted to normalize relations with Peking. Those relations were finally restored in 1972, when President Nixon shocked the Japanese by visiting Peking without giving them any advance notice, after which the Japanese went even farther than the Americans and exchanged ambassadors with the Chinese.

In the security treaty, the Americans made a somewhat qualified statement that they would be available to defend Japan against attack; ultimately, it was agreed that they would be allowed to keep a garrison force of up to a hundred thousand men in the country. The United States gained the right to veto any proposal for the entry of the forces of a third power into Japan, and the right to intervene, at the request of the Japanese government, to quell internal disturbances. While not surrendering its rights to the Ryukyu Islands, Japan was forced to agree that these strategic islands, including Okinawa, were to be temporarily administered by the United States. (Not until 1972 would Okinawa revert to Japan.) The treaty admittedly was an unequal one, but clauses promising continuing economic aid and the lack of insistence on rearmament (despite Dulles) were both positive contributions to further expansion.

The opposition parties, which protested both the peace treaty and the security pact, were not strong enough to keep both from being approved by the Diet, but the issues involved still deeply divide the country, and the revision of the security pact in 1960, even though in Japan's favor, caused severe riots. Between 1951 and 1960, the special procurement program initiated by the United States to pay for the upkeep of its military units stationed in Japan amounted to six billion dollars. Under the protection of the American "nuclear umbrella," and with its own defense costs less than one per cent of its gross national product, Japan has frequently been accused by American politicians and other critics of obtaining a "free ride" militarily. There is no doubt that by keeping its defense costs down—at least, compared to those of other major nations, including the United States—Japan has been able to concentrate more of its energies and money on building up its economy.

IN the years between the end of the Pacific war and the outbreak of the Korean War, the Japanese had concentrated on rehabilitating their basic industries—coal, iron, steel, fertilizers, and food production. Even by the end of the Korean War, when exports had reached one and a quarter billion dollars a year, the nation's goals were still modest. As Kiichi Miyazawa pointed out to me, "no one as yet was thinking in terms of rapid growth. We thought simply of maintaining a solid foreign-exchange position in order to earn enough for imports." One of the first export industries to take off was textiles, and this was mostly the result of the soaring demands of American buyers of such things as inexpensive blouses and shirts. Scores of buyers flocked to Japan from New York and other big cities in the early fifties and told the Japanese exactly what to design and mass-produce. In 1952, two dozen cotton shirts were imported here from Japan. The figure went up to a hundred and eighty thousand dozen in 1953, and in 1955 to well over a million dozen, and such increases caused American manufacturers and cotton growers to start protesting, with the result that "voluntary" export quotas were accepted by the Japanese in 1956. These became one of the most touchy perennial issues between the two governments—the subject of long and complicated negotiations that finally resulted in elaborate agreements.

Ever since the early Meiji period, beginning in 1868, the Japanese had imported foreign technology and adapted it for local use. As exports started booming, they turned abroad again for new machinery and techniques in order to modernize their plants; a large portion of the investment in equipment went into the iron-and-steel, electric-power, and machinery industries. By 1953, the production of pig iron had already exceeded the peak figures of the Pacific-war period, and the production of crude steel surpassed the wartime marks the following year. Chemical fertilizers and shipbuilding also started to boom, and then electronics, petrochemicals, synthetic fibres, photographic and optical equipment, and automobiles (though the real auto boom did not begin until the sixties). Invariably, the Japanese made their own improvements on the technology they imported. As Saburo Okita has emphasized, "on many occasions, because of such improvements, factories originally built with foreign design in the course of time reached a much higher output than the designed capacity set by the foreign supplier of 'know-how.' Thus, blast furnaces originally designed for a daily output of fifteen hundred tons of pig iron actually operated at a twenty-five-hundred-



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ton capacity. A synthetic-rubber factory with a designed capacity of fifty thousand tons a year operated at seventy thousand tons. With such improvements, the cost of production—in particular, capital cost—was considerably reduced." In many cases, the Japanese went to the United States and bought newly designed and as yet untested machinery, shipped it to Japan, assembled it in their own way, and started utilizing it before the Americans.

In 1956, Japanese investment in foreign equipment increased by an astonishing fifty-seven and a half per cent over the previous year, and it went up another twenty-three and a half per cent in 1957. Millions of dollars were paid out for patent rights. Much of this investment was financed by government banks, such as the Japan Development Bank, which was established in 1951 to replace the Reconstruction Finance Bank set up during the Occupation, and which, in addition to furnishing investment loans of its own, helped obtain funds from the World Bank and elsewhere abroad. The Industrial Bank of Japan and the Long-Term Credit Bank were similar institutions that provided funds to key industries, and the policies of these banks, in turn, stimulated private bank lending. Along with this vast expansion of credit, the labor market expanded rapidly. In the mid-fifties, the labor supply, in contrast with the present one, was overabundant—in fact, there was still considerable unemployment just after the Korean War—but with new factories springing up the opportunities for jobs quickly multiplied. And as farm production increased—because of the development of efficient miniature tractors that suited the small plots created by the land-reform program, and because of rapid improvements in the use of fertilizers—there was no longer the need to import as much food from abroad. Although farmers became prosperous in the mid-fifties, many young people from the rural areas began moving to the cities to work in the new factories and lead more exciting lives. The population of Tokyo reached seven and a half million in 1955—more than double what it had been ten years before.

With the start of urbanization came a new hunger for consumer goods, which has increased ever since. Not only were people eating better but they wanted things that made life easier, particularly household appliances—especially those known as "the three electric treasures": washing machines, refrigerators, and television sets. Between 1953 and 1955, the sale of washing machines quadrupled, and it doubled again in 1956. Since television sets, called *terebi* by the Japanese, were more expensive, as were refrigerators, sales of these two items grew more slowly, but by 1957 they began to rise sharply, too. In March, 1956, there were a hundred and fifty-six thousand television sets in the country; by the end of 1957 the figure had soared to seven hundred and fifty thousand, and by the end of 1958 it more than doubled again. Much of the credit for the fast growth of the television industry belongs to a man named Matsutaro Shoriki, who had introduced professional baseball to Japan before the war and owned the *Yomiuri Shimbun*, one of the country's three major newspapers. Shoriki was the first to think of developing a television industry, and at the end of 1951 he applied for a TV-station license. This prompted Nippon Hoso Kyokai, the publicly owned Japan Broadcasting Corporation, known as NHK, to speed up its own plans for starting a noncommercial network; it made its initial telecast in February, 1953, beating Shoriki's Nippon Television (NTV) by half a year.

Masataka Kosaka attributes the desire for "the three electric treasures" and other material satisfactions to the impact of the Occupation years. "Before 1945, the only contact most Japanese had had with Western civilization was through the literature and movies that filtered into the country," he has written. "With the Occupation, however, they saw with their own eyes healthy American soldiers, young and bursting with energy. They watched American cars speed by on tiny Japanese roads and realized why they had lost the war. Instead of bemoaning their own weakness, the Japanese began to pursue the materialistic life-style of the Americans." Within a short time, this created a driving self-interest on the part of many people, as well as "the growth of anti-establishment values and popular groups whose members represented absolute antagonism toward the ethical standards of their elders."

The generation gap, a phenomenon that became perhaps more of an obsession in Japan than in most other countries, began to be discussed. It was the theme of a highly popular 1956 novel, "Season of Violence," by Shintaro Ishihara (who went on to become an

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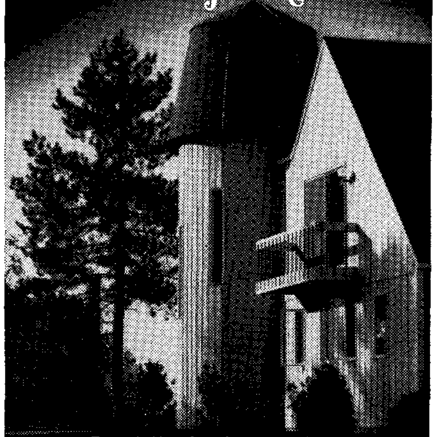

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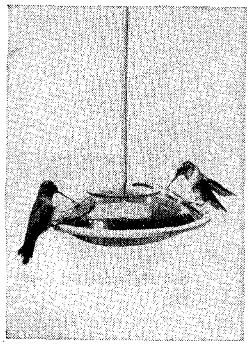

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iconoclastic right-wing member of the Diet, from which he resigned last March to run for governor of Tokyo, a race he lost badly). The book dealt with the rejection by the young of the values and ethics of their elders and vividly described sexual acts as an expression of the new freedom. It sold three hundred thousand copies before long and won a top literary award, making Ishihara an overnight cult hero. In the book, he described a new, jutting hairstyle that was adopted by thousands of young men who were called *taiyozoku*, or "sun tribe," and that was one of the earliest of many successive fads of the new, prosperous Japan. At the same time, though, there was a reassertion of traditional Japanese values and artistic ceremonial forms, such as the tea and flower-arranging rituals.

Beneath all this, however, poverty and low living standards had by no means vanished. The majority of people lived in apartments of one or two tiny rooms, or in little wooden houses, and the government program to build so-called *danchi*—four- to six-story concrete apartment houses—did little to alleviate the situation. Sewage facilities remained abysmal; there was a shortage of water in Tokyo and other large cities; and the poor quality of roads caused many accidents and horrendous traffic snarls. There were not enough schools and hardly any recreational facilities. Life in the big city, despite its glitter, was in many ways disorganized, drab, and confining. In this sense, the rehabilitation of West Germany far surpassed that of Japan—a comparison often made by travelling Japanese.

THE popularity of Prime Minister Yoshida declined sharply after 1951, owing largely to his inclination to run the government by himself with the help of a few trusted friends, and to his undisguised contempt for most members of the Diet, whom he ignored and sometimes publicly insulted. A bribery scandal involving government-shipyard contracts was directly tied to the Liberal Party, and Yoshida was criticized for having intervened to avoid prosecution of the Party's secretary-general, Eisaku Sato, who would later become Japan's longest-ruling postwar Prime Minister. There were also ideological aspects to the political transformation that was taking place, including ambivalent attitudes toward the Americans, whose postwar reforms, although widely accepted, were subconsciously resented as reflecting American political principles

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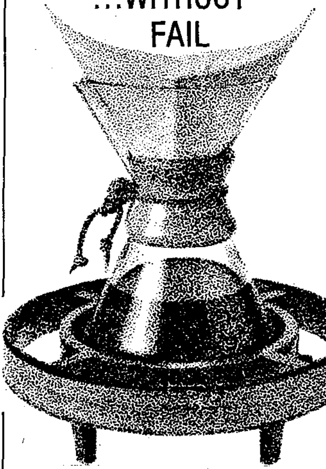

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whose exact nature the Occupation authorities had never really explained. This left the Japanese free to make their own interpretations and encouraged a revived sense of nationalism, which increasingly found expression in demonstrations and riots against the peace treaty and the existence of American bases in Japan.

While the political conservatives and their supporters approved of most of the Occupation reforms, the urban intellectuals—university professors, high-school teachers, and students, as well as members of the flourishing media—were far more critical. Many of the intellectuals were doctrinaire Marxists, and while there was a fear of Russian expansionism and a guarded attitude toward the Chinese, there arose a resentment on the left against overdependence on the Americans. The Marxists criticized American imperialism for creating a new "monopoly capitalism" in Japan at the expense of the nation's inherent cultural values. Edwin O. Reischauer, who was later to become the most popular postwar American Ambassador to Japan, aptly described the mood as an "American fixation," pointing out, "Almost all the most divisive issues in postwar Japanese politics seemed in one way or another to involve attitudes toward the United States and the Japanese relationship with her."

The reëmergence into public life of some of the previously purged politicians, notably Ichiro Hatoyama, who would have become Prime Minister when Yoshida formed his first Cabinet had he not been purged at the last minute, gave further expression to the new nationalism. Hatoyama and others like him were pure politicians rather than bureaucrats like Yoshida, and they were more skilled at catering to public opinion. They felt that, instead of relying only on the United States, Japan should widen the scope of its international relations, and they also felt that if Japan was going to rearm, the country should do so not under American guidance and direction but on its own. While Yoshida held to his stand that the nation should not rearm rapidly, he did agree to gradually increase the strength of what had by now become the Self-Defense Forces. This, and the blunt manner in which Yoshida forced through the Diet a bill for reorganizing the national police to place them under more direct central control, contributed to his unpopularity.

EARLY in December, 1954, Yoshida and his entire Cabinet resigned, partly as a result of pressure from the Americans, and Hatoyama became the new Prime Minister, winning a tenuous victory in the 1955 elections. Politically, it was the start of a new era. Though Yoshida had been the right man for his time—a figure comparable to Konrad Adenauer in Germany and Alcide de Gasperi in Italy—his time had now obviously passed. He was a man of the prewar world, and his vision had become too narrow for the bursting postwar Japan now that the Occupation was over. His pro-American and pro-British inclinations had become too rigid for dealing with the new dimensions of the world situation, and, while he had resisted Dulles on rearmament, he had in many ways allowed Dulles and other Americans to turn him into a low-key Japanese cold warrior.

Hatoyama's style, on the other hand, was admirably suited to the Japan of the mid-fifties. Though handicapped by a stroke he had suffered before he took office, he was still able to function effectively. He was far less authoritarian than Yoshida, and, avoiding the latter's role of all-knowing aristocrat, he acted more down-to-earth, seeking the opinions of others and making himself available to the public at large. Wataru Hiraizumi, one of Japan's most articulate politicians and a leading strategist of the Liberal Democratic hierarchy today, described the transition from Yoshida to Hatoyama to me as follows: "What was overdue was a regaining of spontaneity, a return to our own initiatives. Hatoyama exemplified what most people had begun to feel: a desire to return—for the time being, at least—to the old Japanese way of doing things, an easier and almost lazier way.

"This was a biological necessity after the militarism of the thirties and forties and the stringencies of the Occupation. The fact that Hatoyama was a born politician was important. He was personally popular, partly because he had been purged during the Occupation, and a big Hatoyama boom took place. His two years in office signified the real beginning of postwar Japanese nationalism. He Japanized the new Japan, and at the same time he broadened our horizons by establishing normal relations with the Soviet Union and enabling us to enter the United Nations. What we needed was some fresh air, some breathing space, and Hatoyama gave it to us."

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

(*This is the first in a series of three articles.*)

THE RACE TRACK

Getting and Spending

JULY 27

JERSEY goes to the top of the column this week. Last Saturday, Richard E. Bailey's Dearly Precious stretched her winning streak to six in the Sorority Stakes for two-year-old fillies at Monmouth Park, while in Atlantic City Dan Lasater's Royal Glint was leading all the way in the United Nations Handicap. Dearly Precious took command early, winning by a couple of lengths from Optimistic Gal. Now I expect she'll go to Saratoga for the Spinaway on August 22nd, the next-to-last day of the meeting. I was surprised that Royal Glint, who is by Round Table out of Regal Gleam, paid as much as 4–1, for he had run well on the grass.

BELMONT PARK closed on Saturday with a double feature, two divisions of the Lexington Handicap at a mile and a quarter on the grass. In the first, Dr. Emil led from beginning to end; in the second Brian Boru came up on the rail in the last furlong to win by a neck from Rapid Invader. Earlier in the week, in the Tremont Stakes for two-year-olds, Bold Forbes, winner of his five starts in Puerto Rico—the first by seventeen lengths and the last by thirteen—strolled home by a mere five in 1:09⅗ for six furlongs. A bay colt by Irish Castle out of Comely Nell, he was bought by Esteban Tizol at the yearling sales for $15,200 and has earned $37,669. Though Sarsar has a high turn of speed, she couldn't carry it for nine furlongs in the Hempstead Handicap on July 20th—she finished third, nearly nine lengths behind Raisela and Pass a Glance.

The New York Racing Association will ask the New York State Racing and Wagering Board for permission to continue racing on Sundays. Also, with the Big A running in January and February, there is talk of putting a synthetic track in the infield. Colonel Martingale is looking for moths in his parka.

THERE are always a few loose extra dollars for yearlings at Keeneland. Last week, three hundred and forty-two colts and fillies went under the hammer for $18,344,000—more than a million above the 1974 total. Nevertheless, I was flabbergasted to hear from returning travellers that Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Groves, who are said to operate a heavy-construction business in Minneapolis, gave $715,000 for a chestnut colt. The colt, who is by Raise a Native out of Gay Hostess and is a full brother of Majestic Prince, is the first thoroughbred they have ever bought, and the price was the highest ever paid for a yearling. (No doubt one of these days somebody will give a million for one.) Leslie Combs II, who bred the colt, has done rather well: he sold Majestic Prince, who won the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness in 1969 and was the handsomest they come, to Frank McMahon for $250,000; Crowned Prince, a full brother, who didn't do so well, to McMahon for $510,000; and, last year, a colt by Raise a Native out of Gold Digger to Wallace Gilroy for $625,000. The next-to-top price at Keeneland this year was $500,000, for a colt by Round Table out of Moccasin; he will go to Ireland to be trained by Vincent O'Brien for the unidentified syndicate that bought him. At one session of the vendue, T. M. Evans sold five Buckland Farm fillies for $598,000; at a later one he spent $410,000 of it for a colt by Graustark out of Eastern Princess. Horsemen are like that.

—AUDAX MINOR

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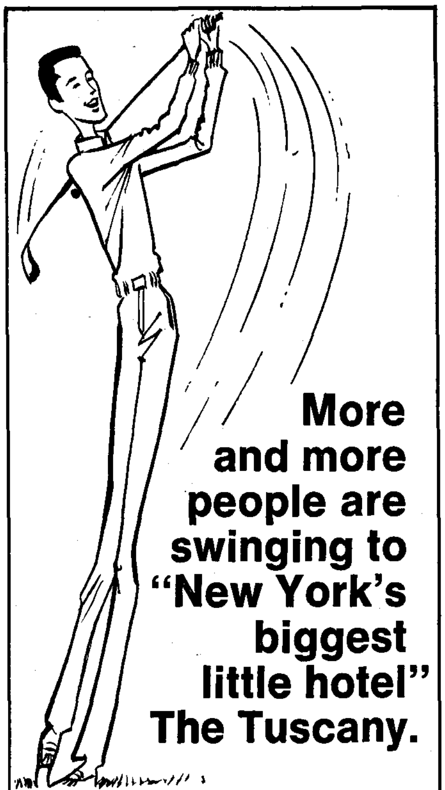
18. COURT ETIQUETTE Last season there were complaints about members trespassing on other courts when rallies were in progress, either to reach a vacant court or to retrieve a ball. I hope it will not be taken amiss if I say that, while we have no objection to people walking behind the bowler's arm when the bowler is Australian, we deprecate its sphairistic equivalent.



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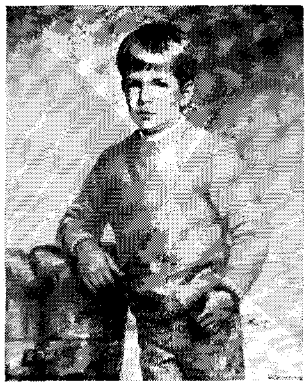

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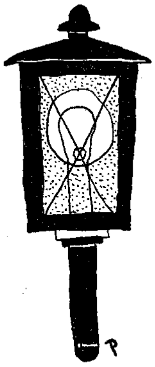
ALTHOUGH Bismarck's announcement that politics is not an exact science could hardly have been news when he made it, a century or so ago, the notion that various political elements have certain properties that have certain consequences is still widely relied on. President Eisenhower is said to have told friends that when he was growing up in Kansas a Democrat was regarded as being about as dependable as the town drunk. Democrats have now gained some respectability, even in Kansas; yet poll after poll taken in recent decades has indicated that most Americans perceive Democrats—in contrast to their Republican counterparts—as warmhearted and responsive to their constituents' needs and, by the same token, big spenders, inclined to be terribly unsound when it comes to managing public money. Over the years, the majority of the Democrats in public life have seemed to relish their role as the party known for its generosity rather than its certified public accounting. In the last few months, however, the public has been treated to the spectacle of Democratic governors in such capitals as Sacramento, Boston, Trenton, Harrisburg, and Albany offering themselves as pillars of fiscal prudence. Some of them have even confounded the opposition with admiring references to the work ethic and disparaging ones to those who settle for welfare and other largesse that Republicans have been brought up to associate with the party of the New Deal and the Great Society.



In Albany, Democratic chief executives have been a rarity in recent decades, with Hugh Carey, who was inaugurated on January 1st, only the second member of the Party to be elected in thirty-six years. The new Governor started out by proclaiming in his inaugural address that the state must live within its income from now on. ("All around us, in this capital, are symbols of splendor, monuments of glass and marble," Carey said, getting in a nice partisan dig at former Governor Nelson Rockefeller's billion-dollar Albany mall. "They stand as living embodiments of an idea of government as an ever-expanding institution, to be paid for from the ever-expanding riches of tomorrow. . . . Tomorrow is here.") A week later, in his State of the State Message, he made the calculatedly quotable announcement that "the days of wine and roses are over." In the session of the State Legislature that opened on January 8th and ended last month, Carey—who during his fourteen years in Congress had been regarded as a politician of such flexible philosophy that Shirley Chisholm, a fellow-representative from Brooklyn, remarked during last year's gubernatorial campaign, "You can never be sure where Hugh Carey stands on anything"—took the stern position that popular programs must not be passed unless the legislators would also vote for unpopular taxes to support them, and he kept making such statements as "I will not lead my state into a fiscal morass" and "If the voters have to choose between additional programs and adding to the state deficit or between not adding new programs and not adding to the deficit . . . I think they will favor fiscal integrity." Calvin Coolidge would have given the Governor high marks.

On the local scene, another favorite political syllogism has proved to be unreliable, since New York City had to be put into limited receivership in June, and now, for the second time in two months, again faces the possibility of having to default on its debts because investors are unwilling to risk their money on an administration that seems unable to bring itself to make the politically awkward adjustments required by the city's reduced circumstances—or even to understand the seriousness of the situation. Having voted in November of 1973 for Abraham Beame, the first C.P.A. to be elected mayor, most New Yorkers had thought they could safely count on an administration of the caretaker sort, wonderfully efficient, provident, and low-key, marked by a welcome end to Lindsay-style melodrama, manufactured or real. There was a popular conviction that Beame, as a lifelong civil servant, would stand up to the increasingly importunate demands of local union leaders, to which previous mayors, fearful of the unions' political strength, had caved in for too many years. Most important of all, with a former city budget director and comptroller occupying the mayor's office (Beame must be as tired of references to his campaign slogan "If you don't know the buck, you don't know the job—and Abe knows the buck" as John Lindsay got to be of hearing about his description of New York as "Fun City"), New Yorkers could relax in the knowledge that the city's finances were in practiced hands. Yet the negotiations that culminated in the state's setting up of the receivership device, the Municipal Assistance Corporation (which Carey nicknamed Big Mac), made it clear that a major reason the city was on the brink of bankruptcy was that under Mayor Beame City Hall had continued to resort to the same unsound fiscal tricks it had been indulging in for a decade, often on the specific recommendation of Beame in his years as comptroller. And there is a growing realization that probably one reason the current city budget crisis has turned into the most prolonged and tumultuous within memory was that Beame, who said of the city's present fiscal predicament, "I never saw it coming," had also failed to notice something else: the same changing national philosophy that has led Americans to view with increasing favor zero, or even negative, growth in other areas (population, land use, energy) may now have influenced their views of what local governments can or should do. In New York, as elsewhere, the old premise that bigger is better, no matter what the cost, may no longer be the surefire ticket to political advancement that it has been for generations.

At the height of the budget crisis, the *Times* reporter Murray Schumach made a discovery that gave support to Carey's view from Albany that at least some New Yorkers were ready to take a harsher look at the concept of government as an ever-expanding institution. For weeks, Beame officials and local union leaders had been applying such terms as "intolerable," "unconscionable," and "viciously anti-city" to the Republicans in Albany blocking legislation that would permit the city to put into effect a budget that, despite Beame's claims of having made "murderous" retrenchments, would eventually be more than a billion dollars larger than the budget passed in June, 1974. Meanwhile, City Hall was under almost daily siege from stormy demonstrations against the layoffs and the cuts in programs which the Mayor had said must be made if the Legislature refused to grant the hundreds of millions of dollars in local taxing powers he had asked for. Schumach concluded that although the Mayor had counted on public outrage to force nervous Albany legislators to comply

FROZEN CHICKEN A LA KING
W Miller

"And then there's the shrimp Newburg. That's usually pretty good."

with the city's requests, among ordinary New Yorkers there did not in fact appear to be much indignation over some of the proposed cuts. It had already been noted that most of the City Hall protests were either led or instigated by those who were in danger of losing their jobs or their power bases in the retrenchment. The largest such demonstration—a formally designated "Day of Mourning," during which fifteen thousand schoolchildren, parents, and teachers, some wearing black armbands, left schools at which flags were at half-staff and converged on City Hall, where prop coffins were waiting—had been organized by the United Federation of Teachers and the Board of Education. One of the more memorable scenes not only of the Day of Mourning but of the entire budget crisis was that of Isaiah Robinson, Jr., who was then a member of the Board and three weeks later was named its president, exhorting the crowd with the chant "Give me an M! Give me an O! Give me an R!" until they had spelled out "M-O-R-E M-O-N-E-Y."

Then, there was the curious case of the seven Republican state senators who are members of the city's otherwise heavily Democratic delegation to Albany. The Democrats won the State Assembly along with the governorship last November, but the Republicans still control the State Senate. Their margin is only thirty-four to twenty-six, however, giving the seven local Republican members the balance of power. The Beame administration had hoped that constituents back home in the five boroughs would be in such great distress over the threatened reductions in services that they would put severe pressure on the seven to defy the Republican Senate leaders. City Council Majority Leader Thomas Cuite mentioned to Schumach, however, that the seven were said to have felt almost no such pressure. The prospect of being held responsible for the cuts apparently had not alarmed even those of the seven who are believed to be interested in running for citywide office in the future. The implication was that large numbers of residents of this city, already the highest-taxed in the nation, might have concluded that New York could conceivably get along with fewer than the three hundred and thirty-eight thousand employees who were on the payroll at the beginning of this year, and also might be wondering whether it could continue to provide all the vast range of services that it now offers above and beyond those found in most other cities. (The most frequently cited examples are the nineteen municipal hospitals—Chicago makes do with one—and the tuition-free city university, which has two hundred and sixty-nine thousand students.) There was no evidence during the budget crisis that this development was welcomed, or even understood, in the Mayor's office, which needed to present the local citizens as being in the grip of an intense crisis atmosphere in order to get what it wanted out of Albany. A few days after the legislation was finally passed, however, and a large percentage of the city workers who had been temporarily fired in order to scare the legislators into action were back on the payroll, Beame told reporters at a press conference that there had been no real crisis over the budget. There had merely been a "problem," he said. Then why, he was asked, had he repeatedly described his tentative budget as "a crisis budget"? "I knew you'd get me on that," the Mayor said (with a giggle, according to the *News*). "We couldn't think of a better word."

In retrospect, it is not surprising that the word "charade" was put to frequent use to describe what was going on, as was the charge that people were playing games. "They're playing Ping-Pong, and we're the ball," said a Brooklyn policeman with a temporary pink slip. "It's all politics." The Governor accused the Senate Republicans of indulging in "budget baccarat." There were almost daily references to chess. Sometimes city employees, or New Yorkers generally, were pawns, and sometimes the city government was the pawn between the Governor (who, in the name of fiscal prudence, declined to let the Democratic Assembly vote an increase in state school aid which would be disproportionately helpful to suburban—that is, largely Republican—school districts, because, he insisted, the state didn't have the money and the Republicans wouldn't pass equivalent taxes) and the Republican Majority Leader of the Senate, Warren Anderson, of Binghamton (who refused to let the Senate pass the legislation wanted by the Democratic city until the Republican areas got what they wanted). Anderson had still another game in mind when a panel of *Times* editors and reporters asked for his comment on James Cavanagh, a white-haired, cherub-faced man who was a longtime colleague of Beame's in the Bureau of the Budget and is now First Deputy Mayor, and whom many observers consider to be as important as

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Beame in the day-to-day running of the city. Of his negotiations with Cavanagh over the city's budget needs, the Binghamton senator said, "He's a delightful guy. He's had the three shells out there and the pea in his pocket. Most of the occupations for which he's suited have been declared illegal." Not all the games that were played had formal names. On two occasions after Mayor Beame had flown up to Albany to confer with legislative leaders, he stamped out of the Capitol and flew home, calling the fact that he had been kept waiting an insult to all New Yorkers. "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies," Anderson replied to reporters who inquired about his meeting with Beame. The morning after one precipitate departure from Albany—a crucial day, since it was the one on which the law required the City Council to pass the budget for the coming fiscal year—the Mayor announced that he would remain in his office awaiting a call from Senator Anderson, "and we'll even pay for the call." To put in a telephone call himself, he explained, would be demeaning. Up in Albany, a Republican aide reported that Anderson was waiting for a call from the Mayor and that some agreement could probably be worked out, "but we aren't going to run after them." The caption on a *News* cartoon showing John Q. Public drowsing off with his back turned as Beame and the legislative leaders batted each other about in a Punch-and-Judy show was "Wake me when it's over."

The audience at a musical lampoon put on in Albany by Democratic legislators rocked with laughter on June 17th, the night before one of Beame's visits, as an undersized assemblyman dressed in rags played the Mayor, singing "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"—and didn't get even the dime. Among those who laughed loudest were Carey and Anderson, sitting side by side in the front row. In the show, which, in the now popular formula for such satires, was loosely based on "The Wizard of Oz," the character representing Carey was vaguely like Dorothy, the wandering innocent, while Anderson was the Wicked Witch of the North—north of New York City, that is. (The show put on by Republican legislators a few days earlier had a different theme. Its title was "We Shall Return.") "The fun and games are fine, ho, ho, ho," commented a Beame staff member on the sidelines, not at all in the spirit of the thing. "But we've got twenty-five thousand people being fired, ho, ho, ho." By then, however, nearly everyone understood that among the games being played were those having to do with numbers of city employees being fired—an understandable development since, despite periodic announcements of thousands of dismissals during the winter and spring, the total that had actually been fired by mid-June came to under two thousand (while the unemployment rate among New Yorkers generally stood at eleven and a half per cent). From stories based on City Hall statements, headline readers were assured at various times that if the Legislature didn't give the city the requested taxing powers, twenty-five thousand, thirty-seven thousand, thirty-eight thousand, forty-one thousand, or fifty-one thousand employees would be off the payroll. "It's all in the eye of the beholder," Deputy Mayor Cavanagh explained to puzzled reporters. After one overwrought mayoral announcement, a *Long Island Press* headline read "CITY MAILING PINK SLIPS TO 72,397." The *Times* later described Beame's lay-off statistics as "too wildly impractical to be taken seriously," although this judgment offered little comfort to city employees who could not be sure that when the politicians finally cut out the kidding they would not be among the few thousand considered expendable. As for City Hall's statements about the size of its threatened budget deficit, Senator Anderson, asked at one point if the sums mentioned by City Hall were "real," answered that if they were "it would only be by an extraordinary coincidence." Several weeks ago, a member of the local financial community, explaining the difficulty underwriters were having selling Big Mac's bonds, on which the city's financial salvation depends, attributed it to the "total confusion and total skepticism about any number that is published by the city now."

THE 1975 budget crisis has had at least one distinction: it is surely the only such event to have given rise to a phrase that is said to have been registered as a movie title—"Fear City." Officially the work of an ad-hoc committee representing local fire, police, and other public-safety-officer unions, the cautionary pamphlet with that title was quickly traced to the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, angry over threatened layoffs among police. Inside a cover showing a hooded death's-head and the legend "Welcome to Fear City—A Survival Guide for

Visitors to the City of New York," it warned such visitors, "Until things change, stay away from New York City if you possibly can," described the incidence of crime and violence as "shockingly high," and, making no friends for the cops among members of the local Transport Workers Union, advised readers, "You should never ride the subway for any reason whatsoever. In midtown Manhattan you may, at only slight risk, ride the buses during daylight hours." Police Commissioner Michael Codd quickly trotted out the F.B.I.'s National Crime Index, showing the city's crime rate as twentieth among the nation's twenty-five most populous cities, and accused the P.B.A. of "trying to generate a sense of despair in the minds of people." If he was referring to New Yorkers, the police-union effort apparently did not succeed. A *Times* poll taken a couple of weeks later reported that seventy-three per cent of New Yorkers of all ages, races, and economic levels said they were happy with the neighborhoods they lived in, and although forty-four per cent did not regard their neighborhoods as safe after dark, only nineteen per cent considered their fire and police protection inadequate. Seventy-three per cent said they would encourage anyone they knew to come to the city for a vacation. There was briefly some danger that such travellers would be frightened away by the P.B.A., which announced that it would be passing out "Fear City" literature at all airports and train and bus terminals, but many P.B.A. members were as aghast at the destructive approach as City Hall was. In the end, the "Fear City" leaflets were distributed on only a few street corners, and the union leaders did not follow through on a threat to write to the governor of each Democratic state warning him of the dangers of holding the 1976 Democratic Convention here. Everybody but the cops had a good laugh (of sorts) when the *News* reported that three off-duty policemen standing in front of a bank directly across from City Hall Park and three blocks from Police Headquarters handed out the pamphlet warning against crime in the city to a woman who accepted it and quickly disappeared into the crowd a few minutes before a bank guard rushed out to report that she had just held up the bank—news that caused the off-duty policemen to gather up their leaflets and also disappear into the crowd. That was apparently the last public appearance of the "Fear City" literature. "I'll find other ways to hurt the city,"

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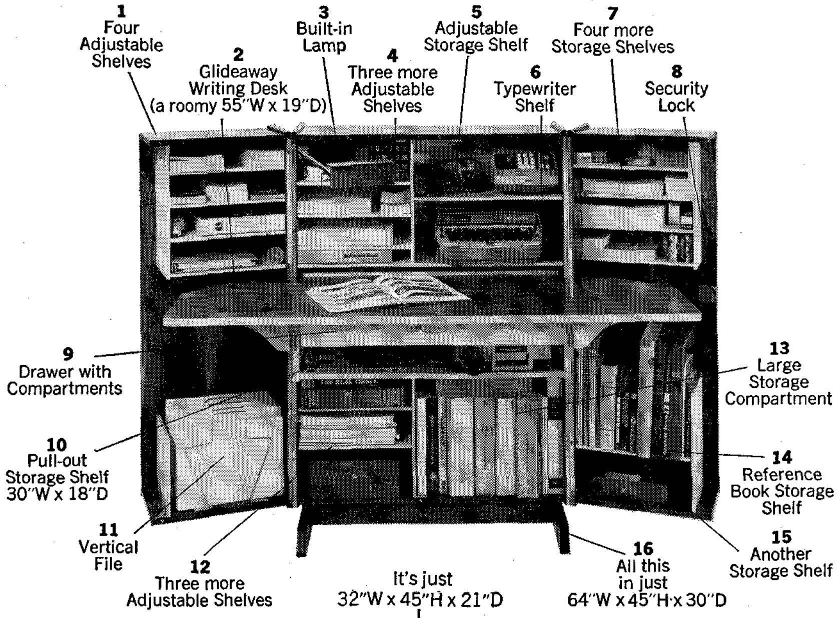
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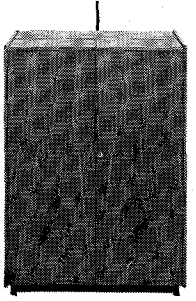

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the P.B.A. president, Kenneth McFeeley, announced.

In City Hall's own "Fear City" demonstration against the budget cuts, the heads of eight crucial city services stepped out of Beame's office one after another one morning, stood on a television marker in the rotunda, and solemnly described for the cameras the disasters that would afflict New York as a result of the threatened layoffs. Fire Commissioner John O'Hagan predicted an increase in deaths by fire. Commissioner Codd predicted an increase in violent crime. (He did not mention that a recent study by present and former Budget Bureau and Police Department officials had indicated that assigning additional clerical jobs to civilian workers—whose wages are much lower than those of regular policemen—and changes such as transferring desk officers to patrol duty and sending out one-man rather than two-man patrol cars in low-crime areas during daylight hours would allow the department to operate efficiently with far fewer policemen.) Robert Kibbee, the chancellor of the City University (who looks quite a bit like his father, the actor Guy Kibbee), deplored the prospect of having to turn away twenty-two thousand students in next fall's freshman class, but did not mention that of the nation's colleges with the highest-paid faculties five are C.U.N.Y. subdivisions or that while the university is talking of cutting back on freshmen it is also planning to establish a city law school. The most effective performance of the morning, however, was that of Sanitation Commissioner Robert Groh. A few weeks earlier, it had been announced that because of the city's money problems collections in those city sanitation districts (a third of them) where garbage is picked up six days a week would be reduced to five, and that in other areas there would be two rather than three pickups weekly—deprivations that might not greatly impress the citizens of large cities where collections are made once a week, or Cleveland, where, as a result of budgetary problems, collections were for a time reduced from one a week to one every two weeks. The layoffs with which his department was threatened, the Commissioner announced during his turn in the rotunda, would cause "a serious health hazard." He added, "We're going to have all sorts of epidemics from the diseases generated by uncollected garbage. I'm not trying to scare you." Just in case the message didn't get across, John DeLury, the head of the Uniformed Sanitationmen's Association, was on hand to predict that the proposed layoffs would make New York "the filthiest city in the world, with rats running all around, just like the Middle Ages." ("The way to save our city is to axe Beame," a Brooklyn sanitationman's wife wrote the *News* a few days later. "We need a man like DeLury running New York.") Soon after the parade of doomsayers ended, an imaginative wire-service bulletin was prepared in the City Hall pressroom (but, of course, not sent) reporting that the Beame administration had announced that in the event budget cuts were made the Hudson River would run red with blood, the firstborn son of each of the city's seven unobliging Republican senators would be mysteriously struck down, and a plague of killer bees would invade Staten Island, the home territory of the most powerful of the seven, Senate Finance Committee Chairman John Marchi. Two weeks later, the Beame administration cut out all late-night trips on the Staten Island ferry—the first substantial reduction in that service since the city took over its operation seventy years ago. However, Marchi then blocked still another bill the city wanted passed, and Beame hastily agreed to restore the ferry runs.

WHEN City Hall's "Fear City" program still did not bring the desired effect in Albany, the city on July 1st announced the firing of nineteen thousand employees, although only about thirteen thousand actually received pink slips. The first of these went out to more than five thousand policemen, to two thousand firemen, and to nearly three thousand sanitation workers. It might seem odd that with a third of a million workers on the payroll the Mayor would begin by firing a sixth of the city's police, a fifth of its firemen, and nearly a third of its sanitationmen, but then the firing of pension actuaries, payroll clerks, or chauffeurs of official limousines would not have brought the same response. (Most awkwardly, in the midst of the crisis ten new Chrysler Newports were delivered for City Hall officials, including Beame and his staff.) The reaction from some of the laid-off policemen was dramatic. The next afternoon, several hundred of them—some carrying American flags, some waving signs like "Burn City Burn"—converged on City Hall and then moved out onto the adjacent Brooklyn Bridge, where for several hours they blocked traffic, rocked cars back and forth and threatened to turn them over, and from time to time punctured the tires of unoffending motorists with their flagstaffs. (Their distress

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10W-30, 10W-40, 20W-40, and now 20W-50

t losing their jobs was understandable. The average low-ranking policeman is paid $19,259 a year, plus generous fringe benefits, and can retire after twenty years on half his final year's salary, including overtime.) Like other laid-off workers, many of the policemen, when they were interviewed, referred bitterly to the money handed out to cheats on welfare and then said that, having been laid off, they had no choice but to go on welfare themselves. They did not seem to believe that this would make them welfare cheats. "If I can't make it on welfare, at least I know how to use a gun," one of them said. At a City Hall press conference the following morning, a reporter asked whether the city's water supply was being protected from sabotage. The answer was that the police were guarding it. When someone asked who, then, was watching the police, the response was nervous laughter.

The city government would never, of course, have deliberately exposed the city to the perils of a strike by firemen or policemen (although, embarrassingly for the P.B.A., during the six-day strike of policemen in January of 1971 crime not only did not rise but, in some areas, fell, as it apparently did during the recent ten-day police strike in Albuquerque). In the case of the garbage strike last month, a *Times* editorial accused Mayor Beame's administration of being a "benign co-conspirator" in what it called a 'wretched charade." (The strike took place a week before the pollster Lou Harris, in a speech to the United States Conference of Mayors, reported that within American cities confidence in garbagemen was seven times as high as confidence in city officials.) DeLury had announced that if any of his men were laid off, New York would become "Stink City," because of wildcat strikes. "I can't stop them, the Mayor can't stop them. . . . Christ Almighty can't stop them," he had said, and none of the cited authorities did. The strike lasted two and a half days. Television reporters were particularly helpful in spreading the word that disaster had been laid on the city once again. "What about epidemics, Mr. Mayor?" they demanded when the garbage hadn't been picked up for twelve hours. "Mr. Mayor, aren't you doing anything to protect the health of the people of New York?" The city did get a bit messy, but it is somewhat messy when the sanitationmen are not on strike. (A few days after the eventual cleanup ended, when things were presumably back to normal, the city representative assigned to demonstrate New York's advantages to Robert Strauss and other members of the Democratic National Committee, who were visiting the city one more time to decide whether the 1976 Convention should be held at Madison Square Garden or at the Los Angeles Convention Center, found so much garbage piled up around the Garden a few hours before the Democrats' arrival that he put in an emergency call to Commissioner Groh, who sent an overtime crew to clean things up.) The only really bad parts of the city were the crowded ghetto neighborhoods, whose residents complain that the sanitationmen rarely come around there anyhow ("There are some areas that are such a mess my guys just won't go into them," a former sanitation commissioner testified at a budget hearing a few years ago), and the sidewalks in front of the Sanitation Department garages, where striking workers—or somebody—had broken open all the neatly tied plastic garbage bags in the block and spread the garbage around, so that pictures could be taken of the sanitationmen ankle-deep in it. Behind them were their immobilized and in some cases sabotaged trucks, on which they had hung signs saying "Stink City" (no one applied to register this as a movie title), "The Rats Are Coming," "Abe Is a Rat," and "400,000 Tons a Day." The last was one more sample of numerical overkill during the crisis. The city generates twenty-eight thousand tons of garbage a day, of which ten thousand tons is picked up by private carters, at, according to one study, a third the Sanitation Department cost. The pictures went out to other parts of the country, far and near, where the latest bad news from New York is always news. (One such picture took up three columns at the top of the front page of the Washington *Post*. The next day, in the same spot, a *Post* picture of a New York lady holding her nose was four columns wide.) Most important of all, the pictures went to Albany.

In the final hours of the strike, the Democratic and Republican leaders finally reached a legislative compromise. Nearly all the taxes they agreed to allow the city to levy in order to balance its budget were corporation, bank, and stock-transfer taxes, which would directly affect groups in the city who were unlikely to mount protest demonstrations in City Hall Plaza but were also likely to consider taking their business somewhere else—

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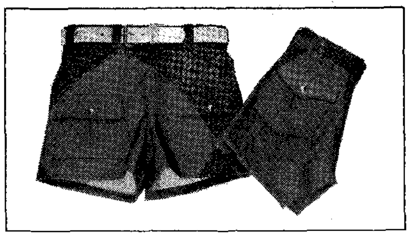

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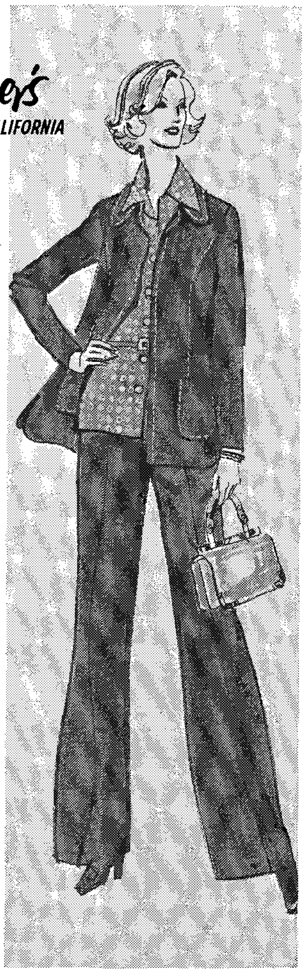

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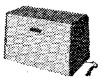

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a move that would further reduce the city's dwindling tax base. The total amount of the tax package available for the city's expense budget came, as City Hall had expected, to three hundred million dollars, which was a little less than the three-hundred-and-ten-million-dollar cost of the six-per-cent wage increase that took effect on July 1st for over half the city's employees—the second phase of a fourteen-per-cent increase negotiated with the Beame administration last year.

IN speeches during the 1974 election campaign, Republican Assemblyman Perry Duryea, then Speaker of the Assembly, continually warned upstate audiences that if Carey should win the election and the Democrats should also take the Assembly, the state government would be in the hands of a Brooklyn governor, a Brooklyn Assembly Speaker (Stanley Steingut, then Minority Leader), and a state comptroller from Brooklyn (Arthur Levitt). None of these men, Duryea warned, "knows one end of the cow from the other," and all of them would make sure that the Brooklyn-based mayor of New York got everything he wanted. There was in reality little sign of the Brooklyn connection during this year's legislative session. Speaker Steingut did the best he could for his old friend Beame (charging at one point that Anderson was "trying to derail the ship of state"), but the important action took place in the Senate. Arthur Levitt, who, at seventy-five, is beginning his sixth term as comptroller and views himself less as a member of one party or a product of one borough than as a state monument, went right on putting out corrective figures, no matter whether they embarrassed Republican leaders or his fellow-Democrats; indeed, it was his release, on July 1st, of figures showing that state revenues from tax collections for June had run a hundred million dollars ahead of those for June, 1974, that cut the ground out from under Carey's insistence that the size of the state's projected deficit required the passing of new taxes to balance Anderson's proposed school-aid bill.

In the compromise, Anderson settled for slightly less supplementary school aid, which, according to his formula, not only would give more money to Republican districts but would especially benefit those in which enrollments have been sharply declining, and Carey gave up his demand that matching taxes must be passed this year, settling for an agreement that required the fiscal committees of the Republican Senate and the Democratic Assembly to assess the city's fiscal circumstances on a monthly basis and announce in November whether new taxes will be necessary in January. If they fail to agree on the significant figures, which seems to be a good probability, the following months will bring a replay of the whole bitter conflict at an even higher decibel level, since 1976 is a legislative-election year.

It didn't seem to be much of a victory for Carey. Nevertheless, pushing the new Democratic austerity, the Governor hailed the legislative session—the longest in sixty-four years—as a "historic hundred-and-eighty-degree change" toward "soundly solvent government" after the Republican era of "big spenders," especially Nelson Rockefeller. "The old ballgame has left town," he announced. Among those who badly missed it were the leaders at City Hall. Clearly aware that too close an association with crisis-ridden New York City is considered a blacker mark than ever against a politician with possible national ambitions, Carey pointed out that in contrast to previous years, when the Republicans had included outright aid and generous loans to the city, New York had emerged from the 1975 legislative session with only the right to levy hundreds of millions of dollars of taxes on its own residents or those doing business within its borders.

THE city paid the sanitationmen seven hundred and thirteen thousand five hundred dollars at time and a half for their first day back at work cleaning up the mess that had piled up while they were wildcatting. There were also large overtime payments to police to protect sanitation trucks from sabotage by members of the Sanitation Department (later, when the city didn't rehire all sanitationmen, thirty-eight trucks were deliberately disabled) and to protect City Hall and other installations against the rampages of laid-off policemen. And there was overtime to firemen because of depleted forces: after the layoffs, large numbers of firemen who hadn't been laid off were overcome by a mysterious virus—apparently the only evidence of the raging epidemics that Commissioner Groh had predicted. After all twenty-six of the disbanded fire companies were back in business, the men recovered. Meanwhile, local fiscal-watchdog groups pointed out that the new twelve-and-a-quarter-billion-dollar budget had hidden away in it about four hundred million dollars for wage increases, including raises for unions whose negotiations are still pending—principally the teachers, who thus could apparently count on receiving M-O-R-E M-O-N-E-Y.

Last spring, when the White House astonished city dwellers by announcing that the American urban crisis was over, Mayor Beame was appropriately indignant. Yet a week after the city's tax package passed the Legislature Beame announced that the city's fiscal crisis was "reasonably behind us." A large number of the city's laid-off employees were by that time back at work. The Mayor had not seemed to notice that a number of the city's ambitious young politicians, who had previously seemed convinced that taking a stand unpopular with local labor leaders was fraught with political peril, were acting as if they thought the peril might now be in *not* taking such a stand. Among these was Manhattan City Councilman Robert Wagner, Jr., who called not only for a wage freeze but also for a renegotiation of union agreements, including possible rescindments of gains already won. "The city cannot afford to continue signing generous contracts and all that go with them—very high pensions, built-in overtime, and overly restrictive work-rule provisions," he said. "I do not enjoy saying this, coming as I do from a family deeply tied to the labor movement." Wagner is, of course, the son of the former mayor and the grandson of the United States senator who gave his name, forty years ago, to what many regard as the Magna Carta of American labor, the Wagner Act. In unguarded moments, even some local union leaders went along with Wagner's view. "We've got to give up some of the crap we got on the collective-bargaining table. We never should have got some of it" was the way Victor Gotbaum, executive director of District Council 37, the union that represents a hundred and twenty-five thousand city employees, put it in a speech after an expansive lunch this spring. But last month, when the Mayor, stung by editorials charging that he was the hopeless captive of city unions, announced that under his emergency powers he was suspending the contract provision allowing most members of Gotbaum's union to leave work at four o'clock on summer afternoons, an indulgence that traced back to pre-air-conditioning days half a century ago, Gotbaum had leaflets printed up advising his members to ignore Beame's order. (He denied that the title was "Sweat City.") Eventually,

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the matter was left to arbitrators, who ruled that the Mayor could not unilaterally suspend contract provisions. In any case, the longer summer hours would have neither saved the city money nor reduced its work force. Several union leaders warned that a proposed wage freeze would lead to widespread strikes and said that they would prefer to have the city default, so everybody in town would suffer equally. Democratic National Committee Chairman Strauss, not at all eager to have his party associated in the national mind with the city's dismal condition, announced that unless local finances became more stable and the unions gave "assurances of coöperation"—meaning a promise of no disruptive actions—the committee could hardly hold its 1976 Convention in New York, which had been counting on the economic boost the Convention would supposedly bring to the city's dismal condition.

Two weeks ago, it was the directors of the Municipal Assistance Corporation who met with the union leaders to point out the disadvantages of working for a bankrupt city and to note that a town disabled by strikes would be even less attractive to investors. Despite their high, tax-free interest, bonds from the first billion-dollar issue that Big Mac sold for the city, in early July, had plunged over ten per cent in price when they went on the open market, two weeks later. Big Mac's chairman announced that unless the city acknowledged what he called a "super-crisis," and instituted dramatic fiscal reforms and reductions in its standard of living, investors, disillusioned with local play-acting, might not bid at all on the two billion dollars' worth of bonds that Big Mac was scheduled to sell by next month to avoid the city's having to default on its obligations, including meeting its payroll. Governor Carey ordered Big Mac's executive board to "move aggressively" to bring reforms that he indicated must be made even if Big Mac came up with other temporary solutions, such as emergency help from Washington. The word from Beame at City Hall was "Let's not act precipitously," although the next day he joined the Big Mac directors in announcing a deadline for the unions to agree to certain reductions in city expenses, and contract cutbacks, including a wage freeze. As for default, Beame said, "absolutely and categorically, the city is not considering that option." But it was no longer clear that the Mayor of the city was calling the signals.

—ANDY LOGAN

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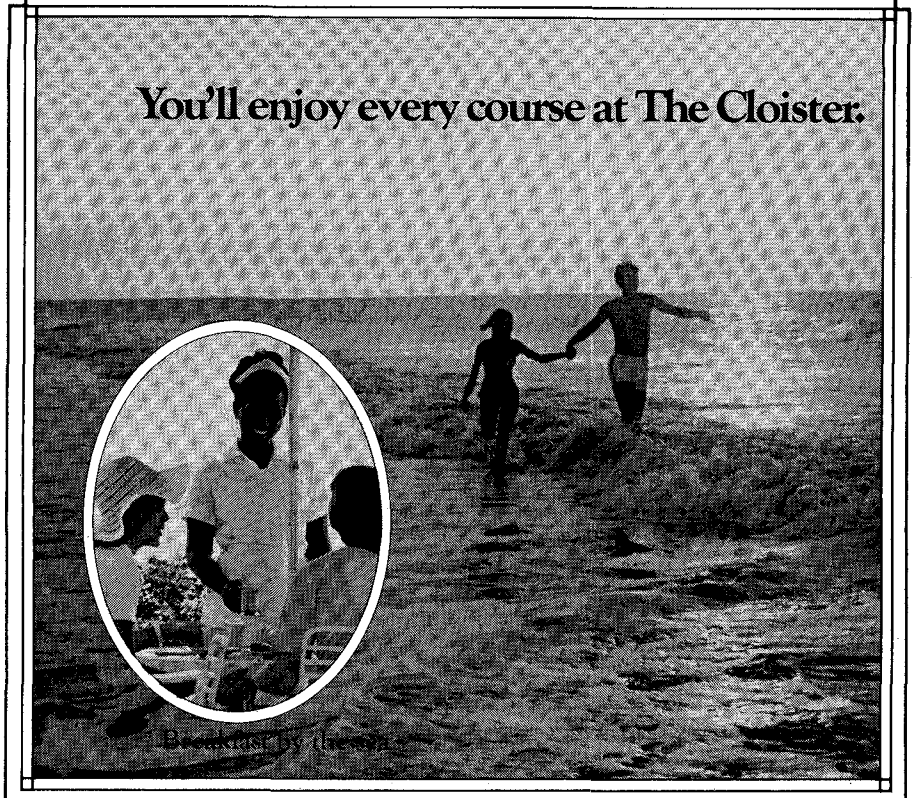

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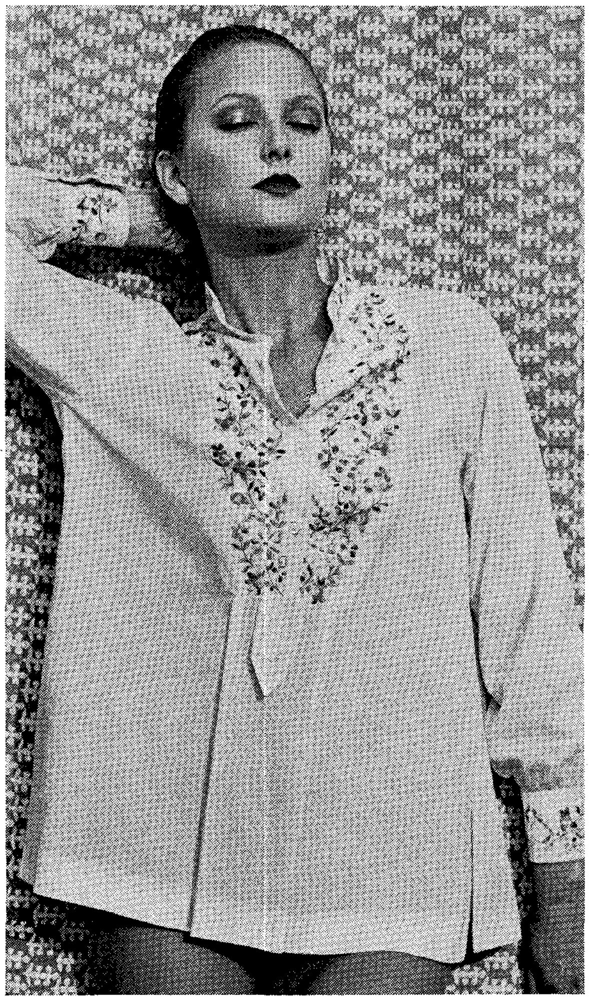

BOOKS

The Books of Summer

WHY do we read junk in the summertime? Why does so much tame and predictable tripe—cheap spy thrillers, formula murder mysteries, Gothic romances, potboiling *romans-fleuves*—often rise, with the mercury, to the top of summer best-seller lists? And why do publishers so zealously reserve their serious, edifying books (even the funny ones) for the overpopulated fall lists, loosing this flood of triviality on us during the warm-weather months? It is, I expect, because we are thought to leave our brains behind at the office, and to go, serene and bubbleheaded, off on our holidays. There is a widespread presumption of the abdication of thought abroad in the land; the reader supposedly demands—indeed, clamors for—a steady diet of trash from June to September. These animadversions are prompted by my having ranged widely among the new novels of this summer season. Of a score of books I've read or dipped into, only a few are worthy of publication at any time; the label "summer reading" is hardly an excuse for their shortcomings, and I will not tax you with a list of their fatuous titles. Instead, I'd like to talk about the contrasts between one of the best books I encountered and one of the worst, and about a pre-summer novel I have just got around to.

In "The Great Victorian Collection" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), a "summer book," the almost sinfully talented Irish-Canadian novelist Brian Moore—whose "I Am Mary Dunne" is perhaps the best novel by a man from a woman's point of view that I've ever read—beguiles himself and, up to a point, his readers with a fetching idea that is never fully realized. Anthony Maloney, a twenty-nine-year-old assistant professor of history at McGill University, in Montreal, is visiting the Big Sur country, in California. He checks into a motel in Carmel, turns in early, then dreams that the parking lot of the motel is suddenly and miraculously filled with an enormous collection of Victoriana, much of which he recognizes because of his research, in England, for a thesis on Victorian Britain. Still dreaming, Maloney feels that he has been placed in charge of this collection. He awakens and walks to the window. The collection is there, indisputably, in the parking lot. In his pajamas, he wanders down among the artifacts. He sees the Osler fountain and the Ross telescope, both from the Great Exhibition of 1851, and the locomotive Folkstone (sic), along with many smaller curiosa. A passerby gawks at the collection and the motel manager upbraids Maloney for usurping the parking lot; both reactions prove that Maloney is indeed awake and has indeed dreamed the collection, as it were, to life.

So the novel promisingly begins, near the intersection of science fiction and the supernatural. But after launching this surprise upon us with stunning and verisimilitudinous effect, it falters in the development. Having accepted the premise almost without demur, we are less willing to believe in the concatenations. The rest of the book is designed to show how Maloney's reason is ultimately destroyed by the fruits of his dream; ingeniously, the collection deteriorates along with him, the objects bleaching, wearing, and fading day by day. Waking, Maloney is pursued by experts and publicists making capital—literally, for the most part—out of his miraculous materialization. Asleep, he dreams a recurrent and tormenting dream: he is a disembodied television camera, monitoring the collection over and over without let. To save his sanity, he flees, with a young girl he has met, to Los Angeles, then Montreal, but distance only exacerbates his anxiety. He returns to Carmel, to his appointment in Samarra. The book ends with his dissolution.

It ends unsatisfyingly. The enormous, wrenching, distortive force of the beginning has twisted the remainder of the plot into flat predictability. We cannot believe in the possible—Maloney's disintegration—as, at the outset, we so easily believed in the impossible. The dialogue is stilted; the action—Maloney's obsession and his frustrated flight—is stale and repetitious; we can see the outcome almost from the start. But all this is not entirely discreditable to the author. As Graham Greene observed in a comment reprinted on the jacket, "Each new book of his is unpredictable, dangerous, and amusing. He treats the novel as a tamer treats a wild beast." Brian Moore is a real writer who takes real risks with his art. Not all the risks pay off; some fail, though honorably. But because it is a genuine work of the imagination, "The Great Victorian Collection," for all that it is flawed, deserves to be read.

NOT so one of this season's bigger best-sellers—Michael Crichton's summertime novel, "The Great Train Robbery" (Knopf). This is a non-book

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by an unskilled writer, and archetypal "summer reading." It's actually a mechanical toy, in which the cogs are more or less cleverly fitted together to give the illusion, however imperfect, of human action. In this *ballet mécanique*, we are asked not only to suspend disbelief but to overlook a mass of incongruities made necessary by the exigencies of the plot. We are expected—and this is only one of many instances—to entertain the improbable idea that a successful London criminal is also a respected member of the upper-middle classes, with a broad acquaintance among respectable Victorians (the book is set in the eighteen-fifties) and unquestioned entrée into their homes, and, by marriage, into their very families. We are expected to believe in all sorts of unlikely sleight of hand, capped by the subornation of a railway servant and the infiltration of a coffin freighted with a live cracksman and a dead cat into the servant's luggage van, not to mention a series of embarrassingly implausible scenes in which the high-caste thief clambers the length of a moving train to make off with the loot secreted in the van—£12,000 in bullion for the troops in the Crimea—and then climbs back to his compartment and alights, in dirty and ill-fitting clothes, to pass the scrutiny of a respectable friend who has shared the ride to Folkestone (here spelled correctly). Finally, we are expected to believe in the authenticity of all the stage settings and the window dressing—settings composed mainly of large chunks of period argot, dredged up whole from Partridge or Mayhew: "prad prig," "coopered ken," "snakesman," "pull," "nose," and scores of other items of thieves' cant. All this cannot disguise the fact that the author has a very shaky grasp of the real common—and elevated—usage of the period (or the present), to say nothing of Victorian habit and custom. A pub is once a "publican house," then a "pub house"—locutions I have never seen before; on the staff of a house with twelve servants are "a coach driver," "two liverymen" (footmen?), and "a doorman." And so on. To read "The Great Train Robbery" with enjoyment through this cataclysm of gaffes, one must be wholly unaware of the real world. Not, of course, a serious deterrent to most summer reading.

A GOOD word for one of our most deserving younger writers—John Hough, Jr., whose third book (and second novel), "The Guardian," was published to no fanfare by Atlantic-Little, Brown earlier this year. Superficially, this small, solid book is a murder mystery (which, I suppose, qualifies it under the current rules as beach-umbrella fiction); beneath, it is a stirring chronicle—breathtaking in its compassion, really, for a novelist so young—of the last case, and the last days on the job, of Nye Gifford, the chief of police in the small Cape Cod town of Lymington. The solution of the case provides a satisfying counterpoint between a terrifying Boston, the base of operations and starting point for the criminals, and the fading, soon-to-vanish rectitudes and decencies of Lymington. In the same way, the brash young State Police lieutenant on the case is painfully—and fruitfully—contrasted with the quiet, literally (and figuratively) retiring Gifford. In reality, then, this novel is about the death by drowning of a fairer past in the wave of an exigent present. And what stays in the reader's head the longest is the loving reconstruction of Lymington and its people over the past several decades. John Hough, Jr., will be heard from again—and received more loudly the next time. Find and read "The Guardian" this summer. —L. E. SISSMAN

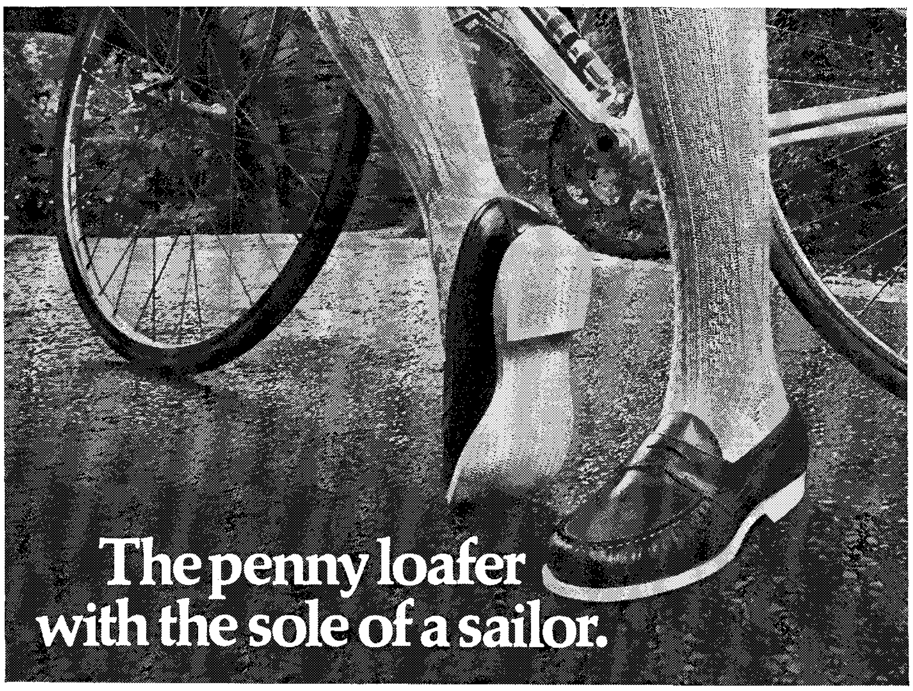
BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

HEYWOOD BROUN: A BIOGRAPHY, by Richard O'Connor (Putnam), and FAIR ENOUGH: THE LIFE OF WESTBROOK PEGLER, by Finis Farr (Arlington House). In the nineteen-thirties, these two top-drawing newspaper columnists appeared on the same page of New York City's *World-Telegram*. Their political points of view were by then opposed, yet they had shared a good deal. Both, for example, distrusted authority and as freewheeling, outspoken reporters in the First World War had clashed with military commanders and censors. Both men had been first-rate sportswriters before moving on to comment on national issues, and both found, after they had reached the top of their profession, that publishers continued to treat them like serfs. Broun, who died in 1939, identified himself with victims—with Sacco and Vanzetti in the twenties and with the unemployed in the thirties. He founded, fought for, and sustained the American Newspaper Guild. Pegler, who lived until 1969, came to see himself as the nonpareil victim—of Roosevelts and Communists, of Jews, Democrats, Republicans, labor, the Supreme Court, the Kennedys. The savagery of his attacks on his enemies lost him credibility. Fired by Hearst, he was unable to write reasonably enough even for the magazine of the John Birch Society. He was not rationally conservative at the end of his life but merely angry. For a while, the two men were friends. When they ceased to be, Pegler's columns attacked Broun mercilessly. Farr, who attempts (sometimes for better, sometimes for worse) to imitate Pegler's style, thinks Pegler's intemperate writing was the prose equivalent of political cartooning. This is keen but not quite adequate: some messages sound worse in some media. Broun was as famous for his good nature as for his sartorial slovenliness (Pegler, by contrast, was natty), but O'Connor is at pains to demonstrate that Broun's personality had complexity as well as sweetness. The two colleagues' divergence seems particularly striking in retrospect, and suggests that the difference between good guys and bad guys has little to do with ideology.

UNQUIET SOUL: A BIOGRAPHY OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË, by Margot Peters (Doubleday). A remarkably readable, absorbing work whose vividness and pace have been achieved without the sacrifice of scholarship. The author, a professor of English at Wisconsin, displays common sense and uncommon sensibility in appraising how Miss Brontë's life bears on her work. The book's flaw is its partisanship. Dr. Peters wishes to make a modern feminist case—to demonstrate that the talented Brontë girls suffered because they were, first of all, poor and, worst of all, poor women. The author attributes Charlotte's virtues to Charlotte herself and her difficulties and flaws to her period, without, however, appreciating that Miss Brontë was a typical Eminent Victorian—passionate, energetic, ambitious, and as cruelly (or neurotically) demanding of others as she was of herself.

TO THE BACK OF BEYOND, by Fitzroy Maclean (Little, Brown). An informal history that is also both a companion to and an expansion of "A Person from England and Other Travellers to Turkestan," in which, nearly twenty years ago, the author so agreeably recounted the experiences of various hardy visitors to such remote or forbidden cities as Merv, Khiva, Bokhara, and Sa-



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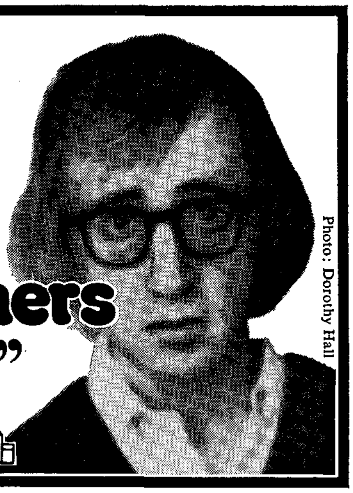

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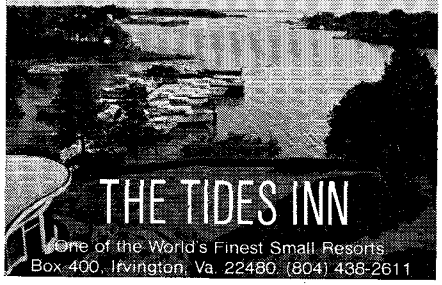

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markand. All the famous travellers are recalled here (Captain Fred Burnaby, Januarius Aloysius MacGahan, Marco Polo, Johann Schiltberger, Dr. Joseph Wolff), and the central Asia of their different day is contrasted with its present Russianization. For good—extra good—measure, Sir Fitzroy relates the almost incredibly brutal reign in Mongolia of the insane White Russian guerrilla Baron Roman Fyodorovich von Ungern-Sternberg in the early nineteen-twenties. Illustrated with more than a hundred photographs by the author, and a useful map. Fifteen dollars.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS: THE KNACK OF SURVIVAL IN AMERICA, by Robert Coles (Rutgers). This short, pleasing study originated as a series of lectures at Rutgers. Dr. Coles scrutinizes the poet's prose—his volume of short stories ("Life Along the Passaic River") and his trilogy of novels ("White Mule," "In the Money," and "The Build-Up")—to demonstrate the ways that Williams' art anticipated and was superior to later work in the behavioral sciences about the lives of the American working class and about child-rearing in this or that society or subculture. Williams' artistic gifts (his ear for language, for instance) allied to his drive to comprehend exactly the world around him did achieve, as Dr. Coles shows, a peculiar mixture of fidelity to and insight into reality: Williams was a visionary, and his vision was everyday life—a subject that, as Coles remarks, has been stunningly neglected in much recent art.

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NEW YORK (AP)—Iran's multi-billion dollar oil deals, which Shah Mohammed Reza Phalevi counted on to help finance the speedy transformation of his country into a great power, have, for the most part, been quietly called off.

Among the arrangements now in limbo is the politically explosive plan for Iran to assume a 50 per cent interest in the Northeastern United States.—*Asbury Park (N.J.) Press.*

How about Marvin Gardens and two hotels?

•

Walking dogs: it is rather obnoxious to see people walk their dogs on other than their property and especially in parks (so the animal may illuminate).—*From a letter to the editor in the Bangor (Maine) Daily News.*

We had a dog once that went eight days without illuminating. It was a dark time for all of us.

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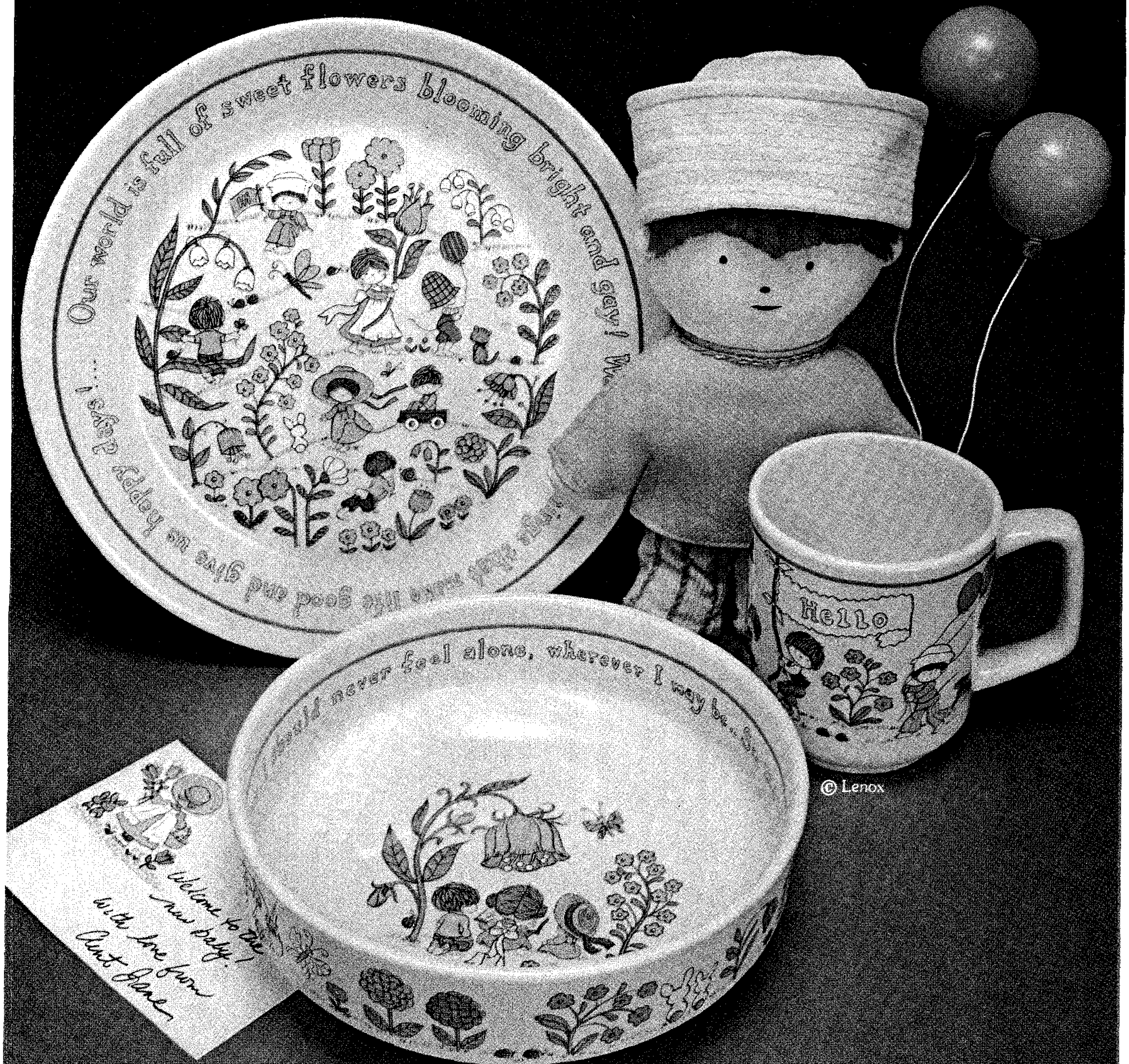
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